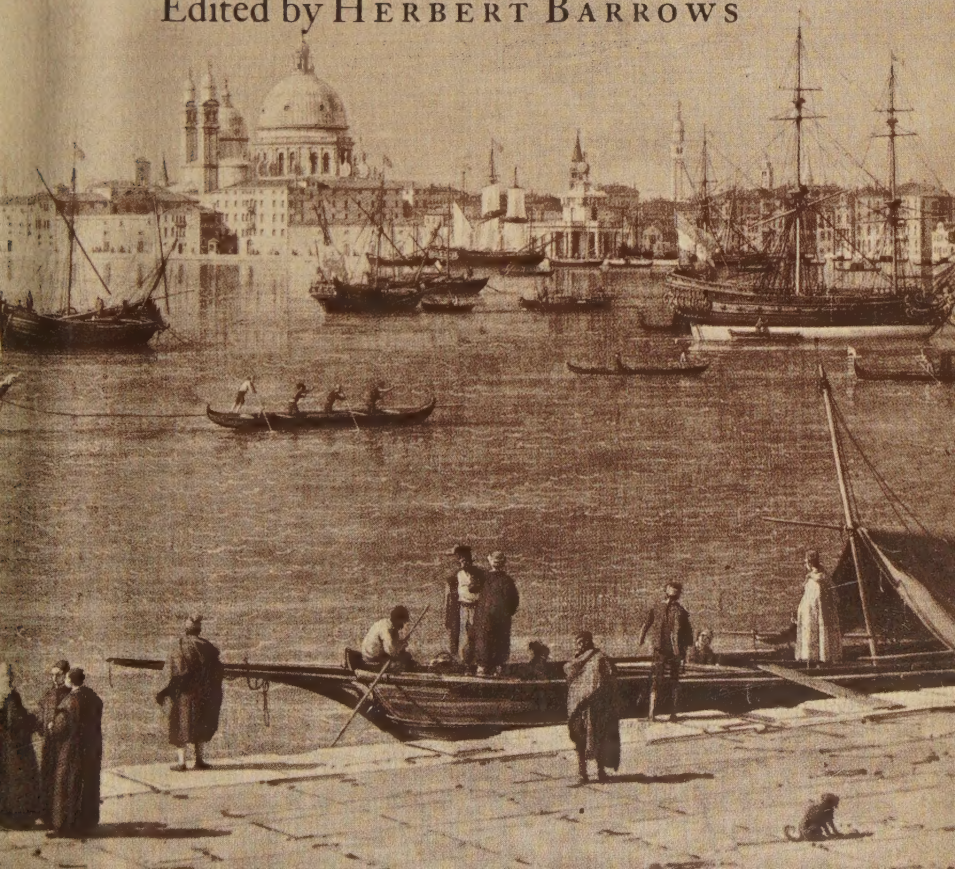


HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI

OBSERVATIONS *and* REFLECTIONS

*Made in the Course of a Journey
through France, Italy, and Germany*

Edited by HERBERT BARROWS



From 1784 to 1787 Hester Lynch Piozzi, the former Mrs. Thrale, friend of Dr. Johnson, kept a journal of the Grand Tour she and her second husband were making. Their journey took them from London across the Channel, then by coach through France and over the Alps to Italy. They traveled south through Italy as far as Naples, then north to revisit many of the cities they had previously seen, finally returning by way of Germany to Calais and London.

Observations and Reflections is the version of her journal which Mrs. Piozzi published in 1789—a lively, perceptive personal account, an excellent example of eighteenth-century travel literature, and an important source for the cultural history of the period. Mrs. Piozzi's book is both an objective account and a private diary, and she is equally interested in describing the sights and people and in recording all the personal reactions, encounters, and experiences which make each journey and each traveler unique.

Like most eighteenth-century travelers, Mrs. Piozzi considered Italy the most important country of the Grand Tour, and although she writes of the benevolence of Emperor Joseph of Austria, the abundance of squirrels in Hungary, and the pertness of French chambermaids, it is with Italy that she is principally concerned. In an easy, conversational style, she gives her own observations and thoughts on the necessity of keeping up appearances and keeping mistresses in Milanese society, the lack of crime in Lucca, the sublimity of Renaissance art, and the strange tilt of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Her inquisitiveness, her education, and her candor make the journal as entertaining as it is enlightening.

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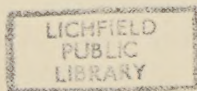
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BY
HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI

Edited by HERBERT BARROWS

Ann Arbor

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Preface

Mrs. Piozzi's *Observations and Reflections* is here reprinted without abridgment and in as faithful a reproduction of the text of the 1789 edition as is consistent with an unwillingness to perpetuate meaningless textual errors, whether the printer's or the author's, and with the impracticality of preserving certain typographical conventions (the first word of a page anticipated at the bottom of the preceding page, for example). All corrections made in the text, with the exception of the most obvious printer's errors, are listed in a section of "Notes on the Text" at the back of the book, and the principles on which corrections have been made are there detailed. Mrs. Piozzi alludes to countless matters which were common knowledge to readers in her own day but which often call for explanation today: in the "Explanatory Notes," likewise at the back of the book, out of the way of anyone who does not want to be bothered with them, at least a proportion of her allusions are accounted for. Her own notes, usually translations of phrases or passages which she does not translate in the body of the text, are printed at the bottom of the page, as in the 1789 edition. The Introduction aims at placing the book, and the tour it describes, in the context of Mrs. Piozzi's life and in the wider context of the eighteenth-century traveler's experience of Italy, since the book has meanings for the modern reader (and traveler) which are more clearly seen if its origins are kept in mind. Nevertheless, it is in the first instance a lively description of a pleasant journey, and can be read without intervention or preliminaries.

I wish to make grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Ronald Hall, director of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, England, for allowing me access to the manuscripts in the

Rylands Library's rich collection of Piozziana which bear most directly on the *Observations and Reflections*, and for permission to make quotations from them: the two notebooks, "Italian Journey 1784" and "German Journey 1786" (*Rylands English MS.* 618), which were a large part of the nucleus of written record from which she developed her book, and the two manuscript versions of the complete book (*Rylands English MSS.* 620-2). I also wish to thank Dr. William Bond, director of the Houghton Library, Harvard University, for allowing me to consult Mrs. Piozzi's own copy of the printed book: citations from the corrections and marginal annotations she made in it are by permission of the Harvard College Library. Thanks are also due the staff of the University of Michigan Library, including the staff of its Rare Book Room, for many and various kinds of assistance.

H.B.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

15 January, 1967

Introduction

Mrs. Miller has been in Italy
too, & has written her Travels;
and brought home a fine Vase
which once belonged I think She
says either to Cicero or Virgil
I forget which. . . .

—*Thraliana*

Mrs. Piozzi was an inveterate journal-keeper, and when she set out, newly married to her second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, on the tour of the Continent which was to last a little over two and a half years, she equipped herself with two calf-bound quarto notebooks, eventually to be inscribed "Italian Journey 1784" and "German Journey 1786," respectively. These notebooks,¹ which will be more fully described later, along with the entries she continued to make in the *Thraliana*,² the journal she had been keeping since 1776, formed the basis in written record for the *Observations and Reflections* which she wrote "in two months complete" during the summer of 1788. But for the moment it is her record of the beginning of the journey that concerns us. After the date "Dover Sunday 5. Sept. 1784," on the verso of the first leaf, the "Italian Journey" begins:

Last Night I arrived at this Place in Company with my dear Husband & faithful Maid,—having left my Daughters reconciled to my Choice (all at least except the eldest who parted with me coolly, not unkindly:) and my Friends well pleased with my leaving London I fancy, where my stay perplexed 'em, and entangled their Duty with their Interest.

I am setting out for the Country which has produced so

many People & Things of Consequence from the foundation of Rome to the present Moment, that my Heart swells with the Idea, and I long to leap across intermediate France. The Inn here is execrable, we came late last Night & put up at the wrong house. There never was a Coach & six at the Door till now I dare say—ours is a very elegant one, and Mr. Piozzi is on all Occasions kindly attentive to my being accommodated in every possible Respect.

An auspicious moment, despite their having arrived at the wrong inn, and doubly happy for Mrs. Piozzi because it came after an extremely difficult time when the opposition of her daughters and her friends—indeed, of most of London—to her marrying Signor Piozzi had made it seem as if happiness would henceforth be impossible.³ And it was to be a happy and profitable journey, even though eventually the coach would break down and have to be dragged into Rovigo by four bulls and six horses, and even though more important clouds would appear on the travelers' horizon from time to time.

The full record of the journey, *Observations and Reflections Made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany*, was published in London by Strahan and Cadell, in two substantial octavo volumes in 1789.⁴ The latter decades of the eighteenth century had seen an increase in the publication of such books, which were essentially personal records of the Grand Tour: in 1781 Strahan and Cadell, to whom Mrs. Piozzi was to submit her book, had published *A View of Society and Manners in Italy*, in which was described the Italian part of the extended Continental travels (1773–78) on which Moore had acted as cicerone and companion to the young Duke of Hamilton. Such books are frequently the subject of study in our day, since they have much to tell us of the cultivated eighteenth-century Englishman's increasing interest in Italian art, history, and life, but if they are called to the attention of a wider reading public, it is usually in terms of selections or description, and the calf-bound original volumes lie pretty much undisturbed on the library shelves.⁵ There are two main reasons for believing that an unabridged reprint of

Mrs. Piozzi's book of travels may appropriately be offered to the modern reader.

First of all, there is the fact that it is by Mrs. Piozzi, who was, to say the very least, one of the most interesting members of Dr. Johnson's circle, and a markedly engaging lady in her own right. She was gifted with a style which, much as it troubled some of her contemporaries, who didn't take to informality quite so readily as we do, enabled her to describe her journey with a pungency and an immediacy of personal relevance which are far to seek in the average examples of the genre. She was not a great writer, but she was a very interesting one, by much the same token as she was an interesting and admirable woman—warm hearted, courageous, and quick in perception. A large element in the appeal she continues to make, to us who know her only through books, is her ability to take life on its own terms; she was not given to complaining unduly of its hardships, with which she had had abundant opportunity to become acquainted, and she had the even rarer faculty of being frankly delighted with anything that was capable of affording delight or amusement. Such panegyric would form no very relevant part of a recommendation to read the *Observations and Reflections*, if it were not that Mrs. Piozzi's personality illuminates the book, producing a sense that the journey is being conducted by a fair-minded, level-headed person, its details being selected for our notice by someone with a sharply perceptive eye (I do not mean that she is in any sense a pioneer in connoisseurship) who has the wit to know when she is pleased and exactly what it is that has pleased her. Often the details she selects for our notice are such as few writers of published travels would have thought worth recording. In Turin, for instance, she is amused, on an evening visit to a great house, by the zeal with which courtly forms are kept up by a threadbare elderly nobleman and his lady who were among the guests, and she brings her not uncharitable sense of the situation to a focus by noticing the faithful attention with which the old lady is waited on by her son and her *cavalier servente*, who present her "their dirty little tin snuff-boxes upon one knee by turns." Or in Bologna,

on a day when the election of a new Gonfaloniere is being celebrated, what catches her eye (she has a countrywoman's eye for livestock) is the part played by animals in the goings-on: "Kids dressed with ribbon . . . , alive and carried on men's shoulders showily adorned, lambs washed white as snow, and pretty red and white calves hanging their simple faces out of baskets, paraded the streets all day." Such observations enliven the often predictable content of the *Grand Tour*, and dispel its solemnity, by the sense they give that we are taking part in an actual journey, standing beside a living traveler in a real place at an actual moment in time. (It is only fair to add that she herself probably set no particular store by such sharp glimpses of reality, which came as naturally to her as breathing: where she worked hardest for an intended effect was in the parts of her book that correspond to the "Reflections" of the title, the well-nourished essay-like paragraphs in which she explores a general theme, such as the differences between attitudes to one's heirs in England and in Italy, or—a favorite subject—whiteness in nature, or the blessings of liberty. In her own copy of the book,⁶ opposite the passage in which she declares that "freedom can make the currants of Holland and golden pippins of Great Britain sweeter than all the grapes of Italy," she has written "This Passage is admired by everybody.")

A few biographical details may be in order. Mrs. Piozzi, earlier Mrs. Thrale—she was born Hester Lynch Salusbury, in Carnarvonshire, Wales, in 1741—is indeed most often identified as a member of Dr. Johnson's circle. Readers who encounter her only in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, or in Horace Walpole's occasional spiteful references to her in his letters, will have no high regard for her character or her attainments, seeing her as having deserted Dr. Johnson in his sickness and old age to run away to the Continent with an Italian musician, taking Boswell's word for it that "her learning is that of a school-boy in one of the lower forms." Her learning was not adequate to the tasks she set herself in her last two books, the *British Synonymy* ("I love to get at a Derivation thro' anything," she says in the *Thraliana*, and readers of the present book will see the straits in which this love sometimes landed

her) or *Retrospection*, her attempt at a Universal History. Nevertheless, she was a cultivated and intelligent woman, who had read widely and with relish and who knew on equal terms many of the most distinguished men and women of her time, including Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Dr. Burney, and Fanny Burney.

As the wife of Henry Thrale, a wealthy brewer and member of Parliament, she enjoyed a position of some prominence in London society. She was able to entertain lavishly in the houses they would rent for the season in London and in her home at Streatham, and to travel both in Britain and on the Continent: the first of her two trips abroad took her and her husband, their eldest daughter, and Dr. Johnson to France for a visit which lasted from mid-September to mid-November, 1775.⁷ She bore twelve children, only four of whom lived to maturity; the only son, Henry, died with tragic suddenness at the age of ten. The daughters who grew to adulthood seem not really to have liked their mother, even before her second marriage, and the eldest daughter, known familiarly as Queeney, treated her with a studied coldness, at times even with something like contempt, that she was as much at a loss to account for as are we who follow this strange relationship in *Thraliana*. The match with Thrale was not a love-match—that with Gabriel Piozzi quite certainly was—but the marriage, without being always a happy one, was a successful one. At least she put up with her husband's infidelities with no loss of her own dignity, bore his children, canvassed his borough for him when he was too ill to manage his campaign himself, raised money for him when he got himself into temporary business difficulties, and lived with him in a companionship that ensured a pleasant and dignified existence for both of them. Probably the most important event in her life while she was Mrs. Thrale, at least from the point of view of posterity's interest in her as a literary figure, was her first meeting with Dr. Johnson, which took place early in 1765 when he was brought to dinner at the Thrales' house in Southwark, the immediate pretext being to meet "one Woodhouse a Shoemaker who had written some Verses."

The Thrales became Dr. Johnson's patron, and Mrs. Thrale

enjoyed, if that is the word, a degree of his confidence which he granted to no one else, involved as she apparently was in helping him to cope with his recurrent fears of madness. She was willing to put up with a good deal from him, in the form of bullying bad manners of one kind or another, for the sake of the essential greatness and human goodness which she knew how to appreciate, and the friendship was a valuable one to both of them for eighteen years. Old and ill, he broke with her in bitterness when she insisted against his wishes on marrying Signor Piozzi, with whom, at the age of something over forty, she found herself head over heels in love. Regrettable as it was that her friendship with Dr. Johnson should end in this way, it is not easy to see that she should have acted otherwise. From Piozzi she received an affectionate devotion which few of those closest to her had been willing to give her, and which she might fairly seem to have earned the right to. Learning of Dr. Johnson's death while she was traveling in Italy, she records it in the *Thraliana*, in full capitals, in the expression which her goodness of heart habitually suggested as the reaction to death: "Oh poor Dr. Johnson!!!" (In Rome, it is "poor Geta," when she sees where Caracalla had had his brother's head struck off the arch dedicated to them by the goldsmiths.) Also while she was in Italy she wrote her *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, staying at Leghorn longer than she might otherwise have done in order to finish it and recording in the *Observations and Reflections* the moment of sending it off to England. It was an interesting book, and she was gratified by the warmth with which it was received in England. Less estimable, no doubt, is her presentation of *Letters to and from the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, if only because she had some very odd ideas about the liberties an editor may take with his documents. To the *Florence Miscellany*, a collection of undistinguished poems on Italian subjects by the members of a little group which had been formed when she was in Florence in the summer of 1785, consisting of Bertie Greatheed, William Parsons, and Robert Merry, among others, she contributed a preface and a few of the poems. (There were some Italian poets in the group, too, including Ippolito Pindemonte, whose

contributions to the *Miscellany* are of a higher order than those of the English writers.)

Her last two full-length productions, the *British Synonymy* (1794) and the two volumes of *Universal History* entitled *Retrospection: or a Review of the Most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations, and Their Consequences, Which the Last Eighteen Hundred Years Have Presented to the View of Mankind* (1801), are such as to justify, perhaps, the remark which someone told her William Gifford, the satirical poet, had made after the *British Synonymy* appeared: "Does Mrs. Piozzi ever read herself what She writes?"

The best of what she wrote she might have read, had she been inclined to do so, with entire satisfaction. The very best of it was not, strictly speaking, a book at all, at least not in the sense of being a book published in her own lifetime, but the journal so often referred to already, the *Thraliana*, which she kept with varying degrees of fullness and continuity from 1776 until 1809. In their published form these notebooks fill almost eleven hundred pages, and no reader who has once succumbed to their charm and interest can ever have wished the pages any fewer. She occasionally muses on what the fate of the notebooks will eventually be, but it is evident on balance that she was genuinely writing for herself alone, making of the *Thraliana* an instrument for recording her shrewd observations of the life around her, the turns and twists of humor, and of human nature, that delighted her in conversation or in books, the light verse and the *jeux d'esprit* of which she was perhaps even too fond, but also making it a confidant, a court of appeal—presided over by her own fair-mindedness—where she could give utterance to feelings and perplexities that could not be spoken of to those around her: her equivocal feelings for Henry Thrale, for instance, or her endless efforts to understand why her daughters felt towards her as they evidently did. By the time she has to record in it, upon the publication of Boswell's *Life*, the pain she experienced in learning of the terms in which Dr. Johnson had talked about her behind her back, we have been seeing her life from her viewpoint for so long, and with such close intimacy,

that the shock is appalling for us too, and is mitigated only by admiration for the very considerable strength of character with which she receives it.

There is no shortage of Anas in the world, as Mrs. Piozzi well knew ("I am grown quite mad after these French Anas; Anecdote is in itself so seducing . . ."), but the *Thraliana* is unusual in the completeness, directness, and consistency with which it presents the character of its compiler, a character which was likewise unusual in the degree of its unpretentious self-awareness, in its power to direct the same candid gaze on itself as on the world around. It is this remarkable woman, bred in a habit of positive orientation and active intellectual engagement by the full and busy life she had led in England, in its pleasant places and among some of its most interesting and consequential people, who was to take the Continent in stride and describe her response to it in the *Observations and Reflections*. The conventions of the travel book did not allow her the freedom to talk about anything or nothing that she enjoyed in her journal, and in fact her book is least successful precisely at the points where she feels she has to make it most weighty, but she insists on writing in her own person, in a voice and style which are recognizably those of Mrs. Piozzi and no one else. Horace Walpole, as well as others of her contemporaries, was honestly disturbed by the familiarity of her style in this book, but for us today it is a part of her attempt to break through some, at least, of the conventions which had governed the genre for over a hundred years, in order to present the prescribed episodes of the Grand Tour in a meaningful relationship to the expectations and capacities of one quite specific person. It is a better book than many of its competitors simply because it is by her, and a part of its interest today is that, even though we can know its author very thoroughly indeed from other sources, it too has lively and appealing touches to add to the portrait of the woman who wrote it.

The second reason for believing that the modern reader might profitably direct his attention to such a late-eighteenth-century description of the tour of Italy as the *Observations and Reflections* is that it is occupied, after all, with an experi-

ence which still concerns us, and that the exact combination of similarities and differences between the eighteenth-century's response to Italy and the response of later generations, including our own, has a good deal to teach us.

Mrs. Piozzi's book comes late in the development of a tradition to which it nevertheless squarely belongs, the individual report on the Grand Tour—the heart of which was the tour of Italy—which begins in the seventeenth century with such books as James Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travell* (1642 and 1650) or his *Epistolae Ho-Eliaanae* (1645–55), Richard Lassell's concise *Voyage of Italy* (1670), or Gilbert Burnet's *Letters* (1686). The list grows by leaps and bounds throughout the eighteenth century, the books become fuller in their treatment as knowledge is increased and consolidated, but we realize from the use later writers make of books by even their earliest predecessors that so long as the tradition of the Grand Tour remained in force there was no question of seeing the earlier accounts as outdated. Mrs. Piozzi is typical in that she cites Howell and Bishop Burnet, and of course Addison (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705), along with such later writers as Samuel Sharp, the Earl of Cork and Orrery, and Lady Miller (all of whom wrote books called *Letters from Italy*, published in 1766, 1773, and 1776 respectively), Sherlock's *Letters from an English Traveller* (1780), and the book by Dr. John Moore already referred to, as well as such standard helps to travel by Continental writers as the *Viaggiana* or the Abbé Jérôme Richard's *Description historique et critique de l'Italie* (1766, and later editions).

Then as now, travelers had the choice of enjoying the trip or detesting it, and shortly after midpoint in the century the voice of dissidence had become so loud (in the books by Smollett, Sharp, and the Earl of Cork among others) in its complaints about the character of the Italian people and the discomfort and indignity to which the traveler was subjected on the tour, that Giuseppe Baretti (once Mrs. Thrale's friend, later Mrs. Piozzi's implacable enemy) felt obliged to correct the picture which was being offered to English readers, and did so in a spirited and sensible book, *An Account of the Manners of Italy* (1768).

In the latter decades of the century, though the traveler was still likely to go very suddenly from joy to moan, there is a blander spirit of acceptance, and the books become progressively thicker while continuing to focus steadily on the range of values and interests which were common to the neoclassical traveler's view of Italy. These included the history, art, and remains of ancient Rome; some acquaintance, when the traveler had an entrée to the salons of the four or five principal cities, with such members of society, literary figures, and scientists as he would meet there; and a development of connoisseurship, by which was meant a reasoned—though often passionately enthusiastic—admiration for Italian art of the High Renaissance, centering in Raphael and Michelangelo, and reaching its completion in the seventeenth-century schools of Bologna (led of course by the Carracci) and of Rome. As relaxation from such intensities came the natural beauty and chemical wonders of Naples and its surroundings, and of course by the time the traveler reached Rome and Naples there had already been the beauty of Venice, or there would be on the way back: and Venice, then as now, was absolutely *sui generis* and unsurpassable.

The content of the eighteenth-century traveler's experience of Italy, even when expanded to the four-volume bulk of the work which may be seen as marking the fulfilment as well as the effective end of the tradition, the Reverend John Chetwode Eustace's *A Classical Tour of Italy: An MDCCCII*, must fairly be described as limited, when compared with the overwhelming richness and variety of interests which have lain open to the traveler ever since the early nineteenth century. But if it was limited it was also coherent. On the average, the traveler expected to spend about two years in his journey down one side of the peninsula and up the other, with good long stays in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and possibly also in Milan and Bologna. Often he was as bored and bewildered as any later traveler has been, often he felt that his expectations were not being realized, that he was not up to the demands being made upon his powers of response, and was reduced to cheering himself up, like Boswell on one occasion, by saying *meminisse juvabit*. In general, however, the

eighteenth-century traveler had set himself a practicable aim, and was at least in a position to know whether he had realized it or not. We find ourselves watching him, as he visits places we know, to see if he will notice the objects we think most worth noticing: and of course he seldom does. He goes to Cento, to pay homage to Guercino, while we make our pilgrimage to Borgo San Sepolcro, the birthplace of a painter whom the eighteenth-century traveler had seen named as "Pietro del Borgo" in some of the tables and handbooks, but whom he does not mention and probably would not have admired. He notices things in a way that is different from our way, whole layers of atmosphere and expectation being missing, in his experience, that we take for granted.

And yet these travelers were sure of their values, and their assurance, when it differs from ours—for example, in the matter of their conviction as to the supremacy of the Carracci—ought not to be taken as an amusing proof of their wrongness and our rightness, but as a sign that tastes change and are indeed—without being merely relative—related to a host of needs and circumstances which prevent them from ever being absolute. Mrs. Piozzi speaks of "the demi-divine Carracci and their followers," and she does so on the authority of the good judges of her time. For Berenson, in 1931, they are academic and mediocre painters. Then in 1956 comes the great exhibition of the Carracci in Bologna (the catalogue for the drawing section prepared by an Englishman, Denis Mahon), both a cause and a symptom of a readjustment of taste, and today it would be an unusual museum director who would not be happy to acquire a reputable example of the work of any one of the Carracci.

In this book Mrs. Piozzi is recording her attempts to learn to appreciate works of art, and the results are interesting not so much for anything in them that is directly transmittable as specific judgment or analysis, but because we can see her so clearly as she makes the attempt, putting into practice certain aesthetic principles she might have found in many places, including Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Discourses* or the treatises of Jonathan Richardson (first published in the second decade of the century but kept current by later issues).⁸ Central to them

is the conviction that "Style in painting is the same as in writing [,] a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed" (in Reynolds' words), or "the great business of Painting is to Communicate, or Suggest those Thoughts which the Painter had or ought to have had" (in Richardson's). Reynolds, after enunciating this principle in his second Discourse, had gone on to say that in respect to it

Ludovico Caracci (I mean in his best work) appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject, and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects, better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian. . . .

He expresses a regret that the works of the Carracci which he would most recommend for study were only to be seen in Bologna, concluding that travelers "would do well to allot a much greater portion of their time to that city, than it has been hitherto the custom to bestow." As Mrs. Piozzi puts it: ". . . the Scuola Bolognese had hardened my heart against merit of any other sort, so much more easy to be obtained, than that of character, dignity, and truth."

It is interesting—at least it will be for any reader who has been keeping a watch on his own response to works of art, asking himself some of the difficult questions about the degree to which an individual's taste is conditioned by the taste of his time—to observe Mrs. Piozzi's reactions when she stands before works whose worth is guaranteed to her by the accumulated experience and the authority of her time. We sense her pleasure in being able to let herself go, to let the words of praise come flooding out. "Glorious exertion of excellence!" she exclaims in the presence of Guercino's "Dismissal of Hagar," in the Sampieri Palace. Or before the "Dying Gladiator" in the Campidoglio, ". . . wonderfully fine! savage valour! mean extraction! horrible anguish! all

marking, all strongly characteristical expressions—*all there*. . .” The operative terms, the basic convictions will be different for later generations, but the ring of pleasurable conviction is a constant, to be detected in the words of many an aspiring connoisseur in times right down to our own, and usually having as much to tell us about uncertainty as about certainty.

There is nothing inherently ridiculous or undernourished in the eighteenth century’s having limited its interest in Italian art to a canon which excludes much that now seems necessary to anything like a full understanding of its development: if we think there is, we are reproved by even a slight realization of what the Grand Tourist did to enrich Great Britain’s public and private collections of Italian art. But neither can we go back to the eighteenth century and substitute its expectations of Italy for our own necessarily more complex ones.

Already in the early decades of the nineteenth century, books and personal records of travel make it plain that the strictly patterned neoclassical experience of Italy can no longer contain the wider range of Italian values which travelers were beginning to discover. Interest in Italian—as opposed to Roman—history was continuing to grow, after the impetus given by such pioneering works as William Roscoe’s life of Lorenzo de’ Medici (1786) or his *Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth* (1805), as was interest in Italian literature and in the deeper and deeper exploration of Italian art of the Middle Ages and early Renaissance. The new *spirit* was different from the old: it was a spirit created and conditioned by certain strains in the complex of impulses which we know as Romanticism, as well as by the newly developing political awareness and sympathies in which the Italian peninsula was to be increasingly involved. The new spirit may be summed up, in its effect on the traveler in Italy, by saying that henceforth his typical attitude was to be a patient willingness to attend to *everything* that Italian life, Italian history, and Italian culture had to offer. He was to make of Italy an encyclopedia, whose pages were the leaves of its chronicles, the frescoed walls of its churches and palaces, the faces of its people, rather than what it seems in retrospect to have been for the eighteenth century:

a rigorous chrestomathy which might be typified if not summed up by the Tribune of the Uffizi. The young Browning is a typical figure, with his eager poring over Vasari's and Baldinucci's *Lives* of the Italian artists, his exploration of Muratori's collection of medieval chronicles, his interest in Cimabue or Fra Angelico or Fra Lippo Lippi, and his eye for the Italian life around him from which he made so much—and such brilliant—genre-writing.

From the eighteenth century we are separated by all this, by all the altered, heightened coloring of response which we are aware of when we think of the differences between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Ruskin or Pater, between Addison's versified tour and any nineteenth-century poem on an Italian subject, as well as by the sheer extension of range of interest and information which is represented by the differences between Winckelmann and Burckhardt. (Byron and Shelley continue to make use of the content and values of the eighteenth-century experience, though their Italy is seen through a charged emotional atmosphere for which there is no equivalent in the eighteenth century but which has been an essential component of what the traveler expects, both of Italy and of himself, ever since.)

The modern traveler is faced with an ideal or potential experience of Italy so overwhelmingly rich that it can be coped with only by an eclecticism which is in the sharpest possible contrast to the eighteenth-century synthesis. The clarity of outline of the neoclassical experience, the orderliness and definition of its content, as well as the respect with which it was treated, the faith in its value as one of the chief instruments of education: to contemplate these elements is to be aware of the dangers inherent in our own too great ease of opportunity, in the too great plenty which lies ready for our taking, explained, celebrated, catalogued, and endlessly reproduced. It is not only for the expatriate writer or artist that Italy—"a lifetime in the golden air"—may present simply too much. "Subjects float by, in Italy, as the fish in the sea may be supposed to float by a merman, who doubtless puts out a hand from time to time to grasp, for curiosity, some particularly iridescent specimen." Henry James is using his analogy as a means of describing the fate of William Wetmore Story, a

writer (and of course a sculptor) of Browning's generation, but without Browning's capacity for "stout and single" relationship to his subject. Story's temperament was such, as James saw, that "in Rome, Florence, Siena, there was too much—too much, that is, for a man for whom, otherwise dedicated, it had not been in question to become a second Gregorovius." "Was it not," James asks, "this 'too much' therefore that, given the nature of Story's mind and that disposition in it to flit rather than to rest for which I have almost commiserated it—was it not this too much that constituted precisely, and most characteristically and gracefully, the amusement of the wanton Italy at the expense of her victim?"

And the "too much" has if anything increased since the day James is describing. Faced with a surfeit, the modern traveler takes refuge in eclecticism, a personal choice not only of what he will look at but also of how he will respond to it. If Mrs. Piozzi had seen or heard of Pontormo's beautiful Deposition in the church of Sta. Felicità in Florence, she never mentions it (neither does anyone else in her day), whereas Mary McCarthy can afford to offer a patronizing description of it—in line with her theory about the pitfalls of Mannerism—as well as a misleading color photograph.⁹ Edith Templeton, with time on her hands in Cremona, Parma, Mantua, and Ravenna, writes a highly entertaining book, *The Surprise of Cremona*, which makes no pretence of fitting her personal encounters, her haphazard inspection of works of art, her excursions into history, into any kind of generally recognized framework or pattern, and in this respect it resembles even the best and liveliest of the books produced by modern writers in response to their sojourns in Italy—from D. H. Lawrence and Norman Douglas down to Alan Ross or Anthony Rhodes. We cannot recover the eighteenth-century's singleness of purpose, but it is refreshing and it may be salutary, after the intensities and whimsicalities of our own time, to look back at an age when every traveler is bent on meeting the demands of a common experience whose chief concern is the appreciation of a recognized greatness.

There is one other way in which the reactions of the eighteenth-century traveler to what he saw in the Italian

galleries and churches differ radically from those of a conscientious and cultivated modern traveler. It is all so much more straightforward for the earlier travelers than it is for us, who come after not only Ruskin and Pater and the whole *fin de siècle* but also after Symbolism and its countless esoteric derivatives with their emphasis on the validity of the private vision, on nuance and indirection, on complexities which a lifetime of devoted effort will scarcely allow the layman to penetrate. Mrs. Piozzi occasionally voices her doubts as to her aptitude for connoisseurship, and she is always modest about the claims which her judgments may have on the interest of her readers. Yet she believed that with time to develop her taste, which could only be done by acquiring the requisite knowledge and experience of works of art, she would be as well able as any other sensible and enlightened spectator to respond to the painting and sculpture she saw in Italy and to offer descriptive judgments which would be as valid for others as for herself. Something of all this she could have learned, again, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had discovered as a young man in Rome that Raphael, from whom he had expected such pleasure, would not yield up the secret of his greatness on a first acquaintance. The passage in which he records this discovery is worth quoting at length, not only for the elements in it which belong specifically to the eighteenth century but for those which represent sound procedure and good advice in any time:

I remember very well my own disappointment, when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feeling to a brother-student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Rafaele had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on inquiring further of other students, I found that those persons only who from natural imbecillity appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them.

The way to recover from his initial failure of appreciation was to train himself, by diligent attention, to see in these great works what mankind had always seen in them:

. . . Though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaele, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me; I found myself in the midst of works executed upon [principles] with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in, (it could not have been lower,) were to be totally done away with, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as *a little child*.—Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of these excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them, more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained.

The appreciation of works of the greatest genius thus requires a specific training of eye and mind, but the appeal is ultimately to what is most centrally human in the artist's performance, not to a recondite or oblique vision available only to the artist himself and a handful of initiates. And thus Mrs. Piozzi rejects the idea, which she would have found embodied in Dr. Moore's bluff dismissal of connoisseurship, that "one ought in delicacy to declare one's utter incapacity of understanding pictures, unless immediately of the profession.—And why so? No man protests, that he cannot read poetry, he can make no pleasure out of Milton or Shakespear, or shudder at the

ingratitude of Lear's daughters on the stage." And the analogy seems to her complete and reassuring: "Why then should people pretend insensibility, when divine Guercino exerts his unrivalled powers of the pathetic in the fine picture at Zampieri palace, of Hagar's dismissal into the desert with her son?"

The Piozzis arrived back in England, in good health and spirits, on the tenth of March 1787—indeed, as she writes in *Thraliana*, "who can be sick, or who ought to be sullen after so diverting a Drive round Europe, and so very comfortable a return to London?" She first mentions her plan for writing her Travels in an entry dated the twenty-ninth of May 1788: "I will write my Travels & publish them—why not? 'twill be difficult to content the Italians and the English but I'll try—and 'tis something to do." The actual writing was done in the course of two months of a hot, dry summer at Exmouth, in Devonshire (" 'tis a private place & I will work very hard"), for a part of which time Piozzi was away and she was quite by herself. The records on which the book is based, as has been mentioned earlier, consisted of the entries she had continued to make in the *Thraliana* while she was abroad¹⁰ and the quarto notebooks which she inscribed "Italian Journey 1784" and "German Journey 1786." Working with these materials, but expanding them very greatly from memory and on the basis of her reflections, she made two complete versions of her book—the original draft and a careful revision—the revised version being finished on the tenth of November 1788, while she was living at Bath. She offered the book to Cadell, whose terms were "500 guineas and twelve copies to give away." "The Books just sent to Press," she notes on the fifth of February 1789: and hopes that they "may confirm the Partiality of the Publick." *Observations and Reflections* was published in June, meeting with both praise and blame, the blame usually being directed at a colloquialism which was felt to be boldly inappropriate in a printed book. In the perspective of time, it has been seen to be an entirely worthy production, one of the two good books she presented to the public during her own lifetime.¹¹

The *Thraliana* accustoms us to seeing Mrs. Piozzi in the intimacy and informality of a journal, conditions which allow for a directness and a degree of candor which even she would not have felt suitable to a book written for publication. We might expect that the journal materials for the *Observations and Reflections* would be more rewarding than the book itself, but in point of fact that is a good deal less true than it might be. The relevant entries in the *Thraliana* are comparatively brief, and though the "Journey" notebooks start out as diary entries, with all the liveliness the term suggests, they soon change over to a finished, discursive form which suggests that Mrs. Piozzi saw herself as writing for eventual publication: and in any event they are just about entirely incorporated into the book. The book, therefore, offers the fullest possible account of her tour, and we do not gain a superior view by trying to isolate the materials from which it is composed.

Occasionally we know, from the private documents, something about her motives and her attitudes while on the tour that could not have formed a part of the published work. We know, for example, that it meant a great deal to her to be received, with her husband, in good Italian society, to be able to cut a splendid figure when they entertained at their house in Milan or at the Palazzo Borromeo, on the Isola Bella, which they had rented for their *villeggiatura* in the summer of 1786, or to receive kind attention from the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland when their paths crossed: for was not London convinced that by marrying a poor Italian—a musician and a Catholic—and accompanying him to his own country, she was dooming herself at the very least to being locked up for life in some Italian oubliette? The publication of the little book about Dr. Johnson had its role to play, too, as did the *Florence Miscellany*, by keeping her visible in London. Also, though she never really grumbles in her book, the *Thraliana* tells us that she had her moments of feeling *dépaysée*, and that when they were in Milan for the second stay, in 1786, she was bitter about the Italians, critical of their moral and religious positions, and afraid that they were trying in secret to convince her husband that she was a heretic and damned. (There is an interesting phrase in the *Thraliana*, which occurs when she is

trying to describe a strange state of mind—"a kind of odd Anxiety one knows not how to describe—*like being abroad.*")

The book is not silent about the unpleasant episodes that may fall to any traveler's lot—when her husband is ill at S. Giuliano Terme she and her maid open the mattress and discover that it is "*all alive* with creatures wholly unknown to me . . . , such . . . as would have disgusted Mr. Leeuenhoeck himself." But on balance she is inclined to look on the bright side, and she knows perfectly well that a traveler who is not willing to do so might better have stayed at home. She has an excellent understanding of the relation between home and abroad, and frequently makes congenial comparisons of the things she is seeing in Italy with things she has known in England and Wales, giving us the feeling that Italy is being seen by a lady who has a full, absorbing life at home and that this has something to do with her good-natured receptivity in Italy. (She also understood one of the darker sides of the complex motivation which sends people abroad to live for ever: ". . . 'tis more Sullenness towards one's Own Country than delight in any other, that makes People ever contented in a foreign Nation—supposing equal Degrees of Kindness, who would not prefer that of their native Land?")

An editor of her *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson*, who describes her (I think unjustly) as feather-brained, suggests that the *Observations and Reflections* can be read only for a few of its more extractable episodes, but I should disagree. It will do most for us if we read it complete, as a leisurely, expansive account of one traveler's total experience of the Grand Tour. It is true that she is very fond of reflection, of the expanded moral generalization, and here (unlike the *Thraliana*, where brevity, as well as a more inevitable connection with actual incident or personality, makes for vigor and point), the generalization is sometimes gratuitous. (But often it is entirely pithy and apposite, as in the passage where she describes the respective roles of Truth and Fancy in viewing the Colosseum, or when she ventures to suggest that sooner or later "a rage for appropriation gets the better of all the love of arts.") She is likewise fond of speculating not only about etymology but also about mythology and history ("This place was founded

and colonised by Aemilius Mamercus and Lucius Plautus, Anno Mundi 3725, I think") and we could do with less of all this in exchange for more direct observation. Yet her manner and approach, even in her most weightily informative passages, are preferable to the somewhat spurious breeziness with which Dr. Moore tries to get out from under the weight of convention. She sometimes appears to have worked up a subject at the time of writing about it, but more often we have the sense of an earnest, personal cultivation of mind and spirit. It is all a part of the mixture that made up her life for these two years—the ideas and theories she entertained, the verses she read or remembered, the people she met, the pictures she was so eager to respond to, and we have something better if we take it all in than if we simply pick out the livelier bits, such as the anecdote of the hermit on the slopes of Vesuvius who remembered when black pins were first the fashion in London.

Her observations of behavior, custom, dress, temperament—these are direct, authentic, and individual. When she describes the dress and make-up of Venetian women, we suddenly see Longhi's women in the context of their everyday life: it may occur to us that we have somehow always thought of them as being in fancy dress, but their faces really were whitened, and they regularly did wear the little black masks. She can *people* scenes for us, as she does when she describes Venetian servants lying around asleep all over the place, or the little Neapolitan gigs drawn by one horse and dashing down the via Toledo, or the way the country people look who have come into Naples in their heavy holiday dress. Sometimes she disappoints us, in that having succeeded in creating a real sense of place she breaks off before allowing us time to turn around in it or to savor it fully. But just *because* her tradition puts no premium on the evocation of atmospheres or the celebration of local color, the instants of direct vision are more valuable than much of the knowing, somehow gratuitous description which the nineteenth century reels off in the course of its walks in Rome and its mornings in Florence.

When they are at Milan in September of 1786, about to start out on the last stages of the journey, she notes the feel of autumn in the air, and brings together a time and a place in

such a way as to create a momentarily poignant sense of actuality, a feeling that against all the odds we have apprehended a moment of time as she lived it:

We are now cutting hay here for the last time this season, and all the environs smell like spring on this 15th September 1786. The autumnal tint, however, falls fast upon the trees, which are already rich with a deep yellow hue. A wintery feel upon the atmosphere early in a morning, heavy fogs about noon, and a hollow wind towards the approach of night, make it look like the very last week of October in England, and warn us that summer is going.

She knows, too, the eerie thrill of distance that can sometimes touch the traveler's imagination: they had planned, on the way north to Germany, to push on to Hungary, in the hope of "hearing Hayden" at Esterház, but were finally unable to do so: "It was curious however to find one's self a few posts of the places one had read so much of; and the words *Route de Belgrade* upon a finger-post gave me sensations of distance never felt before." Something like the sensation of bridging a distance in time is produced in us by many of her pages. To follow her on the whole journey is to have a segment of eighteenth-century life brought vividly home to us, so that we frequently feel as Boswell felt when he stood before the little cooking utensils and the carbonized foodstuffs from Herculaneum, assembled in the museum at Portici, viewing "with curious satisfaction the immense variety of every thing for the use of life which . . . fairly brings back old time, as it were, face to face."

H.B.

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

1. In the collection of English manuscripts belonging to the John Rylands Library, Manchester, England, where they are catalogued together as *Rylands English MS.* 618. These notebooks, as well as Mrs. Piozzi's two manuscript versions of the *Observations and Reflections* (the first in seven folio notebooks, the second—with many revisions—consisting of "three hundred and

eighty-two loose leaves" from which the book was printed) are described in an article by Dr. Moses Tyson (*Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, xv [July 1931], 467-88).

2. *Thraliana: The Diary of Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale (Later Mrs. Piozzi)*. 1776-1809. Edited by Katherine C. Balderston (second ed.; Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1951). The journal was begun in 1776, when Mrs. Thrale's husband had presented her with six calf-bound quarto blank books, labeled "Thraliana"; the last entry is dated March 30, 1809, a few days after the death of her second husband.
3. Much has been written about Mrs. Piozzi, both in her own day and in ours, but the two works in which she is most dependably and fully to be known are surely the *Thraliana*, not only for the journal itself but also for the editor's notes, which unsnarled many a controversy, and Professor James L. Clifford's biography, *Hester Lynch Piozzi (Mrs. Thrale)* (Oxford; Clarendon Press, 1941).
4. There was a Dublin edition, in one volume, in the same year, and a German translation, with Introduction and Notes by Georg Forster (two volumes), (Frankfurt and Mainz, 1790). A small volume of selections entitled *Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century. From the Journey of Mrs. Piozzi*, edited by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco, was published in New York (Scribner) in 1892.
5. Boswell's travel journals are an exception, the volumes presented as *Boswell on the Grand Tour* having reached a wide audience, and at least two publishers in the not too distant past have brought out editions of Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy* (1766).
6. Now in the Harvard College Library, in the Lowell Collection.
7. This journey has its journals, too, published in *The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson*, edited from the original manuscripts in the John Rylands Library and in the British Museum by Moses Tyson and Henry Guppy (Manchester, 1932). Included are Dr. Johnson's own journal, Mrs. Thrale's "French Journal, 1775" (Rylands English MS. 617), and the portions of the "Italian Journey, 1784" which deal with France.
8. The separate treatises were *The Theory of Painting* (1715),

The Art of Criticism (1719), and *The Science of a Connoisseur* (1719).

9. Something else again are the photographs by Evelyn Hofer, also in Miss McCarthy's *The Stones of Florence*, many of which (for example, those of the Baptistery at Pistoia or the apse of the Duomo in Florence) remind us of how much photography can do by way of helping us to *see*.
10. Miss Balderston suggests that Mrs. Piozzi used the "Thraliana" to record what went on during the two extended periods when she and her husband were domiciled in Milan, and that the "Italian Journey" and—of course—the "German Journey" were used for their travels away from Milan. See *Thraliana*, 613, n. 1, and also, for other details cited here concerning the writing and publication of *Observations and Reflections*, 717, 718 n. 1, 719, 720, and 729.
11. For a complete description of the book's reception and later fortunes, see J. L. Clifford's *Hester Lynch Piozzi*, pp. 343-48.

Preface

I was made to observe at Rome some vestiges of an ancient custom very proper in those days—it was the parading of the streets by a set of people called *Preciæ*, who went some minutes before the *Flamen Dialis* to bid the inhabitants leave work or play, and attend wholly to the procession; but if ill omens prevented the pageants from passing, or if the occasion of the show was deemed scarcely worthy its celebration, these *Preciæ* stood a chance of being ill-treated by the spectators. A Prefatory introduction to a work like this, can hope little better usage from the Public than they had; it proclaims the approach of what has often passed by before, adorned most certainly with greater splendour, perhaps conducted too with greater regularity and skill: Yet will I not despair of giving at least a momentary amusement to my countrymen in general, while their entertainment shall serve as a vehicle for conveying expressions of particular kindness to those foreign individuals, whose tenderness softened the sorrows of absence, and who eagerly endeavoured by unmerited attentions to supply the loss of their company on whom nature and habit had given me stronger claims.

That I should make some reflections, or write down some observations, in the course of a long journey, is not strange; that I should present them before the Public is I hope not too daring: the presumption grew up out of their acknowledged favour, and if too kind culture has encouraged a coarse plant till it runs to seed, a little coldness from the same quarter will soon prove sufficient to kill it. The flattering partiality of private partisans sometimes induces authors to venture forth, and stand a public decision; but it is often found to betray them too; not to be tossed by waves of perpetual contention,

but rather to sink in the silence of total neglect. What wonder! He who swims in oil must be buoyant indeed, if he escapes falling certainly, though gently, to the bottom; while he who commits his safety to the bosom of the wide-embracing ocean, is sure to be strongly supported, or at worst thrown upon the shore.

On this principle it has been still my study to obtain from a humane and generous Public that shelter their protection best affords from the poisoned arrows of private malignity; for though it is not difficult to despise the attempts of petty malice, I will not say with the Philosopher, that I mean to build a monument to my fame with the stones thrown at me to break my bones; nor yet pretend to the art of Swift's German Wonder-doer, who promised to make them fall about his head like so many pillows. Ink, as it resembles Styx in its colour, should resemble it a little in its operation too; whoever has been once *dipt* should become *invulnerable*: But it is not so; the irritability of authors has long been enrolled among the comforts of ill-nature, and the triumphs of stupidity; such let it long remain! Let me at least take care in the worst storms that may arise in public or in private life, to say with Lear,

—I'm one

More sinn'd against, than sinning.

For the book—I have not thrown my thoughts into the form of private letters; because a work of which truth is the best recommendation, should not above all others begin with a lie. My old acquaintance rather chose to amuse themselves with conjectures, than to flatter me with tender inquiries during my absence; our correspondence then would not have been any amusement to the Public, whose treatment of me deserves every possible acknowledgment; and more than those acknowledgments will I not add—to a work, which, such as it is, I submit to their candour, resolving to think as little of the event as I can help; for the labours of the press resemble those of the toilette, both should be attended to, and finished with care; but once complete, should take up no more of our attention; unless we are disposed at evening to destroy all effect of our morning's study.

OBSERVATIONS AND
REFLECTIONS
made in a journey through
FRANCE, ITALY, AND
GERMANY

* * *

CALAIS

September 7, 1784

OF ALL PLEASURE, I see much may be destroyed by eagerness of anticipation: I had told my female companion, to whom travelling was new, how she would be surprized and astonished, at the difference found in crossing the narrow sea from England to France, and now she is not astonished at all; why should she? We have lingered and loitered six and twenty hours from port to port, while sickness and fatigue made her feel as if much more time still had elapsed since she quitted the opposite shore. The truth is, we wanted wind exceedingly; and the flights of shaggs, and shoals of maycril, both beautiful enough, and both uncommon too at this season, made us very little amends for the tediousness of a night passed on ship-board.

Seeing the sun rise and set, however, upon an unobstructed horizon, was a new idea gained to me, who never till now had the opportunity. It confirmed the truth of that maxim which tells us, that the human mind must have something left to supply for itself on the sight of all sublunary objects. When my eyes have watched the rising or setting sun through a thick crowd of intervening trees, or seen it sink gradually behind a hill which obstructed my closer observation, fancy has always

painted the full view finer than at last I found it; and if the sun itself cannot satisfy the cravings of a thirsty imagination, let it at least convince us that nothing on this side Heaven can satisfy them, and *set our affections* accordingly.

Pious reflections remind one of monks and nuns; I enquired of the Franciscan friar who attended us at the inn, what was become of Father Felix, who did the duties of the quête, as it is called, about a dozen years ago, when I recollect minding that his manners and story struck Dr. Johnson exceedingly, who said that so complete a character could scarcely be found in romance. He had been a soldier, it seems, and was no incompetent or mean scholar: the books we found open in his cell, shewed he had not neglected modern or colloquial knowledge; there was a translation of Addison's *Spectators*, and Rapin's *Dissertation on the contending Parties of England* called Whig and Tory. He had likewise a violin, and some printed music, for his entertainment. I was glad to hear he was well, and travelling to Barcelona on foot by orders of the superior.

After dinner we set out to see Miss Grey, at her convent of Dominican Nuns; who, I hoped, would have remembered me, as many of the ladies there had seized much of my attention when last abroad: they had however all forgotten me, nor could call to mind how much they had once admired the beauty of my eldest daughter, then a child, which I thought impossible to forget: one is always more important in one's own eyes than in those of others; but no one is of importance to a Nun, who is and ought to be employed in other speculations.

When the Great Mogul showed his splendour to a travelling dervise, who expressed his little admiration of it—"Shall you not often be thinking of me in future?" said the monarch. "Perhaps I might," replied the religieux, "if I were not always thinking upon God."

The women spinning at their doors here, or making lace, or employing themselves in some manner, is particularly consolatory to a British eye; yet I do not recollect it struck me last time I was over: industry without bustle, and some appearance of gain without fraud, comfort one's heart; while all the profits of commerce scarcely can be said to make immediate

compensation to a delicate mind, for the noise and brutality observed in an English port. I looked again for the chapel, where the model of a ship, elegantly constructed, hung from the top, and found it in good preservation: some scrupulous man had made the ship, it seems, and thought, perhaps justly too, that he had spent a greater portion of time and care on the workmanship than he ought to have done; so resolving no longer to indulge his vanity or fondness, fairly hung it up in the convent chapel, and made a solemn vow to look on it no more. I remember a much stronger instance of self-denial practised by a pretty young lady of Paris once, who was enjoined by her confessor to wring off the neck of her favourite bullfinch, as a penance for having passed too much time in teaching him to pipe tunes, peck from her hand, &c.—She obeyed; but never could be prevailed on to see the priest again.

We are going now to leave Calais, where the women in long white camblet clokes, soldiers with whiskers, girls in neat slippers, and short petticoats contrived to show them, who wait upon you at the inn;—postillions with greasy night-caps, and vast jack-boots, driving your carriage harnessed with ropes, and adorned with sheep-skins, can never fail to strike an Englishman at his first going abroad:—But what is our difference of manners, compared to that prodigious effect produced by the much shorter passage from Spain to Africa; where an hour's time, and sixteen miles space only, carries you from Europe, from civilization, from Christianity. A gentleman's description of his feelings on that occasion rushes now on my mind, and makes me half ashamed to sit here, in Dessein's parlour, writing remarks, in good time!—upon places as well known as Westminster-bridge to almost all those who cross it at this moment; while the custom-house officers intrusion puts me the less out of humour, from the consciousness that, if I am disturbed, I am disturbed from doing *nothing*.

CHANTILLY

Our way to this place lay through Boulogne; the situation of which is pleasing, and the fish there excellent. I was glad to see Boulogne, though I can scarcely tell why; but one is always

glad to see something new, and talk of something old: for example, the story I once heard of Miss Ashe, speaking of poor Dr. James, who loved profligate conversation dearly,—“That man should set up his quarters across the water,” said she; “why Boulogne would be a seraglio to him.”

The country, as far as Montreuil, is a coarse one; *thin herbage in the plains and fruitless fields*. The cattle too are miserably poor and lean; but where there is no grass, we can scarcely expect them to be fat: they must not feed on wheat, I suppose, and cannot digest tobacco. Herds of swine, not flocks of sheep, meet one’s eye upon the hills; and the very few gentlemen’s seats that we have passed by, seem out of repair, and deserted. The French do not reside much in private houses, as the English do; but while those of narrower fortunes flock to the country towns within their reach, those of ampler purses repair to Paris, where the rent of their estate supplies them with pleasures at no very enormous expence. The road is magnificent, like our old-fashioned avenue in a nobleman’s park, but wider, and paved in the middle: this convenience continued on for many hundred miles, and all at the king’s expence. Every man you meet, politely pulls off his hat *en passant*; and the gentlemen have commonly a good horse under them, but certainly a dressed one.

Sporting season is not come in yet, but I believe the idea of sporting seldom enters any head except an English one: here is prodigious plenty of game, but the familiarity with which they walk about and sit by our road-side, shews they feel no apprehensions.

Harvest, even in France, is extremely backward this year, I see; no crops are yet got in, nor will reaping be likely to pay its own charges. But though summer is come too late for profit, the pleasure it brings is perhaps enhanced by delay: like a life, the early part of which has been wasted in sickness, the possessor finds too little time remaining for work, when health *does* come; and spends all that he has left, naturally enough, in enjoyment.

The pert vivacity of *La Fille* at Montreuil was all we could find there worth remarking: it filled up my notions of French flippancy agreeably enough; as no English wench would so

have answered one to be sure. She had complained of our avant-coureur's behaviour. "*Il parle sur le haut ton, mademoiselle*" (said I), "*mais il a le cœur bon*¹." "*Ouydà*" (replied she, smartly), "*mais c'est le ton qui fait le chanson*²."

The cathedral at Amiens made ample amends for the country we passed through to see it; the *Nef d'Amiens* deserves the fame of a first-rate structure: and the ornaments of its high altar seem particularly well chosen, of an excellent taste, and very capital execution. The vineyards from thence hither shew, that either the climate, or season, or both, improve upon one: the grapes climbing up some not very tall golden-pippin trees, and mingling their fruits at the top, have a mighty pleasing effect; and I observe the rage for Lombardy poplars is in equal force here as about London: no tolerable house have I passed without seeing long rows of them; all young plantations, as one may perceive by their size. Refined countries always are panting for speedy enjoyment: the maxim of *carpe diem*³ came into Rome when luxury triumphed there; and poets and philosophers lent their assistance to decorate and dignify her gaudy car. Till then we read of no such haste to be happy; and on the same principle, while Americans contentedly wait the slow growth of their columnal chestnut, our hot-bed inhabitants measure the slender poplar with canes, anxiously admiring its quick growth and early elegance; yet are often cut down themselves, before their youthful favourite can afford them either pleasure or advantage.

This charming palace and gardens were new to neither of us, yet lovely to both: the tame fish, I remember so well to have fed from my hand eleven or twelve years ago, are turned almost all white; can it be with age I wonder? the naturalists must tell. I once saw a carp which weighed six pounds and an half taken out of a pond in Hertfordshire, where the owners knew it had resided forty years at least; and it was not white, but of the common colour: Quere, how long will they live? and when will they begin to change? The stables struck me as

¹ He sets his talk to a sounding tune, my dear, but he is an honest fellow.

² But I always thought it was the tune which made the musick.

³ Seize the present moment.

more magnificent this time than the last I saw them; the hounds were always dirtily and ill kept; but hunting is not the taste of any nation now but ours; none but a young English heir says to his estate as Goliath did to David, *Come to me, and I will give thee to the beasts of the field, and to the fowls of the air*; as some of our old books of piety reproach us. Every trick that money can play with the most lavish abundance of water is here exhibited; nor is the sight of a *jet d'eau*, or the murmur of an artificial cascade, undelightful in a hot day, let the Nature-mongers say what they please. The prince's cabinet, for a private collection, is not a mean one; but I was sorry to see his quadrant rusted to the globe almost, and the poor planetarium out of all repair. The great stuffed dog is a curiosity however; I never saw any of the canine species so large, and withal so beautiful, living or dead.

The theatre belonging to the house is a lovely one; and the truly princely possessor, when he heard once that an English gentleman, travelling for amusement, had called at Chantilly too late to enjoy the diversion, instantly, though past twelve o'clock at night, ordered a new representation, that his curiosity might be gratified. This is the same Prince of Condé, who going from Paris to his country-seat here for a month or two, when his eldest son was nine years old, left him fifty louis d'ors as an allowance during his absence. At his return to town, the boy produced his purse, crying "*Papa! here's all the money safe, I have never touched it once.*"—The Prince, in reply, took him gravely to the window, and opening it, very quietly poured all the louis d'ors into the street; saying, "Now, if you have neither virtue enough to give away your money, nor spirit enough to spend it, always *do this* for the future, do you hear; that the poor may at least have a *chance for it.*"

PARIS

The fine paved road to this town has many inconveniences, and jars the nerves terribly with its perpetual rattle; the approach however always strikes one as very fine, I think, and the boulevards and guinguettes look always pretty too: as wine, beer, and spirits are not permitted to be sold there, one sees what England does not even pretend to exhibit, which is gaiety without noise, and a crowd without a riot. I was pleased to go

over the churches again too, and reexperience that particular sensation which the disposition of St. Rocque's altars and ornaments alone can give. In the evening we looked at the new square called the Palais Royal, whence the Duc de Chartres has removed a vast number of noble trees, which it was a sin and shame to profane with an axe, after they had adorned that spot for so many centuries.—The people were accordingly as angry, I believe, as Frenchmen can be, when the folly was first committed: the court, however, had wit enough to convert the place into a sort of Vauxhall, with tents, fountains, shops, full of frippery, brilliant at once and worthless, to attract them; with coffeehouses surrounding it on every side; and now they are all again *merry* and *happy*, synonymous terms at Paris, though often disunited in London; and *Vive le Duc de Chartres!*

The French are really a contented race of mortals;—precluded almost from possibility of adventure, the low Parisian leads a gentle humble life, nor envies that greatness he never can obtain; but either wonders delightedly, or diverts himself philosophically with the sight of splendours which seldom fail to excite serious envy in an Englishman, and sometimes occasion even suicide, from disappointed hopes, which never could take root in the heart of these unambitious people. Reflections of this cast are suggested to one here in every shop, where the behaviour of the master at first sight contradicts all that our satirists tell us of the *supple Gaul*, &c. A mercer in this town shews you a few silks, and those he scarcely opens; *vous devez choisir*¹, is all he thinks of saying, to invite your custom; then takes out his snuff-box, and yawns in your face, fatigued by your inquiries. For my own part, I find my natural disgust of such behaviour greatly repelled, by the recollection that the man I am speaking to is no inhabitant of

A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows thro' each member of th' embodied state—
S. JOHNSON.

and I feel well-inclined to respect the peaceful tenor of a life, which likes not to be broken in upon, for the sake of obtaining

¹ Chuse what you like.

riches, which when gotten must end only in the pleasure of counting them. A Frenchman who should make his fortune by trade tomorrow, would be no nearer advancement in society or situation: why then should he solicit, by arts he is too lazy to delight in the practice of, that opulence which would afford so slight an improvement to his comforts? He lives as well as he wishes already; he goes to the Boulevards every night, treats his wife with a glass of lemonade or ice, and holds up his babies by turns, to hear the jokes of *Jean Pottage*. Were he to recommend his goods, like the Londoner, with studied eloquence and attentive flattery, he could not hope like him that the eloquence he now bestows on the decorations of a hat, or the varnish of an equipage, may one day serve to torment a minister, and obtain a post of honour for his son; he could not hope that on some future day his flattery might be listened to by some lady of more birth than beauty, or riches perhaps, when happily employed upon a very different subject, and be the means of lifting himself into a state of distinction, his children too into public notoriety.

Emulation, ambition, avarice, however, must in all arbitrary governments be confined to the great; the *other* set of mortals, for there are none there of *middling* rank, live, as it should seem, like eunuchs in a seraglio; feel themselves irrevocably doomed to promote the pleasure of their superiors, nor ever dream of sighing for enjoyments from which an irremeable boundary divides them. They see at the beginning of their lives how that life must necessarily end, and trot with a quiet, contented, and unaltered pace down their long, straight, and shaded avenue; while we, with anxious solicitude, and restless hurry, watch the quick turnings of our serpentine walk; which still presents, either to sight or expectation, some changes of variety in the ever-shifting prospect, till the unthought-of, unexpected end comes suddenly upon us, and finishes at once the fluctuating scene. Reflections must now give way to facts for a moment, though few English people want to be told that every hotel here, belonging to people of condition, is shut out from the street like our Burlington-house, which gives a general gloom to the look of this city so famed for its gaiety: the streets are narrow too, and ill-paved; and very noisy, from

the echo made by stone buildings drawn up to a prodigious height, many of the houses having seven, and some of them even eight stories from the bottom. The contradictions one meets with every moment likewise strike even a cursory observer—a countess in a morning, her hair dressed, with diamonds too perhaps, a dirty black handkerchief about her neck, and a flat silver ring on her finger, like our ale-wives; a *femme publique*, dressed avowedly for the purposes of alluring the men, with not a very small crucifix hanging at her bosom;—and the Virgin Mary’s sign at an alehouse door, with these words,

Je suis la mère de mon Dieu,
Et la gardienne de ce lieu ².

I have, however, borrowed Bocage’s Remarks upon the English nation, which serve to damp my spirit of criticism exceedingly: She had more opportunities than I for observation, not less quickness of discernment surely; and her stay in London was longer than mine in Paris.—Yet, how was she deceived in many points!

I will tell nothing that I did not *see*; and among the objects one would certainly avoid seeing if it were possible, is the deformity of the poor.—Such various modes of warping the human figure could hardly be observed in England by a surgeon in high practice, as meet me about this country incessantly.—I have seen them in the galleries and outer-courts even of the palace itself, and am glad to turn my eyes for relief on the Duke of Orleans’s pictures; a glorious collection! The Italian noblemen, in whose company we saw it, acknowledged with candour the good taste of the selection; and I was glad to see again what had delighted me so many years before: particularly, the three Marys, by Annibale Caracci; and Rubens’s odd conceit of making Juno’s Peacock peck Paris’s leg, for having refused the apple to his mistress.

The manufacture at the Gobelins seems exceedingly improved; the colouring less inharmonious, the drawing more correct; but our Parisians are not just now thinking about such

² The mother of my God am I,
And keep this house right carefully.

matters; they are all wild for love of a new comedy, written by Mons. de Beaumarchais, and called, "Le Mariage de Figaro," full of such wit as we were fond of in the reign of Charles the Second, indecent merriment, and gross immorality; mixed, however, with much acrimonious satire, as if Sir George Etherege and Johnny Gay had clubbed their powers of ingenuity at once to divert and to corrupt their auditors; who now carry the verses of this favourite piece upon their fans, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. as our women once did those of the Beggar's Opera.

We have enjoyed some very agreeable society here in the company of Comte Turconi, a Milanese Nobleman who, desirous to escape all the frivolous, and petty distinction which birth alone bestows, has long fixed his residence in Paris, where talents find their influence, and where a great city affords that unobserved freedom of thought and action which can scarcely be expected by a man of high rank in a smaller circle; but which, when once tasted, will not seldom be preferred to the attentive watchfulness of more confined society.

The famous Venetian too, who has written so many successful comedies, and is now employed upon his own Memoirs, at the age of eighty-four, was a delightful addition to our Coterie, *Goldoni*. He is garrulous, good-humoured, and gay; resembling the late James Harris of Salisbury in person not manner, and seems justly esteemed, and highly, by his countrymen.

The conversation of the Marquis Trotti and the Abate Bucchetti is likewise particularly pleasing; especially to me, who am naturally desirous to live as much as possible among Italians of general knowledge, good taste, and polished manners, before I enter their country, where the language will be so very indispensable. Mean time I have stolen a day to visit my old acquaintance the English Austin Nuns at the Fossée, and found the whole community alive and cheerful; they are many of them agreeable women, and having seen Dr. Johnson with me when I was last abroad, enquired much for him: Mrs. Fermor, the Prioress, niece to Belinda in the Rape of the Lock, taking occasion to tell me, comically enough, "That she believed there was but little comfort to be found in a house that

harboured *poets*; for that she remembered Mr. Pope's praise made her aunt very troublesome and conceited, while his numberless caprices would have employed ten servants to wait on him; and he gave one" (said she) "no amends by his talk neither, for he only sate dozing all day, when the sweet wine was out, and made his verses chiefly in the night; during which season he kept himself awake by drinking coffee, which it was one of the maids business to make for him, and they took it by turns."

These ladies really live here as comfortably for aught I see as peace, quietness, and the certainty of a good dinner every day can make them. Just so much happier than as many old maids who inhabit Milman Street and Chapel Row, as they are sure not to be robbed by a treacherous, or insulted by a favoured, servant in the decline of life, when protection is grown hopeless and resistance vain; and as they enjoy at least a moral certainty of never living worse than they do to-day: while the little knot of unmarried females turned fifty round Red Lion Square *may* always be ruined by a runaway agent, a bankrupted banker, or a roguish steward; and even the petty pleasures of six-penny quadrille may become by that misfortune too costly for their income.—*Au reste*, as the French say, the difference is small: both coteries sit separate in the morning, go to prayers at noon, and read the chapters for the day: change their neat dress, eat their little dinner, and play at small games for small sums in the evening; when recollection tires, and chat runs low.

But more adventurous characters claim my present attention. All Paris I think, myself among the rest, assembled to see the valiant brothers, Robert and Charles, mount yesterday into the air, in company with a certain Pilâtre de Rosier, who conducted them in the new-invented flying chariot fastened to an air-balloon. It was from the middle of the Tuilleries that they set out, a place very favourable and well-contrived for such public purposes. But all was so nicely managed, so cleverly carried on somehow, that the order and decorum of us who remained on firm ground, struck me more than even the very strange sight of human creatures floating in the wind: but I have really been witness to ten times as much bustle and con-

fusion at a crowded theatre in London, than what these peaceable Parisians made when the whole city was gathered together. Nobody was hurt, nobody was frightened, nobody could even pretend to feel themselves incommoded. Such are among the few comforts that result from a despotic government.

My republican spirit, however, boiled up a little last Monday, when I had to petition Mons. de Calonne for the restoration of some trifles detained in the custom-house at Calais. His politeness, indeed, and the sight of others performing like acts of humiliation, reconciled me in some measure to the drudgery of running from subaltern to subaltern, intreating, in pathetic terms, the remission of a law which is at last either just or unjust; if just, no solicitation should, methinks, be permitted to change it; if unjust, what can be so grating as the obligation to solicit?

We mean to quit Paris to-morrow; I therefore enquired this evening, what was become of our aërial travellers. A very grave man replied, "*Je crois, Madame, qu'ils sont déjà arrivés ces Messieurs-là, au lieu où les vents se forment* ³."

LYONS

Sept. 25, 1784.

We left the capital at our intended time, and put into the carriage, for amusement, a book seriously recommended by Mr. Goldoni; but which diverted me only by the fanfaronades that it contained. The author has, however, got the premium by this performance, which the Academy of Berlin promised to whoever wrote best this year on any Belles Lettres subject. This gentleman judiciously chose to give reasons for the universality of the French language, and has been so gaily insolent to every other European nation in his flimsy pamphlet, that some will probably praise, many reply to, all read, and all forget it. I will confess myself so seized on by his sprightly impertinence, that I wished for leisure to translate, and wit to answer him at first, but the want of one solid thought by which to recollect his existence has cured me; and I now find

³ I fancy, Ma'am, the gentlemen are gone to see the place where all the winds blow from.

that he was deliciously cool and sharp, like the ordinary wine of the country we are passing through, which having *no body*, can neither keep its little power long, nor even use it while fresh to any sensible effect.

The country is really beautiful; but descriptions are *so* fallacious, one half despairs of communicating one's ideas as they are: for either well-chosen words do not present themselves, or being well-chosen they detain the reader, and fix his mind on *them*, instead of the things described. Certain it is that I had formed no adequate notion of the fine river called the Yonne, with cattle grazing on its fertile banks: those banks not clothed indeed with our soft verdure, but with royal purple, proceeding from an autumnal daisy of that colour that enamels every meadow at this season. Here small enclosures seem unknown to the inhabitants, who are strewn up and down expansive views of a most productive country; where vineyards swell upon the rising grounds, and young wheat ornaments the valleys below: while clusters of aspiring poplars, or a single walnut-tree of greater size and dignity unite in attracting attention and inspiring poetical ideas. Here is no tedious uniformity to fatigue the eye, nor rugged asperities to disgust it; but ceaseless variety of colouring among the plants, while the *cærulean* willow, the yellow walnut, the gloomy beech, and silver theophrastus, seem scattered by the open hand of lavish Nature over a landscape of respectable extent, uniting that sublimity which a wide expanse always conveys to the mind, with that distinctness so desired by the eye; which cultivation alone can offer and fertility bestow. Every town that should adorn these lovely plains, however, exhibits, upon a nearer approach, misery; the more mortifying, as it is less expected by a spectator, who requires at least some days experience to convince him that the squallid scenes of wretchedness and dirt in which he is obliged to pass the night, will prove more than equivalent to the pleasures he has enjoyed in the day-time, derived from an appearance of elegance and wealth—elegance, the work of Nature, not of man; and opulence, the immediate gift of God, and not the result of commerce. He who should fix his residence in France, lives like Sir Gawaine in our old romance, whose wife was bound by an enchantment, that

obliged her at evening to lay down the various beauties which had charmed admiring multitudes all day, and become an object of odium and disgust.

The French do seem indeed an idle race; and poverty, perhaps for that reason, forces her way among them, through a climate that might tempt other mortals to improve its blessings; but, as the motto to the arms they are so proud of expresses it—"they *toil not, neither do they spin.*" Content, the bane of industry, as Mandeville calls it, renders them happy with what Heaven has unsolicited shaken into their lap; and who knows but the spirit of blaming such behaviour may be less pleasing to God that gives, than is the behaviour itself?

Let us not, mean time, be forward to suppose, that whatever one sees done, is done upon principle, as such fancies will for ever mislead one: much must be left to chance, when we are judging the conduct either of nations or individuals. And surely I never knew till now, that so little religion could exist in any Christian country as in this, where they drive their carts, and keep their little shops open on a Sunday, forbearing neither pleasure nor business, as I see, on account of observing that day upon which their Redeemer rose again. They have a tradition among the meaner people, that when Christ was crucified, he turned his head towards France, over which he pronounced his last blessing; but we must accuse them, if so, of being very ungrateful favourites.

This stately city, Lyons, is very happily and finely situated; the Rhone, which flows by its side, inviting mills, manufactures, &c. seems resolved to contradict and wash away all I have been saying; but we must remember, it is five days journey from Paris hither, and I have been speaking only of the little places we passed through in coming along.

The avenue here, which leads to one of the greatest objects in the nation, is most worthy of that object's dignity indeed: the marriage of two rivers, which having their sources at a prodigious distance from each other, meet here, and together roll their beneficial tribute to the sea. Howell's remark, "That the Saone resembles a Spaniard in the slowness of its current, and that the Rhone is emblematic of French rapidity," cannot be kept a moment out of one's head: it is equally observable,

that the junction adds little in appearance to their strength and grandeur, and that each makes a better figure *separate* than *united*.

La Montagne d'Or is a lovely hill above the town, and I am told that many English families reside upon it, but we have no time to make minute enquiries. L'Hôtel de la Croix de Malthe affords excellent accommodations within, and a delightful prospect without. The Baths too have attracted my notice much, and will, I hope, repair my strength, so as to make me no troublesome fellow-traveller. How little do those ladies consult their own interest, who make impatience of petty inconveniences their best supplement for conversation!—fancy themselves more important as less contented; and imagine all delicacy to consist in the difficulty of being pleased! Surely a dip in this delightful river will restore my health, and enable me to pass the mountains, of which our present companions give me a very formidable account.

The manufacturers here, at Lyons, deserve a volume, and I shall scarcely give them a page; though nothing I ever saw at London or Paris can compare with the beauty of these velvets, or with the art necessary to produce such an effect, while the wrong side is smooth, not struck through. The hangings for the Empress of Russia's bed-chamber are wonderfully executed; the design elegant, the colouring brilliant: A screen too for the Grand Signor is finely finished here; he would, I trust, have been contented with magnificence in the choice of his furniture, but Mr. Pernon has added taste to it, and contrived in appearance to sink an urn or vase of crimson velvet in a back ground of gold tissue with surprising ingenuity.

It is observable, that the further people advance in elegance, the less they value splendour; distinction being at last the positive thing which mortals elevated above competency naturally pant after. Necessity must first be supplied we know, convenience then requires to be contented; but as soon as men can find means after that period to make themselves eminent for taste, they learn to despise those paltry distinctions which riches alone can bestow.

Talking of Taste leads one to speak of gardening; and having passed yesterday between two villas belonging to some of

the most opulent merchants of Lyons, I gained an opportunity of observing the disposal of those grounds that are appropriated to pleasure; where the shade of straight long-drawn alleys, formed by a close junction of ancient elm trees, kept a dazzling sun from incommoding our sight, and rendering the turf so mossy and comfortable to one's tread, that my heart never felt one longing wish for the beauties of a lawn and shrubbery—though I should certainly think such a manner of laying out a Lancashire gentleman's seat in the north of England a mad one, where the heat of the sun ought to be invited in, not shut out; and where a large lake of water is wanted for his beams to sparkle upon, instead of a fountain to trickle and to murmur, and to refresh one with the idea of coolness which it excites. Here, however, where the Rhone is navigable up to the very house, I see not but it is rational enough to form jet d'eaux of the superfluous water, and to content one's self with a Bird Cage Walk, when we are sure at the end of it to find ourselves surrounded by an horizon, of extent enough to give the eye full employment, and of a bright colouring which affords it but little relief. That among the gems of Europe our island holds the rank of an *emerald*, was once suggested to me, and I could never part with the idea; surely France must in the same scale be rated as the *ruby*; for here is no grass, no verdure to repose the sight upon, except that of high forest trees, the vineyards being short cut, and supported by white sticks, the size of those which in our flower gardens support a favourite carnation; and these placed close together by thousands on a hill rather perplex than please a spectator of the country, who must wait till he recollects the superiority of their produce, before he prefers them to a Herefordshire orchard or a Kentish hop-ground.

Well! well! it is better to waste no more words on places however, where the people have done so much to engage and to deserve our attention.

Such was the hospitality I have here been witness to, and such the luxuries of the Lyonnois at table, that I counted six and thirty dishes where we dined, and twenty-four where we supped. Every thing was served up in silver at both places, and all was uniformly magnificent, except the linen, which might

have been finer. We were not a very numerous company—from eighteen to twenty-two, as I remember, morning and evening; but the ladies played upon the pedal harp, the gentlemen sung gaily, if not sweetly after supper: I never received more kindness for my own part in any fortnight of my life, nor ever heard that kindness more pleasingly or less coarsely expressed. These are merchants, I am told, with whom I have been living; and perhaps my heart more readily receives and repays their caresses for having heard so. Let princes dispute, and soldiers reciprocally support their quarrels; but let the wealthy traders of every nation unite to pour the oil of commerce over the too agitated ocean of human life, and smooth down those asperities which obstruct fraternal concord.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland lodge here at our hotel; I saw them treated with distinguished respect to-night at the theatre, where *à force de danser*¹, I actually was moved to shed many tears over the distresses of *Sophie de Brabant*. Surely these pantomimes will very soon supplant all poetry, when, as Gratiano says, "Our words will suddenly become superfluous, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots."

Some conversation here, however, struck me as curious; the more so as I had heard the subject slightly touched upon at Paris; but faintly there, as the last sounds of an echo, while here they are all loud, all in earnest, and all their heads seemed turned, I think, about something, or nothing, which they call *animal magnetism*. I cannot imagine how it has seized them so: a man who undertakes to cure disorders by the touch, is no new thing; our Philosophical Transactions make mention of Gretrex the stroaker, in Charles the Second's reign. The present mountebank, it is true, seems more hardy in his experiments, and boasts of being able to cause disorders in the human frame, as well as to remove them. A gentleman at yesterday's dinner-party mentioned, that he took pupils; and, before I had expressed the astonishment I felt, professed himself a disciple; and was happy to assure us, he said, that though he had not yet

¹ By dint of dancing alone.

attained the desirable power of putting a person into a catalepsy at pleasure, he could throw a woman into a deep swoon, from which no arts but his own could recover her. How difficult is it to restrain one's contempt and indignation from a buffoonery so mean, or a practice so diabolical!—This folly may possibly find its way into England—I should be very sorry.

To-morrow we leave Lyons. I should have liked to pass through Switzerland, the Derbyshire of Europe; but I am told the season is too far advanced, as we mean to spend Christmas at Milan.

TURIN

October 17, 1784

We have at length passed the Alps, and are safely arrived at this lovely little city, whence I look back on the majestic boundaries of Italy, with amazement at his courage who first profaned them: surely the immediate sensation conveyed to the mind by the sight of such tremendous appearances must be in every traveller the same, a sensation of fulness never experienced before, a satisfaction that there is something great to be seen on earth—some object capable of contenting even fancy. Who he was who first of all people pervaded these fortifications, raised by nature for the defence of her European Paradise, is not ascertained; but the great Duke of Savoy has wisely left his name engraved on a monument upon the first considerable ascent from Pont Bonvoisin, as being author of a beautiful road cut through the solid stone for a great length of way, and having by this means encouraged others to assist in facilitating a passage so truly desirable, till one of the great wonders now to be observed among the Alps, is the ease with which even a delicate traveller may cross them. In these prospects, colouring is carried to its utmost point of perfection, particularly at the time I found it, variegated with golden touches of autumnal tints; immense cascades mean time bursting from naked mountains on the one side; cultivated fields, rich with vineyards, on the other, and tufted with elegant shrubs that invite one to pluck and carry them away to where they would be treated with much more respect. Little towns

sticking in the clefts, where one would imagine it was impossible to clamber; light clouds often sailing under the feet of the high-perched inhabitants, while the sound of a deep and rapid though narrow river, dashing with violence among the insolently impeding rocks at the bottom, and bells in thickly-scattered spires calling the quiet Savoyards to church upon the steep sides of every hill—fill one's mind with such mutable, such various ideas, as no other place can ever possibly afford.

I had the satisfaction of seeing a chamois at a distance, and spoke with a fellow who had killed five hungry bears that made depredation on his pastures: we looked on him with reverence as a monster-tamer of antiquity, Hercules or Cadmus; he had the skin of a beast wrapt round his middle, which confirmed the fancy—but our servants, who borrowed from no fictitious records the few ideas that adorned their talk, told us he reminded *them* of *John the Baptist*. I had scarce recovered the shock of this too sublime comparison, when we approached his cottage, and found the felons nailed against the wall, like foxes heads or spread kites in England. Here are many goats, but neither white nor large, like those which browse upon the steeps of Snowdon, or clamber among the cliffs of Plinlimmon.

I chatted with a peasant in the Haute Morienne, concerning the endemial swelling of the throat, which is found in seven out of every ten persons here: he told me what I had always heard, but do not yet believe, that it was produced by drinking the snow water. Certain it is, these places are not wholesome to live in; most of the inhabitants are troubled with weak and sore eyes: and I recollect Sir Richard Jebb telling me, more than seven years ago, that when he passed through Savoy, the various applications made to him, either for the cure or prevention of blindness by numberless unfortunate wretches that crowded round him, hastened his quitting a province where such horrible complaints prevailed. One has heard it related that the goître or gozzo of the throat is reckoned a beauty by those who possess it; but I spoke with many, and all agreed to lament it as a misfortune. That it does really proceed merely from living in a snowy country, would be well confirmed by accounts of a similar sickness being endemial in

Canada; but of an American goître I have never yet heard—and Wales, methinks, is snowy enough, and mountainous enough, God knows; yet were such an excrescence to be seen *there*, the people would never have done wondering, and blessing themselves.

The mines of Derbyshire, however, do not very unfrequently exhibit something of the same appearance among those who work in *them*; and as Savoy is impregnated with many minerals, I should be apter to attribute this extension of the gland to their influence over the constitution, than to that of snow water, which can scarcely be efficacious in a degree of power equal to the producing so very violent an effect.

The wolves do certainly come down from these mountains in large troops, just as Thomson describes them:

Burning for blood; boney, and gaunt, and grim.—

But it is now the fashionable philosophy every where to consider this creature as the original of our domestic friend, the dog. It was a long time before my heart assented to its truth, yet surely their hunting thus in packs confirms it; and the Jackall's willingness to connect with either race, shews one that the species cannot be far removed, and that he makes the shade between the wolf and rough haired shepherd's cur.

Of the longevity of man this district affords us no pleasing examples. The peasants here are apparently unhealthy, and they say—short-lived. We are told by travellers of former days, that there is a region of the air so subtle as to extinguish the two powers of taste and smell; and those who have crossed the Cordilleras of the Andes say, that situations have been explored among their points in South America, where those senses have been found to suffer a temporary suspension. Our *voyageurs aériens*¹ may now be useful to settle that question among others, and Pambamarca's heights may remain untrodden.

As for Mount Cenis, I never felt myself more hungry, or better enjoyed a good dinner, than I did upon its top: but the trout in the lake there have been over praised; their pale colour allured me but little in the first place, nor is their flavour equal

¹ Our aerostatic travellers.

to that of trout found in running water. Going down the Italian side of the Alps is, after all, an astonishing journey; and affords the most magnificent scenery in nature, which varying at every step, gives new impression to the mind each moment of one's passage; while the portion of terror excited either by real or fancied dangers on the way, is just sufficient to mingle with the pleasure, and make one feel the full effect of sublimity. To the chairmen who carry one though, nothing can be new; it is observable that the glories of these objects have never faded—I heard them speak to each other of their beauties, and the change of light since they had passed by last time, while a fellow who spoke English as well as a native told us, that having lived in a gentleman's service twenty years between London and Dublin, he at length begged his discharge, chusing to retire and finish his days a peasant upon these mountains, where he first opened his eyes upon scenes that made all other views of nature insipid to his taste.

If impressions of beauty remain, however, those of danger die away by frequent reiteration; the men who carried me seemed amazed that I should feel any emotions of fear. *Qu'est-ce donc, madame?*² was the coldly-asked question to my repeated injunction of *prenez garde*³: not very apparently unnecessary neither, where the least slip must have been fatal both to them and me.

Novalesa is the town we stopped at, upon entering Piedmont; where the hollow sound of a heavy dashing torrent that has accompanied us hitherto, first grows faint, and the ideas of common life catch hold of one again; as the noise of it is heard from a greater distance, its stream grows wider, and its course more tranquil. For compensation of danger, ease should be administered; but one's quiet is here so disturbed by insects, and polluted by dirt, that one recollects the conduct of the Lapland rein-deer, who seeks the summit of the hill at the hazard of his life, to avoid those gnats which sting him to madness in the valley.

Suza shewed nothing that I took much interest in, except its name; and nobody tells me why it is honoured with that old

² What's the matter, my lady?

³ Take care.

Asiatick appellation. At the next town, called St. André, or St. Ambroise, I forget which, we got an admirable dinner; and saw our room decorated with a large map of London, which I looked on with sensations different from those ever before excited by the same object, Amsterdam and Constantinople covered the other sides of the wall; and over the door of the chamber itself was written, as our people write the Lamb or the Lion, "*Les trois Villes Hérétiques* ⁴."

The avenue to Turin, most magnificently planted, and drawn in a wide straight line, shaded like the Bird-cage walk in St. James's Park, for twelve miles in length, is a dull work, but very useful and convenient in so hot a country; it has been completed by the taste, and at the sole expence, of his Sardinian majesty, that he may enjoy a cool shady drive from one of his palaces to the other. The town to which this long approach conveys one does not disgrace its entrance. It is built in form of a star, with a large stone in its centre, on which you are desired to stand, and see the streets all branch regularly from it, each street terminating with a beautiful view of the surrounding country, like spots of ground seen in many of the old-fashioned parks in England, where the *etoile* and *vista* were the mode. I think there is still one subsisting even now, if I remember right, in Kensington Gardens. Such symmetry is really a soft repose for the eye, wearied with following a soaring falcon through the half-sightless regions of the air, or darting down immeasurable precipices, to examine if the human figure could be discerned at such a depth below one. Model of elegance, exact Turin! where Italian hospitality first consoled, and Italian arts first repaid, the fatigues of my journey: how shall I bear to leave my new-obtained acquaintance? how shall I consent to quit this lovely city? where, from the box put into my possession by the Prince de la Cisterna, I first saw an Italian opera acted in an Italian theatre; where the wonders of Porporati's hand shewed me that our Bartolozzi was not without a competitor; and where every pleasure which politeness can invent, and kindness can bestow, was held out for my acceptance. Should we be seduced, however, to waste time here, we should have reason in a future day to repent our

⁴ The three Heretical Cities.

choice; like one who, enamoured of Lord Pembroke's great hall at Wilton, should fail to afford himself leisure for looking over the better-furnished apartments.

This charming town is the *salon* of Italy; but it is a finely-proportioned and well-ornamented *salon*, happily constructed to call in the fresh air at the end of every street, through which a rapid stream is directed, that *ought* to carry off all nuisances, which here have no apology from want of any convenience purchasable by money; and which must for that reason be the choice of inhabitants, who would perhaps be too happy, had they a natural taste for that neatness which might here be enjoyed in its purity. The arches formed to defend passengers from the rain and sun, which here might have even serious effects from their violence, deserve much praise; while their architecture, uniting our ideas of comfort and beauty together, form a traveller's taste, and teach him to admire that perfection, of which a miniature may certainly be found at Turin, when once a police shall be established there to prevent such places being used for the very grossest purposes, and polluted with smells that poison all one's pleasure.

It is said, that few European palaces exceed in splendour that of Sardinia's king; I found it very fine indeed, and the pictures dazzling. The death of a dropsical woman well known among all our connoisseurs detained my attention longest: the value set on it here is ten thousand pounds. The horse cut out of a block of marble at the stairs-foot attracted me not a little; but we are told that the impression it makes will soon be effaced by the sight of greater wonders. Mean time I go about like Stephano and his ignorant companions, who longed for all the glistening furniture of Prospero's cell in the Tempest, while those who know the place better are vindicated in crying, "*Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.*"

Some letters from home directed me to enquire in this town for Doctor Charles Allioni, who kindly received, and permitted me to examine the rarities, of which he has a very capital collection. His fossil fish in slate—blue slate, are surprisingly well preserved; but there is in the world, it seems, a chrystalized trout, not flat, nor the flesh eaten away, as I understand, but round; and, as it were, cased in chrystal like

our *aspiques*, or *fruit in jelly*: the colour still so perfect that you may plainly perceive the spots upon it, he says. To my enquiries after this wonderful petrefaction, he replied, "That it might be bought for a thousand pounds;" and added, "that if he were a *Ricco Inglese* ⁵, he would not hesitate for the price." "Where may I see it, Sir?" said I; but to that question no intreaties could produce an answer, after he once found I had no mind to buy.

That fresh-water fish have been known to remain locked in the flinty bosom of Monte Uda in Carnia, the Academical Discourse of Cyrillo de Cremona, pronounced there in the year 1749, might have informed us; and we are all familiar, I suppose, with the anchor named in the fifteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Strabo mentions pieces of a galley found three thousand stadii from any sea; and Dr. Allioni tells me, that Monte Bolca has been long acknowledged to contain the fossils, now diligently digging out under the patronage of some learned naturalists at Verona.—The trout, however, is of value much beyond these productions certainly, as it is closed round as if in a transparent case we find, hermetically sealed by the soft hand of Nature, who spoiled none of her own ornaments in preserving them for the inspection of her favourite students.

The amiable old professor from whom these particulars were obtained, and who endured my teizing him in bad Italian for intelligence he cared not to communicate, with infinite sweetness and patience grew kinder to me as I became more troublesome to him: and shewing me the book upon botany to which he had just then put the last line, turned his dim eyes from me, and said, as they filled with tears, "You, Madam, are the last visitor I shall ever more admit to talk upon earthly subjects; my work is done; I finished it as you were entering:—my business now is but to wait the will of God, and die; do you, who I hope will live long and happily, seek out your own salvation, and pray for mine." Poor dear Doctor Allioni! My enquiries concerning this truly venerable mortal ended in being told that his relations and heirs teized him cruelly to sell

⁵ Rich Englishman.

his manuscripts, insects, &c. and divide the money amongst *them* before he died. An English scholar of the same abilities would be apt enough to despise such admonitions, and dispose at his own liking and leisure of what his industry alone had gained, his learning only collected; but there seems to be much more family fondness on the Continent than in our island; more attention to parents, more care for uncles, and nephews, and sisters, and aunts, than in a commercial country like ours, where, for the most part, each one makes his own way separate; and having received little assistance at the beginning of life, considers himself as little indebted at the close of it.

Whoever takes a long journey, however he may at his first commencement be tempted to accumulate schemes of convenience and combinations of travelling niceties, will cast them off in the course of his travels as incumbrances; and whoever sets out in life, I believe, with a crowd of relations round him, will, on the same principle, feel disposed to drop one or two of them at every turn, as they hang about and impede his progress, and make his own game single-handed. I speak of *Englishmen*, whose religion and government inspire rather a spirit of public benevolence, than contract the social affections to a point; and co-operate, besides, to prompt that genius for adventure, and taste of general knowledge, which has small chance to spring up in the inhabitants of a feudal state; where each considers his family as himself, and having derived all the comfort he has ever enjoyed from his relations, resolves to return their favours at the end of a life, which they make happy, in proportion as it *is* so: and this accounts for the equality required in continental marriages, which are avowedly made here without regard to inclination, as the keeping up a family, not the choice of a companion, is considered as important; while the lady bred up in the same notions, complies with her *first* duties, and considers the *second* as infinitely more dispensable.

G E N O A

Nov. 1, 1784.

It was on the twenty-first of last month that we passed from Turin to Monte Casale; and I wondered, as I do still, to see the

face of Nature yet without a wrinkle, though the season is so far advanced. Like a Parisian female of forty years old, dressed for court, and stored with such variety of well-arranged allurements, that the men say to each other as she passes. —“Des qu'elle a cessé d'être jolie, elle n'en devient que plus belle, ce me semble¹.”

The prospect from St. Salvadore's hill derives new beauties from the yellow autumn; and exhibits such glowing proofs of opulence and fertility, as words can with difficulty communicate. The animals, however, do not seem benefited in proportion to the apparent riches of the country: asses, indeed, grow to a considerable size, but the oxen are very small, among pastures that might suffice for Bakewell's bulls; and these are all little, and almost all *white*; a colour which gives unfavourable ideas either of strength or duration.

The blanche rose among vegetables scatters a less powerful perfume than the red one; whilst in the mineral kingdom silver holds but the second place to gold, which imbibing the bright hues of its parent-sun, becomes the first and greatest of all metallic productions. One may observe too, that yellow is the earliest colour to salute the rising year, the last to leave it: crocuses, primroses, and cowslips give the first earnest of resuscitating summer; while the lemon-coloured butterfly, whose name I have forgotten, ventures out, before any others of her kind can brave the parting breath of winter's last storms; stoutest to resist cold, and steadiest in her manner of flying. The present season is yellow indeed, and nothing is to be seen now but sun-flowers and African marygolds around us; *one* bough besides, on every tree we pass—*one* bough at least is tinged with the golden hue; and if it does put one in mind of that presented to Proserpine, we may add the original line too, and say,

Uno avulso, non deficit alter².

The sure-footed and docile mule, with which in England I was but little acquainted, here claims no small attention, from

¹ She's grown handsomer, I think, since she has left off being pretty.

² Pluck one away, another still remains.

his superior size and beauty: the disagreeable noise they make so frequently, however, hinders one from wishing to ride them—it is not braying somehow, but worse; it is neighing out of tune.

I have put nothing down about eating since we arrived in Italy, where no wretched hut have I yet entered that does not afford soup, better than one often tastes in England even at magnificent tables. Game of all sorts—woodcocks in particular. Porporati, the so justly-famed engraver, produced upon his hospitable board, one of the pleasant days we passed with him, a couple so exceedingly large, that I hesitated, and looked again, to see whether they were really woodcocks, till the long bill convinced me.

One reads of the luxurious emperors that made fine dishes of the little birds brains, phenicopters tongues, &c. and of the actor who regaled his guests with nightingale-pie, with just detestation of such curiosity and expence: but thrushes, larks, and blackbirds, are so *very* frequent between Turin and Novi, I think they might serve to feed all the fantastical appetites to which Vitellius himself could give encouragement and example.

The Italians retain their tastes for small-birds in full force; and consider beccafichi, ortolani, &c. as the most agreeable dainties: it must be confessed that they dress them incomparably. The sheep here are all lean and dirty-looking, few in number too; but the better the soil the worse the mutton we know, and here is no land to throw away, where every inch turns to profit in the olive-yards, vines, or something of much higher value than letting out to feed sheep.

Population seems much as in France, I think: but the families are not, in either nation, disposed according to British notions of propriety; all stuffed together into little towns and large houses, *entassées*, as the French call it, one upon another, in such a strange way, that were it not for the quantity of grapes on which the poor people live, with other acescent food enjoined by the church, and doubtless suggested by the climate, I think putrid fevers must necessarily carry off crowds of them at once.

The head-dress of the women in this drive through some of

the northern states of Italy varied at every post; from the velvet cap, commonly a crimson one, worn by the girls in Savoja, to the Piedmontese plait round the bodkin at Turin, and the odd kind of white wrapper used in the exterior provinces of the Genoese dominions. Uniformity of almost any sort gives a certain pleasure to the eye, and it seems an invariable rule in these countries that all the women of every district should dress just alike. It is the best way of making the men's task easy in judging which is handsomest; for taste so varies the human figure in France and England, that it is impossible to have an idea how many pretty faces and agreeable forms would lose and how many gain admirers in those nations, were a sudden edict to be published that all should dress exactly alike for a year. Meantime, since we left Dessein's, no such delightful place by way of inn have we yet seen as here at Novi. My chief amusement at Alexandria was to look out upon the *huddled* market-place, as a great dramatic writer of our day has called it; and who could help longing there for Zoffani's pencil to paint the lively scene?

Passing the Po by moon-light near Casale exhibited an entertainment of a very different nature, not unmixed with ill-concealed fear indeed; though the contrivance of crossing it is not worse managed than a ferry at Kew or Richmond used to be before our bridges were built. Bridges over the rapid Po would, however, be truly ridiculous; when swelled by the mountain snows it tears down all before it in its fury, and inundates the country round.

The drive from Novi on to Genoa is so beautiful, so grand, so replete with imagery, that fancy itself can add little to its charms: yet, after every elegance and every ornament have been justly admired, from the cloud which veils the hill, to the wild shrubs which perfume the valley; from the precipices which alarm the imagination, to the tufts of wood which flatter and sooth it; the sea suddenly appearing at the end of the Bocchetta terminates our view, and takes from one even the hope of expressing our delight in words adequate to the things described.

Genoa la Superba stands proudly on the margin of a gulph crowded with ships, and resounding with voices, which never

fail to animate a British hearer—the sailor's shout, the mariner's call, swelled by successful commerce, or strengthened by newly-acquired fame.

After a long journey by land, such scenes are peculiarly delightful; but description tangles, not communicates, the sensations imbibed upon the spot. Here are so many things to describe! such churches! such palaces! such pictures! one would imagine the Genoese possessed the empire of the ocean, were it not well known that they call but six galleys their own, and seventy years ago suffered all the horrors of a bombardment.

The Dorian palace is exceedingly fine; the Durazzo palace, for ought I know, is finer; and marble here seems like what one reads of silver in King Solomon's time, which, says the Scripture, "*was nothing counted on in the days of Solomon.*" Casa Brignoli too is splendid and commodious; the terraces and gardens on the house-tops, and the fresco paintings outside, give one new ideas of human life; and exhibits a degree of luxury unthought-on in colder climates. But here we live on green pease and figs the first day of November, while orange and lemon trees flaunt over the walls more common than pears in England.

The Balbi mansion, filled with pictures, detained us from the churches filled with more. I have heard some of the Italians confess that Genoa even pretends to vie with Rome herself in ecclesiastical splendour. In devotion I should think she would be with difficulty outdone: the people drop down on their knees in the street, and crowd to the church doors while the benediction is pronouncing, with a zeal which one might hope would draw down stores of grace upon their heads. Yet I hear from the inhabitants of other provinces, that they have a bad character among their neighbours, who love not the *base Ligurian*, and accuse them of many immoralities. They tell one too of a disreputable saying here, how there are at Genoa men without honesty, women without modesty, a sea with no fish, and a wood with no birds. Birds, however, here certainly are by the million, and we have eaten fish since we came every day; but I am informed they are neither cheap nor plentiful, nor considered as excellent in their kinds. Here is macaroni

enough however!—the people bring in such a vast dish of it at a time, it disgusts one.

The streets of the town are much too narrow for beauty or convenience—impracticable to coaches, and so beset with beggars that it is dreadful. A chair is therefore, above all things, necessary to be carried in, even a dozen steps, if you are likely to feel shocked at having your knees suddenly clasped by a figure hardly human; who perhaps holding you forcibly for a minute, conjures you loudly, by the sacred wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ, to have compassion upon *his*; shewing you at the same time such undeniable and horrid proofs of the anguish he is suffering, that one must be a monster to quit him unrelieved. Such pathetic misery, such disgusting distress, did I never see before, as I have been witness to in this gaudy city—and that not occasionally or by accident, but all day long, and in such numbers that humanity shrinks from the description. Sure, charity is not the virtue that they pray for, when begging a blessing at the church-door.

One should not however speak unkindly of a people whose affectionate regard for our country shewed itself so clearly during the late war: a few days residence with the English consul here at his country seat gave me an opportunity of hearing many instances of the Republic's generous attachment to Great Britain, whose triumphs at Gibraltar over the united forces of France and Spain were honestly enjoyed by the friendly Genoese, who gave many proofs of their sincerity, more solid than those clamorous ones of huzzaing our minister about wherever he went, and crying *Viva il General EL-LIOTT*; while many young gentlemen of high fashion offered themselves to go volunteers aboard our fleet, and were with difficulty restrained.

We have been shewed some beautiful villas belonging to the noblemen of this city, among which Lomellino's pleased me best; as the water there was so particularly beautiful, that he had generously left it at full liberty to roll uncondacted, and murmur through his tasteful pleasure grounds, much in the manner of our lovely Leasowes; happily uniting with English simplicity, the glowing charms that result from an Italian sky.

My eyes were so wearied with square edged basons of marble, and jets d'eau, surrounded by water nymphs and dolphins, that I felt vast relief from Lomellino's garden, who, like me,

Tir'd with the joys parterres and fountains yield,
Finds out at last he better likes a field.

Such felicity of situation I never saw till now, when one looks upon the painted front of this gay mansion, commanding from its fine balcony a rich and extensive view at once of the sea, the city, and the snow-topt mountains; while from the windows on the other side the house, one's eye sinks into groves of cedar, ilex, and orange trees, not apparently cultivated with incessant care, or placed in pots, artfully sunk under ground to conceal them from one's sight, but rising into height truly respectable.

The sea air, except in particular places where the land lies in some direction that counteracts its influence, is naturally inimical to timber; though the green coasts of Devonshire are finely fringed with wood; and here, at Lomellino's villa, in the Genoese state, I found two plane trees, of a size and serious dignity, that recalled to my mind the solemn oak before our duke of Dorset's seat at Knowle—and chesnuts, which would not disgrace the forests of America. A rural theatre, cut in turf, with a concealed orchestra and sod seats for the audience, with a mossy stage, not incommodious neither, and an admirable contrivance for shifting the scenes, and favouring the exits, entrances, &c. of the performers, gave me a perfect idea of that refined luxury which hot countries alone inspire—while another elegantly constructed spot, meant and often used for the entertainment of tenants and dependants who come to rejoice on the birth or wedding day of a kind landlord, make one suppress one's sighs after a free country—at least suspend them; and fill one's heart with tenderness towards men, who have skill to soften authority with indulgence, and virtue to reward obedience with protection.

A family coming last night to visit at a house where I had the honour of being admitted as an intimate, gave me another proof of my present state of remoteness from English manners. The party consisted of an old nobleman, who could trace

his genealogy unblemished up to one of the old Roman emperors, but whose fortune is now in a hopeless state of decay:—his lady, not inferior to himself in birth or haughtiness of air and carriage, but much impaired by age, ill health, and pecuniary distresses; these had however no way lessened her ideas of her own dignity, or the respect of her cavalier servente and her son, who waited on her with an unremitted attention; presenting her their little dirty tin snuff-boxes upon one knee by turns; which ceremony the less surprised me, as having seen her train made of a dyed and watered lutestring, borne gravely after her up stairs by a footman, the express image of Edgar in the storm-scene of king Lear—who, as the fool says, “*wisely reserv’d a blanket, else had we all been ’shamed.*”

Our conversation was meagre, but serious. There was music; and the door being left at jar, as we call it, I watched the wretched servant who staid in the antichamber, and found that he was listening in spight of sorrow and starving.

With this slight sketch of national manners I finish my chapter, and proceed to the description of, or rather observations and reflections made during a winter’s residence at

MILAN.

For we did not stay at Pavia to see any thing: it rained so, that no pleasure could have been obtained by the sight of a botanical garden; and as to the university, I have the promise of seeing it upon a future day, in company of some literary friends. Truth to tell, our weather is suddenly become so wet, the roads so heavy with incessant rain, that king William’s departure from his own foggy country, or his welcome to our gloomy one, where this month is melancholy even to a proverb, could not have been clouded with a thicker atmosphere surely, than was mine to Milan upon the fourth day of dismal November, 1784.

Italians, by what I can observe, suffer their minds to be much under the dominion of the sky; and attribute every change in their health, or even humour, as seriously to its influence, as if there were no nearer causes of alteration than the state of the air, and as if no doubt remained of its imme-

diate power, though they are willing enough here to poison it with the scent of wood-ashes within doors, while fires in the grate seem to run rather low, and a brazier full of that pernicious stuff is substituted in its place, and driven under the table during dinner. It is surprising how very elegant, not to say magnificent, those dinners are in gentlemen's or noblemen's houses; such numbers of dishes at once; not large joints, but infinite variety: and I think their cooking excellent. Fashion keeps most of the fine people out of town yet; we have therefore had leisure to establish our own house-hold for the winter, and have done so as commodiously as if our habitation was fixed here for life. This I am delighted with, as one may chance to gain that insight into every day behaviour, and common occurrences, which can alone be called knowing something of a country: counting churches, pictures, palaces, may be done by those who run from town to town, with no impression made but on their bones. I ought to learn that which before us lies in daily life, if proper use were made of my demi-naturalization; yet impediments to knowledge spring up round the very tree itself—for surely if there was much wrong, I would not tell it of those who seem inclined to find all right in me; nor can I think that a fame for minute observation, and skill to discern folly with a microscopic eye, is in any wise able to compensate for the corrosions of conscience, where such discoveries have been attained by breach of confidence, and treachery towards unguarded, because unsuspecting innocence of conduct. We are always laughing at one another for running over none but the visible objects in every city, and for avoiding the conversation of the natives, except on general subjects of literature—returning home only to tell again what has already been told. By the candid inhabitants of Italian states, however, much honour is given to our British travellers, who, as they say, *viaggiono con profitto*¹, and scarce ever fail to carry home with them from other nations, every thing which can benefit or adorn their own. Candour, and a good humoured willingness to receive and reciprocate pleasure, seems indeed one of the standing virtues of Italy; I have as yet seen no fastidious contempt, or affected rejection

¹ Travel for improvement.

of any thing for being what we call *low*; and I have a notion there is much less of those distinctions at Milan than at London, where birth does so little for a man, that if he depends on *that*, and forbears other methods of distinguishing himself from his footman, he will stand a chance of being treated no better than him by the world. *Here* a person's rank is ascertained, and his society settled, at his immediate entrance into life; a gentleman and lady will always be regarded as such, let what will be their behaviour.—It is therefore highly commendable when they seek to adorn their minds by culture, or pluck out those weeds, which in hot countries will spring up among the riches of the harvest, and afford a sure, but no immediately pleasing proof of the soil's natural fertility. But my country-women would rather hear a little of our *intérieur*, or, as we call it, family management; which appears arranged in a manner totally new to me; who find the lady of every house as unacquainted with her own, and her husband's affairs, as I who apply to her for information.—No house account, no weekly bills perplex *her* peace; if eight servants are kept, we will say, six of these are men, and two of those men out of livery. The pay of these principal figures in the family, when at the highest rate, is fifteen pence English a day, out of which they find clothes and eating—for fifteen pence includes board-wages; and most of these fellows are married too, and have four or five children each. The dinners drest at home are, for this reason, more exactly contrived than in England to suit the number of guests, and there are always half a dozen; for dining *alone*, or the master and mistress *tête-à-tête* as *we* do, is unknown to them, who make society very easy, and resolve to live much together. No odd sensation then, something like shame, such as *we* feel when too many dishes are taken empty from table, touches them at all; the common courses are eleven, and eleven small plates, and it is their sport and pleasure, if possible, to clear all away. A footman's wages is a shilling a day, like our common labourers, and paid him, as they are paid, every Saturday night. His livery, mean time, changed at least *twice a year*, makes him as rich a man as the butler and valet—but when evening comes, it is the comicallest sight in the world to see them all go gravely home, and you

may die in the night for want of help, though surrounded by showy attendants all day. Till the hour of departure, however, it is expected that two or three of them at least sit in the anti-chamber, as it is called, to answer the bell, which, if we confess the truth, is no slight service or hardship; for the stairs, high and wide as those of Windsor palace, all stone too, run up from the door immediately to that apartment, which is very large, and very cold, with bricks to set their feet on only, and a brazier filled with warm wood ashes, to keep their fingers from freezing, which in summer they employ with cards, and seem but little inclined to lay them down when ladies pass through to the receiving room. The strange familiarity this class of people think proper to assume, half joining in the conversation, and crying *oibò* ², when the master affirms something they do not quite assent to, is apt to shock one at beginning, the more when one reflects upon the equally offensive humility they show on being first accepted into the family; when it is expected that they receive the new master, or lady's hand, in a half kneeling posture, and kiss it, as women under the rank of Countess do the Queen of England's when presented at our court.—This obsequiousness, however, vanishes completely upon acquaintance, and the footman, if not very seriously admonished indeed, yawns, spits, and displays what one of our travel-writers emphatically terms his flag of abomination behind the chair of a woman of quality, without the slightest sensation of its impropriety. There is, however, a sort of odd farcical drollery mingled with this grossness, which tends greatly to disarm one's wrath; and I felt more inclined to laugh than be angry one day, when, from the head of my own table, I saw the servant of a nobleman who dined with us cramming some chicken pattés down his throat behind the door; our own folks humorously trying to choak him, by pretending that his lord called him, while his mouth was full. Of a thousand comical things in the same way, I will relate one:—Mr. Piozzi's valet was dressing my hair at Paris one morning, while some man sat at an opposite window of the same inn, singing and playing upon the violoncello: I had not observed

² Oh dear!

the circumstance, but my perrucchiere's distress was evident; he writhed and twisted about like a man pinched with the cholic, and pulled a hundred queer faces: at last—What is the matter, Ercolani, said I, are you not well? Mistress, replies the fellow, if that beast don't leave off soon, I shall run mad with rage, or else die; and so you'll see an honest Venetian lad killed by a French dog's howling.

The phrase of *mistress* is here not confined to servants at all; gentlemen, when they address one, cry, *mia padrona*³, mighty sweetly, and in a peculiarly pleasing tone. Nothing, to speak truth, can exceed the agreeableness of a well-bred Italian's address when speaking to a lady, whom they alone know how to flatter, so as to retain her dignity, and not lose their own; respectful, yet tender; attentive, not officious; the politeness of a man of fashion *here* is *true* politeness, free from all affectation, and honestly expressive of what he really feels, a true value for the person spoken to, without the smallest desire of shining himself; equally removed from foppery on one side, or indifference on the other. The manners of the men here are certainly pleasing to a very eminent degree, and in their conversation there is a mixture, not unfrequent too, of classical allusions, which strike one with a sort of literary pleasure I cannot easily describe. Yet is there no pedantry in their use of expressions, which with us would be laughable or liable to censure: but Roman notions here are not quite extinct; and even the house-maid, or *donna di gros*, as they call her, swears by Diana so comically, there is no telling. They christen their boys *Fabius*, their daughters *Claudia*, very commonly. When they mention a thing known, as we say, to *Tom o'Styles* and *John o'Nokes*, they use the words, *Tizio* and *Sempronio*. A lady tells me, she was at a loss about the dance yesterday evening, because she had not been instructed in the *programma*; and a gentleman, talking of the pleasures he enjoyed supping last night at a friend's house, exclaims, *Eramo pur jeri sera in Appolline*⁴! alluding to Lucullus's entertainment given to Pompey and Cicero, as I remember, in the chamber of Apollo. But here is enough of this—more of it, in their own

³ My mistress.

⁴ We passed yester evening as if we had been in the Apollo.

pretty phrase, *seccarebbe pur Nettuno* ⁵. It was long ago that Ausonius said of them more than I can say, and Mr. Addison has translated the lines in their praise better than I could have done.

“Et Mediolani mira omnia copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus facunda virorum
Ingenia et mores læti.”

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'erflows,
And numerous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;
The people, bless'd by Nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and cheerful in discourse.

What I have said this moment will, however, account in some measure for a thing which he treats with infinite contempt, not unjustly perhaps; yet does it not deserve the ridicule handed down from his time by all who have touched the subject. It is about the author, who before his theatrical representation prefixes an odd declaration, that though he names Pluto, and Neptune, and I know not who, upon the stage, yet he believes none of those fables, but considers himself as a Christian, a Catholick, &c. All this *does* appear very absurdly superfluous to *us*; but as I observed, *they* live nearer the original seats of paganism; many old customs are yet retained, and the names not lost among them, or laid up merely for literary purposes as in England. They swear *per Bacco* perpetually in common discourse; and once I saw a gentleman in the heat of conversation blush at the recollection that he had said *barba Jove*, where he meant God Almighty.

It is likewise unkind enough in Mr. Addison, perhaps unjust too, to speak with scorn of the libraries, or state of literature, at Milan. The collection of books at Brera is prodigious, and has been lately much increased by the Pertusian and Firmian libraries falling into it: a more magnificent repository for learning, a more comfortable situation for students, so complete and perfect a disposition of the books, will scarcely be found in any other city not professedly a university, I believe; and here are professors worthy of the highest literary stations,

⁵ Would dry up old Neptune himself.

that do honour to learning herself. I will not indulge myself by naming any one, where all deserve the highest praise; and it is so difficult to restrain one's pen upon so favourite a subject, that I shall only name some rarities which particularly struck me, and avoid further temptations, where the sense of obligation, and the recollection of partial kindness, inspire an inclination to praises which appear tedious to those readers who could not enter into my feelings, and of course would scarcely excuse them.

Thirteen volumes of MS. Psalms, written with wonderful elegance and manual nicety, struck me as very curious: they were done by the Certosini monks lately eradicated, and with beautiful illuminations to almost every page. A Livy, printed here in 1418, fresh and perfect; and a Pliny, of the Parma press, dated 1472; are extremely valuable. But the pleasure I received from observing that the learned librarian had not denied a place to Tillotson's works, was counteracted by finding Bolingbroke's philosophy upon the same shelf, and enjoying exactly the same reputation as to the truth of the doctrine contained in either; for both were English, and of course *heretical*.

But I must not live longer at Milan without mentioning the Duomo, first in all Europe of the Gothic race; whose solemn sadness and gloomy dignity make it a most magnificent cathedral; while the rich treasure it conceals below exceeded my belief or expectation.

We came here just before the season of commemorating the virtues of the immortal Carlo Borromeo, to whose excellence all Italy bears testimony, and Milan *most*; while the Lazaretto erected by him remains a standing monument of his piety, charity, and peculiar regard to this city, which he made his residence during the dreadful plague that so devastated it; tenderly giving to its helpless inhabitants the consolation of seeing their priest, provider, and protector, all united under one incomparable character, who fearless of death remained among them, and comforted their sorrows with his constant presence. It would be endless to enumerate the schools, hospitals, infirmaries, erected by this surprising man. The peculiar excellence of his lazaretto, however, depends on each habita-

tion being nicely separated from every other, so as to keep infection aloof; while uniformity of architecture is still preserved, being built in a regular quadrangle, with a chapel in the middle, and a fresh stream flowing round, so as to benefit every particular house, and keep out all necessity of connection between the sick. I am become better acquainted with these matters, as this is the precise time when the immortal Carlo Borromeo's actions are rehearsed, and his praises celebrated, by people appointed in every church to preach his example and record his excellence.

A statue of solid silver, large as life, and resembling, as they hope, his person, decorated with rings, &c. of immense value, is now exposed in church for people to venerate; and the subterranean chapel, where his body lies, is all wainscoted, as I may say, with silver; every separate compartment chased, like our old-fashioned watch-cases, with some story out of his life, which lasted but forty-seven years, after having done more good than any other person in ninety-four; as a capuchin friar said this morning, who mounted the pulpit to praise him, and seemed to be well thought on by his auditors. The chanting tone in which he spoke displeased me, however, who can be at last no competent judge of eloquence in any language but my own.

There is a national rhetoric in every country, dependant on national manners; and those gesticulations of body, or depressions of voice, which produce pity and commiseration in one place, may, without censure of the orator or of his hearers, excite contempt and oscitancy in another. The sentiments of the preacher I heard were just and vigorous; and if that suffices not to content a foreign ear, woe be to me, who now live among those to whom I am myself a foreigner; and who at best can but be expected to forgive, for the sake of the things said, that accent and manner with which I am obliged to express them.

By the indulgence of private friendship, I have now enjoyed the uncommon amusement of seeing a theatrical exhibition performed by friars in a convent for their own diversion, and that of some select friends. The monks of St. Victor had, it seems, obtained permission, this carnival, to represent a little

odd sort of play, written by one of their community chiefly in the Milanese dialect, though the upper characters spoke Tuscan. The subject of this drama was taken, naturally enough, from some events, real or fictitious, which were supposed to have happened in the environs of Milan, about a hundred years ago, when the Torriani and Visconti families disputed for superiority. Its construction was compounded of comic and distressful scenes, of which the last gave me most delight; and much was I amazed, indeed, to feel my cheeks wet with tears at a friar's play, founded on ideas of parental tenderness. The comic part, however, was intolerably gross; the jokes coarse, and incapable of diverting any but babies, or men who, by a kind of intellectual privation, contrive to perpetuate babyhood, in the vain hope of preserving innocence: nor could I shelter myself by saying how little I understood of the dialect it was written in, as the action was nothing less than equivocal; and in the burletta which was tacked to it by way of farce, I saw the soprano singers who played the women's parts, and who see more of the world than these friars, blush for shame, two or three times, while the company, most of them grave ecclesiastics, applauded with rapturous delight.

The wearisome length of the whole would, however, have surfeited me, had the amusement been more eligible; but these dear monks do not get a holiday often, I trust; so in the manner of school-boys, or rather school-girls in England (for our boys are soon above such stuff), they were never tired of this dull buffoonery, and kept us listening to it till one o'clock in the morning.

Pleasure, when it does come, always bursts up in an unexpected place; I derived much from observing in the faces of these cheerful friars, that intelligent shrewdness and arch penetration so visible in the countenances of our Welch farmers, and curates of country villages in Flintshire, Caernarvonshire, &c. which Howel (best judge in such a case) observes in his Letters, and learnedly accounts for; but which I had wholly forgotten till the monks of St. Victor brought it back to my remembrance.

The brothers who remained unemployed, and clear from stage occupations, formed the orchestra; those that were left

then without any immediate business upon their hands, chatted gaily with the company, producing plenty of refreshments; and I was really very angry with myself for feeling so cynically disposed, when every thing possible was done to please me. Can one help however sighing, to think that the monastic life, so capable of being used for the noblest purposes, and originally suggested by the purest motives, should, from the vast diversity of orders, the increase of wealth and general corruption of mankind, degenerate into a state either of mental apathy, as among the sequestered monks, or of vicious luxury, as among the more free and open societies?

Yet must one still behold both with regret and indignation, that rage for innovation which delights to throw down places once the retreats of Piety and Learning—Piety, who sought in vain to wall and fortify herself against those seductions which since have sapped the venerable fabric that they feared to batter; and Learning, who first opened the eyes of men, that now ungratefully begin to turn them only on the defects of their benefactress.

The Christmas functions here were showy, and I thought well-contrived; the public ones are what I speak of: but I was present lately at a private merrymaking, where all distinctions seemed pleasingly thrown down by a spirit of innocent gaiety. The Marquis's daughter mingled in country-dances with the apothecary's prentice, while her truly noble parents looked on with generous pleasure, and encouraged the mirth of the moment. Priests, ladies, gentlemen of the very first quality, romped with the girls of the house in high good-humour, and tripped it away without the incumbrance of petty pride, or the mean vanity of giving what they expressively call *soggezzione*, to those who were proud of their company and protection. A new-married wench, whose little fortune of a hundred crowns had been given her by the subscription of many in the room, seemed as free with them all, as the most equal distribution of birth or riches could have made her: she laughed aloud, and rattled in the ears of the gentlemen; replied with sarcastic coarseness when they joked her, and apparently delighted to promote such conversation as they would not otherwise have tried at. The ladies shouted for joy, encouraged the girl with

less delicacy than desire of merriment, and promoted a general banishment of decorum; though I do believe with full as much or more purity of intention, than may be often met with in a polished circle at Paris itself.

Such society, however, can please a stranger only as it is odd and as it is new; when ceremony ceases, hilarity is left in a state too natural not to offend people accustomed to scenes of high civilization; and I suppose few of us could return, after twenty-five years old, to the coarse comforts of *a roll and treacle*.

Another style of amusement, very different from this last, called us out two or three days ago, to hear the famous *Passione di Metastasio* sung in St. Celso's church. The building is spacious, the architecture elegant, and the ornaments rich. A custom too was on this occasion omitted, which I dislike exceedingly; that of deforming the beautiful edifices dedicated to God's service with damask hangings and gold lace on the capitals of all the pillars upon days of gala, so very perversely, that the effect of proportion is lost to the eye, while the church conveys no idea to the mind but of a tattered theatre; and when the frippery decorations fade, nothing can exclude the recollection of an old clothes shop. St. Celso was however left clear from these disgraceful ornaments: there assembled together a numerous and brilliant, if not an attentive audience; and St. Peter's part in the oratorio was sung by a soprano voice, with no appearance of peculiar propriety to be sure; but a satirical nobleman near me said, that "Nothing could possibly be more happily imagined, as the mutilation of poor St. Peter was continuing daily, and in full force;" alluding to the Emperor's rough reformatory: and he does not certainly spare the coat any more than Jack in our *Tale of a Tub*, when he is rending away the embroidery. Here, however, the parallel must end; for Jack, though zealous, was never accused of burning the lace, if I remember right, and putting the gold in his pocket. It happened oddly, that chatting freely one day before dinner with some literary friends on the subject of coat armour, we had talked about the Visconti serpent, which is the arms of Milan; and the spread eagle of Austria, which we

laughingly agreed ought to *eat double* because it had *two necks*: when the conversation insensibly turned on the oppressions of the present hour; and I, to put all away with a joke, proposed the *sortes Homericæ* to decide on their future destiny. Somebody in company insisted that *I* should open the book—I did so, at the omen in the twelfth book of the *Iliad*, and read these words:

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies:
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons trussed; alive and curling round
She stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound.
Mad with the smart he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:
Amid the hosts the fallen serpent lies;
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.

It is now time to talk a little of the theatre; and surely a receptacle so capacious to contain four thousand people, a place of entrance so commodious to receive them, a show so princely, so very magnificent to entertain them, must be sought in vain out of Italy. The centre front box, richly adorned with gilding, arms, and trophies, is appropriated to the court, whose canopy is carried up to what we call the first gallery in England; the crescent of boxes ending with the stage, consist of nineteen on a side, *small boudoirs*, for such they seem; and are as such fitted up with silk hangings, girandoles, &c. and placed so judiciously as to catch every sound of the singers, if they do but whisper: I will not say it is equally advantageous to the figure, as to the voice; no performers looking adequate to the place they recite upon, so very stately is the building itself, being all of stone, with an immense portico, and stairs which for width you might without hyperbole drive your chariot up. An immense side-board at the first lobby, lighted and furnished with luxurious and elegant plenty, as many people send for suppers to their box, and entertain a knot of friends there with infinite convenience and splendour. A silk curtain, the colour of your

hangings, defends the closet from intrusive eyes, if you think proper to drop it; and when drawn up, gives gaiety and show to the general appearance of the whole: while across the corridor leading to these boxes, another small chamber, numbered like *that* it belongs to, is appropriated to the use of your servants, and furnished with every conveniency to make chocolate, serve lemonade, &c.

Can one wonder at the contempt shewn by foreigners when they see English women of fashion squeezed into holes lined with dirty torn red paper, and the walls of it covered with a wretched crimson stuff? Well! but this theatre is built in place of a church founded by the famous Beatrice de Scala, in consequence of a vow she made to erect one if God would be pleased to send her a son. The church was pulled down and the playhouse erected. The Arch-duke lost a son that year; and the pious folks cried, "A judgment!" but nobody minded them, I believe; many, however, that are scrupulous will not go. Meantime it is a beautiful theatre to be sure; the finest fabric raised in modern days, I do believe, for the purposes of entertainment; but we must not be partial. While London has twelve capital rooms for the professed amusement of the Public, Milan has but one; there is in it, however, a *ridotto* chamber for cards, of a noble size, where some little gaming goes on in carnival time; but though the inhabitants complain of the enormities committed there, I suppose more money is lost and won at one club in St. James's street during a week, than here at Milan in the whole winter.

Every nation complains of the wickedness of its own inhabitants, and considers them as the worst people in the world, till they have seen others no better; and then, like individuals with their private sorrows, they find change produces no alleviation. The Mount of Miseries, in the Spectator, where all the people change with their neighbours, lay down an undutiful son, and carry away with them a hump-back, or whatever had been the source of disquiet to another, whom he had blamed for bearing so ill a misfortune thought trifling till he took it on himself, is an admirably well constructed fable, and is applicable to public as well as private complaints.

A gentleman who had long practiced as a solicitor, and was retired from business, stored with a perfect knowledge of mankind so far as his experience could inform him, told me once, that whoever died before sixty years old, if he had made his own fortune, was likely to leave it according as friendship, gratitude, and public spirit dictated: either to those who had served, or those who had pleased him; or, not unfrequently, to benefit some charity, set up some school, or the like: "but let a man once turn sixty," said he, "and his natural heirs *are sure of him*:" for having seen many people, he has likewise been disgusted by many; and though he does not love his relations better than he did, the discovery that others are but little superior to them in those excellencies he has sought about the world in vain for, he begins to enquire for his nephew's little boy, whom as he never saw, never could have offended him; and if he does not break the chain of a favourite watch, or any other such boyish trick, the estate is his for ever, upon no principle but this in the testator.

So it is by those who travel a good deal; by what I have seen, every country has so much in it to be justly complained of, that most men finish by preferring their own.

That neither complaints nor rejoicings here at Milan, however, proceed from affectation, is a choice comfort: the Lombards possess the skill to please you without feigning; and so artless are their manners, you cannot even suspect them of insincerity. They have, perhaps for that very reason, few comedies, and fewer novels among them: for the worst of every man's character is already well known to the rest; but be his conduct what it will, the heart is commonly right enough—*il buon cuor Lombardo* is famed throughout all Italy, and nothing can become proverbial without an excellent reason. Little opportunity is therefore given to writers who carry the dark lanthorn of life into its deepest recesses—unwind the hidden wickedness of a Maskwell or a Monkton, develop the folds of vice, and spy out the internal worthlessness of apparent virtue; which from these discerning eyes cannot be cloaked even by that early-taught affectation which renders it a real ingenuity to discover, if in a highly polished capital a man

or woman has or has not good parts or principles—so completely are the first overlaid with literature, and the last perverted by refinement.

* * *

April 2, 1785.

The cold weather continues still, and we have heavy snows; but so admirable is the police of this well-regulated town, that when over-night it has fallen to the height of four feet, no very uncommon occurrence, no one can see in the morning that even a flake has been there, so completely do the poor and the prisoners rid us of it all, by throwing immense loads of it into a navigable canal that runs quite round the city, and carries every nuisance with it clearly away—so that no inconveniencies can arise.

Italians seem to me to have no feeling of cold; they open the casements—for windows we have none (now in winter), and cry, *che bel freschetto*⁶! while I am starving outright. If there is a flash of a few faggots in the chimney that just scorches one a little, no lady goes near it, but sits at the other end of a high-roofed room, the wind whistling round her ears, and her feet upon a perforated brass box, filled with wood embers, which the *cavalier servente* pulls out from time to time, and replenishes with hotter ashes raked out from between the andirons. How sitting with these fumes under their petticoats improves their beauty of complexion I know not; certain it is, they pity *us* exceedingly for our manner of managing ourselves, and enquire of their countrymen who have lived here a-while, how their health endured the burning *fossils* in the chambers at London. I have heard two or three Italians say, *vorrei anch' io veder quell' Ingilterra, ma questo carbone fossile*⁷! To church, however, and to the theatre, ladies have a great green velvet bag carried for them, adorned with gold tassels, and lined with fur, to keep their feet from freezing, as carpets are not in use here. Poor women run about the streets with a little earthen pipkin hanging on their arm,

⁶ What a fresh breeze!

⁷ I would go see this same England myself I think, but that fuel made of minerals frights me!

filled with fire, even if they are sent on an errand; while men of all ranks walk wrapped up in an odd sort of white riding coat, not buttoned together, but folded round their body after the fashion of the old Roman dress that one has seen in statues, and this they call *Gaban*, retaining many Spanish words since the time that they were under Spanish government. *Buscar*, to seek, is quite familiar here as at Madrid, and instead of *Ragazzo*, I have heard the Milanese say *Mozzo di Stalla*, which is originally a Castilian word I believe, and spelt by them with the *c con cedilla*, *Moço*. They have likewise Latin phrases oddly mingled among their own: a gentleman said yesterday, that he was going to *Casa Sororis*, to his sister's; and the strange word *Minga*, which meets one at every turn, is corrupted, I believe, from *Mica*, a crumb. *Piaz minga*, I have not a crumb of pleasure in it, &c.

The uniformity of dress here pleases the eye, and their custom of going veiled to church, and always without a hat, which they consider as profanation of the *temple* as they call it, delights me much; it has an air of decency in the individuals, of general respect for the place, and of a resolution not to let external images intrude on devout thoughts. The hanging churches, and even public pillars, set up in the streets or squares for purposes of adoration, with black, when any person of consequence dies, displeases me more; it is so very dismal, so paltry a piece of pride and expiring vanity, and so dirty a custom, calling bugs and spiders, and all manner of vermin about one so in those black trappings, it is terrible; but if they remind us of our end, and set us about preparing for it, the benefit is greater than the evil.

The equipages on the Corso here are very numerous, in proportion to the size of the city, and excessively showy: the horses are long-tailed, heavy, and for the most part black, with high rising forehands, while the sinking of the back is artfully concealed by the harness of red Morocco leather richly ornamented, and white reins. To this magnificence much is added by large leopard, panther, or tyger skins, beautifully striped or spotted by Nature's hand, and held fast on the horses by heavy shining tassels of gold, coloured lace, &c. wonderfully handsome; while the driver, clothed in a bright

scarlet dress, adorned and trimmed with bear's skin, makes a noble figure on the box at this season upon days of gala. The carnival, however, exhibits a variety unspeakable; boats and barges painted of a thousand colours, drawn upon wheels, and filled with masks and merry-makers, who throw sugar-plums at each other, to the infinite delight of the town, whose populousness that show evinces to perfection, for every window and balcony is crowded to excess; the streets are fuller than one can express of gazers, and general mirth and gaiety prevail. When the flashing season is over, and you are no longer to be dazzled with finery or stunned with noise, the nobility of Milan—for gentry there are none—fairly slip a check case over the hammock, as we do to our best chairs in England, clap a coarse leather cover on the carriage top, the coachman wearing a vast brown great coat, which he spreads on each side him over the corners of his coach-box, and looks as somebody was saying—like a sitting hen.

The paving of our streets here at Milan is worth mentioning, only because it is directly contrary to the London method of performing the same operation. They lay the large flag stones at this place in two rows, for the coach wheels to roll smoothly over, leaving walkers to accommodate themselves, and bear the sharp pebbles to their tread as they may. In every thing great, and every thing little, the diversity of government must perpetually occur; where that is despotic, small care will be taken of the common people; where that is popular, little attention will be paid to the great ones. I never in my whole life heard so much of birth and family as since I came to this town; where blood enjoys a thousand exclusive privileges, where Cavalier and Dama are words of the first, nay of the only importance; where wit and beauty are considered as useless without a long pedigree; and virtue, talents, wealth, and wisdom, are thought on only as medals to hang upon the branch of a genealogical tree, as we tie trinkets to a watch in England.

I went to church, twenty yards from our own door, with a servant to wait on me, three or four mornings ago; there was a lady particularly well dressed, very handsome, two footmen attending on her at a distance, took my attention. Peter, said I, to my own man, as we came out, *chi è quella dama? who is*

that lady? *Non è dama*, replies the fellow, contemptuously smiling at my simplicity—*she is no lady*. I thought she might be somebody's kept mistress, and asked him whose? *Dio ne liberi*, returns Peter, in a kinder accent—for there *heart* came in, and he would not injure her character—God forbid: *è moglie d'un ricco banchiere*—she is a rich banker's wife. You may see, added he, that she is no lady if you look—the servants carry no velvet stool for her to kneel upon, and they have no coat armour in the lace to their liveries: *she a lady!* repeated he again with infinite contempt.

I am told that the Arch-duke is very desirous to close this breach of distinction, and to draw merchants and traders with their wives up into higher notice than they were wont to remain in. I do not *think* he will by that means conciliate the affection of any rank. The prejudices in favour of nobility are too strong to be shaken here, much less rooted out so: the very servants would rather starve in the house of a man of family, than eat after a person of inferior quality, whom they consider as their equal, and almost treat him as such to his face. Shall we then be able to refuse our particular veneration to those characters of high rank here, who add the charm of a cultivated mind to that situation which, united even with ignorance, would ensure them respect? When scholarship is found among the great in Italy, it has the additional merit of having grown up in their own bosoms, without encouragement from emulation, or the least interested motive. His companions do not think much the more of him—for *that* kind of superiority. I suppose, says a friend of his, he must be fond of study; for *chi pensa di una maniera, chi pensa d'un' altra, per me sono stato sempre ignorantissimo* ⁸.

These voluntary confessions of many a quality, which, whether possessed or not by English people, would certainly never be avowed, spring from that native sincerity I have been praising—for though family connections are prized so highly here, no man seems ashamed that he has no family to boast: all feigning would indeed be useless and impracticable; yet it struck me with astonishment too, to hear a well-bred clergyman who visits at many genteel houses, say gravely to his

⁸ One man is of one mind, another of another: I was always a sheer dunce for my own part.

friend, no longer ago than yesterday—that friend a man too eminent both for talents and fortune—“Yes, there is a grand invitation at such a place to-night, but I don’t go, because *I am not a gentleman—perchè non sono cavaliere*; and the master desired I would let you know that *it was for no other reason* that you had not a card too, my good friend; for it is an invitation of none but *people of fashion you see*.” At all this nobody stares, nobody laughs, and nobody’s throat is cut in consequence of their sincere declarations.

The women are not behind-hand in openness of confidence and comical sincerity. We have all heard much of Italian ciccisbeism; I had a mind to know how matters really stood; and took the nearest way to information by asking a mighty beautiful and apparently artless young creature, *not noble*, how that affair was managed, for there is no harm done *I am sure*, said I: “Why no,” replied she, “no great *harm* to be sure: except wearisome attentions from a man one cares little about: for my own part,” continued she, “I detest the custom, as I happen to love my husband excessively, and desire nobody’s company in the world but his. We are not *people of fashion* though you know, nor at all rich; so how should we set fashions for our betters? They would only say, see how jealous he is! if *Mr. Such-a-one* sat much with me at home, or went with me to the Corso; and I *must* go with some gentleman you know: and the men are such ungenerous creatures, and have such ways with them: I want money often, and this *cavaliere servente* pays the bills, and so the connection draws closer—*that’s all*.” And your husband! said I—“Oh, why he likes to see me well dressed; he is very good natured, and very charming; I love him to my heart.” And your confessor! cried I.—“Oh, why he is *used to it*”—in the Milanese dialect—*è assuefatto*.

Well! we will not send people to Milan to study delicacy or very refined morality to be sure; but were the crust of British affectation lifted off many a character at home, I know not whether better, that is *honester*, hearts would be found under it than that of this pretty girl. God forbid that I should prove an advocate for vice; but let us remember, that the banishment of all hypocrisy and deceit is a vast compensation for the want

of *one great virtue*.—The certainty that the worst, whatever that worst may be, meets your immediate inspection, gives great repose to the mind: you know there is no latent poison lurking out of sight; no colours to come out stronger by throwing water suddenly against them, as you do to old fresco paintings: and talking freely with women in this country, though you may have a chance to light on ignorance, you are never teized by folly.

The mind of an Italian, whether man or woman, seldom fails, for ought I see, to make up in *extent* what is wanted in *cultivation*; and that they possess the art of pleasing in an eminent degree, the constancy with which they are mutually beloved by each other is the best proof.

Ladies of distinction bring with them when they marry, besides fortune, as many clothes as will last them seven years; for fashions do not change here as often as at London or Paris; yet is pin-money allowed, and an attention paid to the wife that no Englishwoman can form an idea of: in every family her duties are few; for, as I have observed, household management falls to the master's share of course, when all the servants are men almost, and those all paid by the week or day. Children are very seldom seen by those who visit great houses: if they *do* come down for five minutes after dinner, the parents are talked of as *doting* on them, and nothing can equal the pious and tender return made to fathers and mothers in this country, for even an apparently moderate share of fondness shewn to them in a state of infancy. I saw an old Marchioness the other day, who had I believe been exquisitely beautiful, lying in bed in a spacious apartment, just like ours in the old palaces, with the tester touching the top almost: she had her three grown-up sons standing round her, with an affectionate desire of pleasing, and shewing her whatever could sooth or amuse her—so that it charmed me; and I was told, and observed indeed, that when they quitted her presence a half kneeling bow, and a kind kiss of her still white hand, was the ceremony used. I knew myself brought thither only that she might be entertained with the sight of the foreigner—and was equally struck at her appearance—more so I should imagine than she could be at mine; when these dear men assisted in moving her pillows

with emulative attention, and rejoiced with each other apart, that their mother looked so well to-day. Two or three servants out of livery brought us refreshments I remember; but her maid attended in the antichamber, and answered the bell at her bed's head, which was exceedingly magnificent in the old style of grandeur—crimson damask, if I recollect right, with family arms at the back; and she lay on nine or eleven pillows, laced with ribbon, and two large bows to each, very elegant and expensive in any country:—with all this, to prove that the Italians have little sensation of cold, here was no fire, but a suffocating brazier, which stood near the door that opened, and was kept open, into the maid's apartment.

A woman here in every stage of life has really a degree of attention shewn her that is surprising:—if conjugal disputes arise in a family, so as to make them become what we call town-talk, the public voice is sure to run against the husband; if separation ensues, all possible countenance is given to the wife, while the gentleman is somewhat less willingly received; and all the stories of past disgusts are related to *his* prejudice: nor will the lady whom he wishes to serve look very kindly on a man who treats his own wife with unpoliteness. *Che cuore deve avere!* says she: What a heart he must have! *Io non m'ene fido sicuro:* I shall take care not to trust him sure.

National character is a great matter: I did not know there had been such a difference in the ways of thinking, merely from custom and climate, as I see there is; though one has always read of it: it was however entertaining enough to hear a travelled gentleman haranguing away three nights ago at our house in praise of English cleanliness, and telling his auditors how all the men in London, *that were noble*, put on a clean shirt every day, and the women washed the street before his house-door every morning. "*Che schiavitù mai!*" exclaimed a lady of quality, who was listening: "*ma naturalmente sarà per commando del principe.*"—"What a land of slavery!" says Donna Louisa, I heard her; "*but it is all done by command of the sovereign, I suppose.*"

Their ideas of justice are no less singular than of delicacy: but those are more easily accounted for; so is their amiable carriage towards inferiors, calling their own and their friends

servants by tender names, and speaking to all below themselves with a graciousness not often used by English men or women even to their equals. The pleasure too which the high people here express when the low ones are diverted, is charming. —We think it vulgar to be merry when the mob is so; but if rolling down a hill, like Greenwich, was the custom here, as with us, all Milan would run to see the sport, and rejoice in the felicity of their fellow-creatures. When I express my admiration of such condescending sweetness, they reply—*è un uomo come un altro*;—*è battezzato come noi*; and the like—Why he is a man of the same nature as we: he has been christened as well as ourselves, they reply. Yet do I not for this reason condemn the English as naturally haughty above their continental neighbours. Our government has left so narrow a space between the upper and under ranks of people in Great Britain—while our charitable and truly Christian religion is still so constantly employed in raising the depressed, by giving them means of changing their situation, that if our persons of condition fail even for a moment to watch their post, maintaining by dignity what they or their fathers have acquired by merit, they are instantly and suddenly broken in upon by the well-employed talents, or swiftly-acquired riches, of men born on the other side the thin partition; whilst in Italy the gulph is totally impassable, and birth alone can entitle man or woman to the society of gentlemen and ladies. This firmly-fixed idea of subordination (which I once heard a Venetian say, he believed must exist in heaven from one angel to another) accounts immediately for a little conversation which I am now going to relate.

Here were two men taken up last week, one for murdering his fellow-servant in cold blood, while the undefended creature had the lemonade tray in his hand going in to serve company; the other for breaking the new lamps lately set up with intention to light this town in the manner of the streets at Paris. “I hope,” said I, “that they will hang the murderer.” “I rather hope,” replied a very sensible lady who sate near me, “that they will hang the person who broke the lamps: for,” added she, “the first committed his crime only out of revenge, poor fellow! because the other had got his mistress from him

by treachery; but this creature has had the impudence to break our fine new lamps, all for the sake of spiting *the Arch-duke*." The Arch-duke meantime hangs nobody at all; but sets his prisoners to work upon the roads, public buildings, &c. where they labour in their chains; and where, strange to tell! they often insult passengers who refuse them alms when asked as they go by; and, stranger still! they are not punished for it when they do.

Here is certainly much despotic power in Italy, but, I fancy, very little oppression; perhaps authority, once acknowledged, does not delight itself always by the fatigue of exertion. *Sat est prostrasse leoni* is an old adage, with which perhaps I may be the better acquainted, as it is the motto to my own coat of arms; and unless sovereignty is hungry, for ought I see, he does not certainly *devour*.

The certainty of their irrevocable doom, softened by kind usage from their superiors, makes, in the mean time, an odd sort of humorous drollery spring up among the common people, who are much happier here at Milan than I expected to find them: every great house giving meat, broth, &c. to poor dependents with liberal good-nature enough, so that mighty little wandering misery is seen in the streets; unlike those of Genoa, who seem mocked with the word *liberty*, while sorrow, sickness, and the most pinching want, pine at the doors of marble palaces, whose owners are unfeeling as their walls.

Our ordinary people here in Lombardy are well clothed, fat, stout, and merry; and desirous to divert themselves, and their protectors, whom they love at their hearts. There is however a degree of effrontery among the women that amazes me, and of which I had no idea, till a friend shewed me one evening from my own box at the opera, fifty or a hundred low shop-keepers wives, dispersed about the pit at the theatre, dressed in men's clothes, *per disimpegno* as they call it; that they might be more *at liberty* forsooth to clap and hiss, and quarrel and jostle, &c. I felt shocked. "*One who comes from a free government need not wonder so,*" said he: "On the contrary, Sir," replied I, "where every body has hopes, at least possibility, of bettering his station, and advancing nearer to the limits of upper life,

none except the most abandoned of their species will wholly lose sight of such decorous conduct as alone can grace them when they have reached their wish: whereas your people know their destiny, future as well as present, and think no more of deserving a higher post, than they think of obtaining it." Let me add, however, that if these women *were* a little riotous during the Easter holidays, they are *dilettantes* only. In this city no female *professors* of immorality and open libertinage, disgraceful at once, and pernicious to society, are permitted to range the streets in quest of prey; to the horror of all thinking people, and the ruin of all heedless ones.

With which observation, to continue the tour of Italy, we this day leave, for a twelvemonth at least, Milano il grande, after having spent, though not quite finished the winter in it; as there fell a very heavy snow last Saturday, which hindered our setting out a week ago, though this is the sixth of April; and exactly five months have now since last November been passed among those who have I hope approved our conduct and esteemed our manners. That they should trouble themselves to examine our income, report our phrases, and listen, perhaps with some little mixture of envy, after every instance of unshakable attachment shewn to each other, would be less pleasing; but that I verily believe they have at last dismissed us with general good wishes, proceeding from innate goodness of heart, and the hope of seeing again, in a year's time or so, two people who have supplied so many tables here with materials for conversation, when the fountain of talk was stopt by deficiencies, and the little stream of prattle ceased to murmur for want of a few pebbles to break its course.

We are going to Venice by the way of Cremona, and hope for amusement from external objects: let us at least not deserve or invite disappointment by seeking for pleasure beyond the limits of innocence.

From MILAN to PADUA

The first evening's drive carried us no further than Lodi, a place renowned through all Europe for its excellent cheese, as our well-known ballad bears testimony:

Let Lodi or Parmesan bring up the rear.

Those verses were imitated, I fancy, from a French song written by Monsieur des Yveteaux, of whose extraordinary life and death much has been said by his cotemporary wits, particularly how some of them found him playing at shepherd and shepherdess in his own garden with a pretty Savoyard wench, at seventy-eight years old, *en habit de berger, avec un chapeau couleur de rose*¹, &c. when he shewed them the famous lines, *Avoir peu de parens, moins de train que de rente*, &c. which do certainly bear a very near affinity to our Old Man's Wish, published in Dryden's Miscellanies; who, among other luxuries, resolves to eat Lodi cheese, I remember.

The town, however, bringing no other ideas either new or old to our minds, we went to the opera, and heard Morichelli sing: after which they gave us a new dramatic dance, made upon the story of Don John, or the Libertine; a tale which, whether true or false, fact or fable, has furnished every Christian country in the world, I believe, with some subject of representation. It makes me no sport, however; the idea of an impenitent sinner going to hell is too seriously terrifying to make amusement out of. Let mythology, which is now grown good for little else, be danced upon the stage; where Mr. Vestris may bounce and struggle in the character of Alcides on his funeral pile, with no very glaring impropriety; and such baubles serve beside to keep old classical stories in the heads of our young people; who, if they *must* have torches to blaze in their eyes, may divert themselves with Pluto catching up Ceres's daughter, and driving her away to Tartarus; but let Don John alone. I have at least half a notion that the horrible history is *half true*; if so, it is surely very gross to represent it by dancing. Should such false foolish taste prevail in England (but I hope it will not), we might perhaps go happily through the whole book of God's Revenge against Murder, or the Annals of Newgate, on the stage, as a variety of pretty stories may be found there of the same cast; while statues of Hercules and Minerva, with their insignia as heathen deities, might be placed, with equal attention to religion, costume, and general

¹ In a pastoral habit, and a hat turned up with pink.

fitness, as decorations for the monuments of *Westminster Abbey*.

The country we came through to Cremona is rich and fertile, the roads deep and miry of course; very few of the Lombardy poplars, of which I expected to see so many: but Phaeton's sisters seem to have danced all away from the odoriferous banks of the Po, to the green sides of the Thames, I think; meantime here is no other timber in the country but a few straggling ash, and willows without end. The old Eridanus, however, makes a majestic figure at Cremona, and frights the inhabitants when it overflows. There are not many to be frightened though, for the town is thinly peopled; but exquisitely clean, perhaps for that very reason; and the cathedral, of a mixed Grecian and Gothic architecture, has a respectable appearance; while two enormous lions, of red marble, frown at its door, and the crucifixion, painted by Pordenone, with a rough but powerful pencil, strikes one at the entrance: I have seen nothing finer than the figure of the Centurion upon the fore-ground, who seems to cry out, with soldier-like courage and apostolic fervour, Truly this is the Son of God.

The great clock here too is very curious: having, besides the twenty-four hours, a minute and second finger, like a stop watch, and shews the phases of the moon, with her triple rotation clearly to all who walk across the piazza. Yet I trust the dwellers at Cremona are no better astronomers than those who live in other places; to what purpose then all these representations with which Italy is crowded; processions, paintings, &c. besides the moral dances, as they call them now? One word of solid instruction to the ear, conveys more knowledge to the mind at last, than all these marionettes presented to the eye.

The tower of Cremona is of a surprising height and elegant form; we climbed, not without some difficulty, to its top, and saw the flat plains of Lombardy stretched out all round us. Prospects, however, and high towers have I seen; that in Mr. Hoare's grounds, dedicated to King Alfred, is a much finer structure than this, and the view from it much more varie-

gated certainly; I think of greater extent; though there is more dignity in these objects, while the Po twists through them, and distant mountains mingle with the sky at the end of a lengthened horizon.

What I have never seen till now, we were made to observe in the octagon gallery which crowns this pretty structure, where in every compartment there are channels cut in the stone to guide the eye or rest the telescope, that so a spectator need not be fruitlessly teized, as one almost always is, by those who shew one a prospect, with *Look there! See there!* &c. At this place nothing needs be done but lay the glass or put the eye even with the lines which point to Bergamo, Mantua, or where you please; and *look there* becomes superfluous as offensive.

The bells in the tower amused us in another way: an old man who has the care of them, delighted much in telling us how he rung tunes upon them before the Duke of Parma, who presented him with money, and bid him ring again: and not a little was the good man amazed, when one of our company sate down and played on them himself: a thing he had never before been witness to, he said, except once, when a surprising musician arrived from England, and performed the like feat: by his description of the person, and the time of his passing through Cremona, we conjectured he meant Dr. Burney.

The most dreadful of all roads carried us next morning to Mantua, where we had letters for an agreeable friend, who neglected nothing that could entertain or instruct us. He shewed me the field where it is supposed the house stood in which Virgil was born, and told me what he knew of the evidence that he was born there: certain it is that much care is taken to keep the place fenced, from an idea of its being the identical spot, and I hope it is so.

The theatres here are beautiful beyond all telling: it is a shame not to take the model of the small one, and build a place of entertainment on the plan. There cannot surely be any plan more elegant.

We had a concert of admirable music at the house of our new acquaintance, in the evening, and were introduced by his means to many people of fashion; the ladies were pretty, and

dressed with much taste; no caps at all, but flowers in their heads, and earrings of silver fillagree finely worked; long, light, and thin: I never saw such before, but it would be an exceeding pretty fashion. They hung down quite low upon the neck and shoulders, and had a pleasing effect.

Mantua stands in the middle of a deep swampy marsh, that sends up a thick foggy vapour all winter, a stench intolerable during the summer months. Its inhabitants lament the want of population; and indeed I counted but five carriages in the streets while we remained in the town. Seven thousand Jews occupy a third part of the city, founded by old Tiresias's daughter, where they have a synagogue, and live after their own fashion. The dialect here is closer to that Italian which foreigners learn, and the ladies speak more Tuscan, I think, than at Milan, but it is a *lady's* town as I told them.

“Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris
Fatidicæ *Mantûs* et Tusci filius amnis,
Qui muros matrisque dedit tibi *Mantua* nomen.”

Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain,
The son of Manto by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the *Mantuan* town derives its name.

DRYDEN.

The annual fair is what contributes most to keeping their folks alive though, for such are the roads it is scarce possible any strangers should come near them, and our people complain that the inns are very extortionate: here is one building, however, that promises wonders from its prodigious size and magnificence; I only wonder such accommodation should be thought necessary.

The gentleman who shewed us the Ducal palace, seemed himself much struck with its convenience and splendour; but I had seen Versailles, Turin, and Genoa. What can be seen here, and here alone, are the numerous and incomparable works of Giulio Romano; of which no words that I can use would give my readers any adequate idea.—For such excellence language has no praise, and of such performances taste will admit no

criticism. The giants could scarcely have been more amazed at Jupiter's thunder, than I was at their painted fall. If Rome is to exhibit any thing beyond this, I shall really be more dazzled than delighted; for imagination will stretch no further, and admiration will endure no more.

* * *

Sunday, April 10.

Here is no appearance of spring yet, though so late in the year; what must it be in England? One almond and one plum tree have I seen in blossom; but no green leaf out of the bud: so cheerless has been the road between Mantua and Verona, which, however, makes amends for all on our arrival. How beautiful the entrance is of this charming city, how grand the gate, how handsome the drive forward, may all be read here in a printed book called *Verona illustrata*: but my felicity in finding the amphitheatre so well preserved, can only be found in my own heart, which began sensibly to dilate at the seeing an old Roman coliseum kept so nicely, and repaired so well. It is said that the arena here is absolutely perfect; and if the galleries are a little deficient, there can be no dispute concerning the *podium*, or lower seats, which remain exactly as they were in old times: while I have heard that the building of the same kind now existing at Nismes, shews the manner of entering exceeding well; and the great one built by Vespasian has every thing else: so that an exact idea of the old Circus may be obtained among them all. That something should always be left to conjecture, is however not displeasing; various opinions animate the arguments on both sides, and bring out fire by collision with the understanding of others engaged in the same researches.

A bull-feast given here to divert the Emperor as he passed through, must have excited many pleasing sensations, while the inhabitants sate on seats once occupied by the masters of the world; and what is more worth wonder, sate at the feet of a Transalpine *Cæsar*, for so the sovereign of Germany is even now called by his Milanese subjects in common discourse; and when one looks upon the arms of Austria, a spread eagle, and recollects that when the Roman empire was divided, the old

eagle was split, one face looking toward the East, the other toward the West, in token of shared possession, it affects one; and calls up classic imagery to the mind.

The collection of antiquities belonging to the Philharmonic society is very respectable; they reminded me of the Arundel marbles at Oxford, and I said so. "*Oh!*" replied the man who shewed these, "*that collection was very valuable to be sure, but the bad air, and the smoke of coal fires in England, have ruined them long ago.*" I suspected that my gentleman talked by rote, and examining the book called *Verona illustrata*, found the remark there; but that is *malafede*, and a very ridiculous prejudice. I will confess however, if they please, that our original treaty between Mardonius and the Persian army, at the end of which the Greek general Aristides, although himself a Sabian, attested the sun as witness, in compliance with their religion who worshipped that luminary, at least held it in the highest veneration, as the residence of Oromasdes the good Principle, who was considered by the Magians as for ever clothed with light: I will consider *that*, I say, if they insist upon it, as a marble of less consequence than the last will and testament of an old inhabitant of Sparta which is shewn at Verona, and which *they say* disposes of the iron money used during the first of many years that the laws of Lycurgus lasted.

Here is a very fine palace belonging to the Bevilacqua family, besides the Casa Verzi, as famous for its elegant Doric architecture, as the charming mistress of it for her Attic wit.

St. Zeno is the church which struck me most: the eternal and all-seeing eye placed over the door; Fortune's wheel too, composed of six figures curiously disposed, and not unlike our man alphabet, two mounting, two sitting, and two tumbling, over against it: on the outside of the wheel this distich,

En ego Fortuna moderor mortalibus usum,
Elevo, depono, bona cunctis vel mala dono ²—

this other on the inside of the wheel, less plainly to be read:

² Here I Madam Fortune my favours bestow,
Some good and some ill to the high and the low.

Induo nudatos, denudo veste paratos,
In me confidit, si quis derisus abibit ³.

This is a town full of beauties, wits, and rarities: numberless persons of the first eminence have always adorned it, and the present inhabitants have no mind to degenerate; while the Nobleman that is immediately descended from that house which Giambattista della Torre made famous for his skill in astronomy, employs himself in a much more useful, if not a nobler study; and is completing for the press a new system of education. It was very petulantly, and very spitefully said by Voltaire, that Italy was now no more than *la boutique* ⁴, and the Italians, *les marchands fripiers de l'Europe* ⁵. The Greek remains here have still an air of youthful elegance about them, which strikes one very forcibly where so good opportunity offers of comparing them with the fabrics formed by their destructive successors, the Goths; who have left some fine old black-looking monuments (which look as if they had stood in our *coal smoke* for centuries) to the memory of the Scaligers; and surely the great critic of that name could not have taken a more certain method of proving his descent from these his barbarous ancestors, than that which his relationship to them naturally, I suppose, inspired him with—the avowed preference of birth to talents, of long-drawn genealogy to hardly-acquired literature. We will however grow less prejudiced ourselves; and since there are still whole nations of people existing, who consider the counting up many generations back as a felicity not to be exchanged for any other without manifest loss, we may possibly reconcile the opinion to common sense, by reflecting that one preconception of the sovereign good is, that it should certainly be *indeprivable*; and except birth, what is there earthly after all that may not drop, or else be torn from its possessor by accident, folly, force, or malice?

James Harris says, that virtue answers to the character of indeprivability, but one is left only to wish that his position were true; the continuance of virtue depends on the con-

³ The naked I clothe, and the pompous I strip;
If in me you confide, I may give you the slip.

⁴ The old clothes shop.

⁵ The shop-sellers of Europe.

tinuance of reason, from which a blow on the head, a sudden fit of terror, or twenty other accidents may separate us in a moment. Nothing can make us not one's father's child however, and the advantages of *blood*, such as they are, may surely be deemed *indeprivable*.

Gothic and Grecian architecture resembles Gothic and Grecian manners, which naturally do give their colour to such arts as are naturally the result of them. Tyranny and gloomy suspicion are the characteristics of the one, openness and sociability strongly mark the other—when to the gay portico succeeded the sullen drawbridge, and to the lively corridor, a secret passage and a winding staircase.

It is difficult, if not impossible however, to withhold one's respect from those barbarians who could thus change the face of art, almost of nature; who could overwhelm courage and counteract learning; who not only devoured the works of wisdom and the labours of strength, but left behind them too a settled system of feudatorial life and aristocratic power, still undestroyed in Europe, though hourly attacked, battered by commerce, and sapped by civilization.

When Smeathman told us about twelve years ago, how an immense body of African ants, which appeared, as they moved forwards, like the whole earth in agitation—covered and suddenly arrested a solemn elephant, as he grazed unsuspectingly on the plain; he told us too that in eight hours time no trace was left either of the devasters or devastated, excepting the skeleton of the noble creature neatly picked: a standing proof of the power of numbers against single force.

These northern emigrants the Goths, however, have done more; they have fixed a mode of carrying on human affairs, that I think will never be so far exterminated as to leave no vestiges behind: and even while one contemplates the mischief they have made—even while one's pen engraves one's indignation at their success; the old baron in his castle, preceded and surrounded by loyal dependants, who desired only to live under his protection and die in his defence, inspires a notion of dignity unattainable by those who, seeking the beautiful, are by so far removed from the sublime of life, and affords to the mind momentary images of surly magnificence, ill exchanged

perhaps by *fancy*, though *truth* has happily substituted a succession of soft ideas and social comforts: knowledge, virtue, riches, happiness. Let it be remembered however, that if the theme is superior to the song, we always find those poets who live in the second class, celebrating the days past by those who had their existence in the first. These reflections are forced upon me by the view of Lombard manners, and the accounts I daily pick up concerning the Brescian and Bergamasc nobility; who still exert the Gothic power of protecting murderers who profess themselves their vassals; and who still exercise those virtues and vices natural to man in his semi-barbarous state: fervent devotion, constant love, heroic friendship, on the one part; gross superstition, indulgence of brutal appetite, and diabolical revenge, on the other.

In all hot countries, however, flowers and weeds shoot up to enormous growth: in colder climes, where poison can scarce be feared, perfumes can seldom be boasted.

Verona is the gayest looking town I ever lived in; beautifully situated, the hills around it elegant, the mountains at a distance venerable: the silver Adige rolling through the valley, while such a glow of blossoms now ornament the rising grounds, and such cheerfulness smiles in the sweet countenances of its inhabitants, that one is tempted to think it the birth-place of Euphrosyne, where

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying, &c.
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blythe, and debonair—

as Milton says. Here are vines, mulberries, olives; of course, wine, silk, and oil: every thing that can seduce, every thing that ought to satisfy desiring man. Here then in consequence do actually delight to reside mirth and good-humour in their holiday dress. *A Verona mezzì matti* ⁶, say the Italians themselves of them, and I see nothing seemingly go forward here but Improvisatori, reciting stories or verses to entertain the populace; boys flying kites, cut square like a diamond on the cards, and called Stelle; men amusing themselves at a game

⁶ The people at Verona are half out of their wits.

called Pallamajo, something like our cricket, only that they throw the ball with a hollow stick, not with the hand, but it requires no small corporal strength; and I know not why our English people have such a notion of Italian effeminacy: games of very strong exertion are in use among them; and I have not yet felt one hot day since I left France.

They shewed us an agreeable garden here belonging to some man of fashion, whose name I know not; it was cut in a rock, yet the grotto disappointed me: they had not taken such advantages of the situation as Lomellino would have done, and I recollected the tasteful creations in my own country, *Pains Hill* and *Stour Head*.

The Veronese nobleman shewed however the spirit of *his* country, if we let loose the genius of *ours*. The emperor had visited his improvements it seems, and on the spot where he kissed the children of the house, their father set up a stone to record the honour.

Our attendant related a tender story to *me* more interesting, which happened in this garden, of an English gentleman, who having hired the house, &c. one season, found his favourite servant ill there, and like to die: the poor creature expressed his concern at the intolerant cruelty of that sect which denies Christians of any other denomination but their own a place in consecrated ground, and lamented his distance from home with an anxious earnestness that hastened his end: when the humanity of his master sent him to the landlord, who kindly gave permission that he might lie undisturbed under his turf, as one places one's lap-dog in England; and *there*, as our Laquais de place observed, *he did no harm*, though *he was a heretic*; and the English gentleman wept over his grave.

I never saw cypress trees of such a growth as in this spot—but then there are no other trees; *inter viburna cupressi* came of course into one's head: and this noble plant, rich in foliage, and bright, not dusky in colour, looked from its manner of growing like a vast evergreen poplar.

Our equipages here are strangely inferior to those we left behind at Milan. Oil is burned in the conversation rooms too, and smells very offensively—but they *lament our suffocation in England, and black smoke*, while what proceeds from these

lamps would ruin the finest furniture in the world before five weeks were expired: I saw no such used at Turin, Genoa, or Milan.

The horses here are not equal to those I have admired on the Corso at other great towns; but it is pleasing to observe the contrast between the high bred, airy, elegant English hunter, and the majestic, docile, and well-broken war horse of Lombardy. Shall we fancy there is Gothic and Grecian to be found even among the animals? or is not that *too* fanciful?

That every thing useful, and every thing ornamental, first revived in Italy, is well known; but I was never aware till now, though we talk of Italian book-keeping, that the little cant words employed in compting-houses, took their original from the Lombard language, unless perhaps that of Ditto, which every moment recurs, meaning Detto or Sudetto, as that which was already said before: but this place has afforded me an opportunity of discovering what the people meant, who called a large portion of ground in Southwark some years ago a *plant*, above all things. The ground was destined to the purposes of extensive commerce, but the appellation of a *plant* gave me much disturbance, from my inability to fathom the meaning of it. I have here found out, that the Lombards call many things a *plant*; and say of their cities, palaces, &c. in familiar discourse—*che la pianta è buona, la pianta è cattiva* ⁷, &c.

Thus do words which carry a forcible expression in one language, appear ridiculous enough in another, till the true derivation is known. Another reflection too occurs as curious; that after the overthrow of all business, all knowledge, and all pleasure resulting from either, by the Goths, Italy should be the first to cherish and revive those money-getting occupations, which now thrive better in more Northern climates: but the chymists say justly, that fermentation acts with a sort of creative power, and that while the mass of matter is fermenting, no certain judgment can be made what spirit it will at last throw up: so perhaps we ought not to wonder at all, that the first idea of banking came originally from this now uncom-

⁷ The *plant* is a good or a bad one, &c.

mercial country; that the very name of *bankrupt* was brought over from their money-changers, who sat in the market-place with a bench or *banca* before them, receiving and paying; till, unable sometimes to make the due returns, the enraged creditors broke their little board, which was called making *ban-carotta*, a phrase but too well known in the purlieu, which because they first settled there in London was called *Lombard Street*, where the word is still in full force I believe.

—oh word of fear!
Unpleasing to commercial ear.

A visit to the collection of Signor Vincenzo Bozza best assisted me in changing, or at least turning the course of my ideas. Nothing in natural history appears more worthy the consideration of the learned world, than does this repository of petrefactions, so uncommon that scarcely any thing except the testimony of one's own eyes could convince one that flying fish, natives, and intending to remain inhabitants, of the Pacific Ocean, are daily dug out of the bowels of Monte Bolca near Verona, where they must doubtless have been driven by the deluge, as no less than omnipotent power and general concussion could have sufficed to seize and fix them for centuries in the hollow cavities of a rock at least seventy-two miles from the nearest sea. Their learned proprietor, however, who was obligingly desirous to shew me every attention, answering a hundred troublesome questions with much civility, told us, that few of his numerous visitants gave that plain account of the phænomenon, shewing greater disposition to conjure up more difficult causes, and attribute the whole to the world's eternity: a notion not less contrary to sound philosophy and common sense, than it is repugnant to faith, and the doctrines of Revelation; which prophesied long ago, that in the last days should come *scoffers, walking after their own lusts*, and saying, *Where is now the promise of his coming? for since the time that our fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.*

Well! these are unpleasant reflections: I would rather, before leaving the plains of Lombardy, give my countrywomen one reason for detaining them so long there: it cannot

be an uninteresting reason to us, when we reflect that our first head-dresses were made by *Milaners*; that a court gown was early known in England by the name of a *mantua*, from *Manto*, the daughter of Teresias, who founded the city so called; and that some of the best materials for making these mantuas is still named from the town it is manufactured in—a *Padua* soy.

We are going thither immediately through Vicenza; where the works of Palladio's immortal hand appear in full perfection; and nothing sure can add to the elegancies of architecture displayed in its environs. I fatigued myself to death almost by walking three miles out of town, to see the famous villa from whence Merriworth Castle in Kent was modelled; and drew incessant censures on his taste who built at the bottom of a deep valley the imitation of a house calculated for a hill. Here I pleased my eyes by glancing them over an extensive prospect, bounded by mountains on the one side, on another by the sea, at so prodigious a distance however as to be wholly undiscoverable by the naked eye; nor could I, or any other unaccustomed spectator, have seen, as my Italian companions did, the effect produced by marine vapours upon the intermediate atmosphere, which they made me remark from the windows of the palace, inferior in every thing *but* situation to Merriworth, and with that patriotic consolation I leave Vicenza.

Padua la dotta afforded me much pleasure, from the politeness of the Countess Ferres, born a German; of the House of Starenberg: she thought proper to shew me a thousand civilities, in consequence of a kind letter which we carried her from Count Wiltseck, the Austrian minister at Milan; called the literati of the town about us, and gave me the pleasure of conversing with the Abate Cesarotti, who translated Ossian; and the Professor Statico, whose attentions I ought never to forget. I was surprised at length to hear kind inquiries after English acquaintance made in my native language by the botanical professor, who spoke much of Doctor Johnson, and with great regard: he had, it seems, spent much time in our island about thirty years before. When we were shewn the physic garden, nicely kept and excellently furnished, the

Countess took occasion to observe, that transplanted trees never throve, and strongly expressed her unfaded attachment to her native soil: though she had more good sense than to neglect every opportunity of cultivating that in which fortune had placed her.

The tomb of Antenor, supposed to be preserved in this town, has, I find, but slight evidence to boast with regard to its authenticity: whosever tomb it is, the antiquity of the monument, and dignity of the remains, are scarcely questionable; and I see not but it *may* be Antenor's.

There is no place assigned for it but the open street, because it could not (say they) have contained a baptized body, as there are proofs innumerable of its being fabricated many and many years before the birth of Jesus Christ: yet I never pass by without being hurt that it should have no better situation assigned it, till I recollect that the old Romans always buried people by the highway, which made the *siste viator*⁸ proper for their tomb-stones, as Mr. Addison somewhere remarks; which are foolishly enough engraven upon ours: and till I consider too that the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Patriarch of Antioch, where Christians were first called such, would lie no nearer a Christian Church than old Antenor does, were they unfortunate enough to die, and be put under ground at Padua.

The shrine of St. Antonio is however sufficiently venerated; and the riches of his church really amazed me: such silver lamps! such votive offerings! such glorious sculpture! the bas relievos, representing his life and miracles, are beyond any thing we have yet seen; one compartment particularly, the workmanship, I think, of Sansovino, where an old woman is represented to a degree of finished nicety and curiosity of perfection which I knew not that marble could express.

The hall of justice, which they oppose to our Westminster-hall, but between which there is no resemblance, is two hundred and fifty-six feet long, and eighty-six broad; the form of it a *rhomboid*: the walls richly ornamented by Pietro d'Abano, who originally designed, and began to paint the figures round the sides: they have however been retouched by

⁸ Stop traveller.

Giotto, who added the signs of the Zodiac to Peter's mysterious performances, which meant to explain the planetary influences, as he was a man deeply dipped in judicial astrology; and there is his own portrait among them, dressed like a Zoroastrian priest, with a planet in the corner. At the bottom of the hall hangs the famous crucifixion, for the purpose of doing which completely well, it is told that Giotto fastened up a real man, and justly incurred the Pope's displeasure, who coming one day unawares to see his painter work, caught the unhappy wretch struggling in the closet, and threatened immediately to sign the artist's death; who with Italian promptness ran to the picture, and daubed it over with his brush and colours;—by this method obliging his sovereign to delay execution till the work was repaired, which no one but himself could finish; mean time the man recovers of his wounds, and the tale ends, whether true or false, according to the hearer's wish.

The debtor's stone at the opposite end of the hall has likewise many entertaining stories annexed to it: the bankrupt is obliged to sit there in presence of his creditors and judges, in a very disgraceful state; and many accounts are told one, of the various effects such distresses have had on the mind: but suicide is a crime rarely committed out of England, and the Italians look with just horror on our people for being so easily incited to a sin, which takes from him that commits it all power and possibility of repentance.

A Frenchman whom I sent for once at Bath to dress my hair, gave me an excellent trait of his own national character, speaking upon that subject, when he meant to satirise ours. "You have lived some years in England, friend, said I, do you like it?"—"Mais non, madame, pas parfaitement bien⁹."—"You have travelled much in Italy, do you like that better?"—"Ah, Dieu ne plaise, madame, je n'aime guères messieurs les Italiens¹⁰." "What do they do to make you hate them so?"—"Mais c'est que les Italiens se tuent l'un l'autre (replied the fellow), et les Anglois se font un plaisir de se tuer eux memes: pardi je ne me sens rien moins qu'un vrai goût pour ces

⁹ Why no truly ma'am, not much.

¹⁰ Oh, God forbid—no, I cannot endure those Italians.

gentillesse-là, et j'aimerois mieux me trouver à *Paris, pour rire un peu* ¹¹."

The Lucrezia Padovana, who has a monument erected here in this justice hall to her memory, is the only instance of self-murder I have been told yet; and hers was a very glorious one, and necessary to the preservation of her honour, which was endangered by the magistrate, who made that the barter for her husband's life, in defence of which she was pleading; much like the story of Isabella, Angelo, and Claudio, in Shakespear's *Measure for Measure*. This lady, whose family name I have forgotten, stabbed herself in presence of the monster who reduced her to such necessity, and by that means preserved her husband's life, by suddenly converting the heart of her hateful lover, who from that dreadful day devoted himself to penitence and prayer.

The chastity of the Patavian ladies is celebrated by some old Latin poet, but I cannot recollect which. Lucrezia, however, was a Christian. I could not much regard the monument of Livy though, for looking at hers, which attracted and detained my attention more particularly.

The University of Padua is a noble institution; and those who have excelled among the students, are recorded on tablets, for the most part brass, hung round the walls, made venerable by their arms and characters. It was pleasing to see so many British names among them—Scotchmen for the most part; though I enquired in vain for the admirable Crichton. Sir Richard Blackmore was there, but not one native of France. We were spiteful enough to fancy, that was the reason that Abbé Richard says nothing of the establishment.

Besides the civilities shewn us here by Mr. Bonaldi and his agreeable lady, Signora Annetta, we were recommended by letters from the Venetian resident at Milan, to Abate Toaldo, professor of astronomy; who wished to do all in his power to oblige and entertain us. His observatory is a good one; but the

¹¹ Why, really, the Italians have such a passion for murdering each other, ma'am, and the English such an odd delight in killing themselves, that I, who have acquired no taste for such agreeable amusements, grow somewhat impatient to return to Paris, and get a good laugh among my old acquaintance.

learned amiable scholar, who resides in the first floor of it, complained to us that he was sickly, old, and poor; three bad qualifications, as he observed, for the amusement of travellers, who commonly arrive hungry for novelty, and thirsty for information. His quadrant was very fine, the planetarium or orrery quite out of repair; and his references of course were obliged to be made to a sort of map or chart of the heavenly bodies (a solar system at least with comets) that hung up in his room as a substitute. He had little reverence for the petrefactions of Monte Bolca I perceived, which he considered as mere *lusus naturæ*. He shewed me poor Petrarch's tomb from his observatory, bid me look on Sir Isaac's full-length picture in the room, and said, the world would see no more such men. Of our Maskelyne, however, no man could speak with more esteem, or expressions of generous friendship. His sitting chamber was a pleasant one; and I should not have left it so soon, but in compassion to his health, which our company was more likely to injure than assist. He asked me, if I did not find *Padua la dotta* a very stinking nasty town? but added, that literature and dirt had long been intimately acquainted, and that this city was commonly called among the Italians, "*Porcil di Padova*," *Padua the pig-stye*.

Fire is supposed to be the greatest purifier, and Padua has gone through that operation twice completely, being burned the first time by Attila; after which, Narses the famous eunuch rebuilt and settled it in the year 558, if my information is good: but after her protector's death, the Longobards burned her again, and she lay in ashes till Charlemagne restored her to more than original beauty. Under Otho she, like many other cities of Italy, was governed by her own laws, and remained a republic till the year 1237, when she received the German yoke, afterwards broken by the Scaligers; nor was their treacherous assassination followed by less than the loss both of Verona and this city, which was found in possession of the Emperor Maximilian some years after: but when the State of Venice recovered their dominion over it in 1409, they fortified it so strongly that the confederate princes united in the league of Cambray assaulted it in vain.

Santa Giustina's church is the most beautiful place of worship I have ever yet seen; so regularly, so uniformly noble, uncrowded with figures too: the entrance strikes you with its simple grandeur, while the small chapels to the right and left hand are kept back behind a colonade of pillars, and do not distract attention and create confusion of ideas, as do the numerous cupolas of St. Anthony's more magnificent but less pleasing structure. The high altar here at Santa Giustina's church stands at the end, and greatly increases the effect on entering, which always suffers when the length is broken. Nothing, however, is to be perfect in this world, and Paul Veronese's fine view of the suffering martyr has not size enough for the place; and is beside crowded with small unconsequential figures, which cannot be distinguished at a distance. Some carvings round the altar, representing, in wooden bas-reliefs, the history of the Old and New Testament, are admirable in their kind; and I am told that the organ on which Bertoni, a blind nephew of Ferdinand, our well-known composer, played to entertain us, is one of the first in Italy: but an ordinary instrument would have charmed us had he touched it.

I must not leave the Terra Firma, as they call it, without mentioning once more some of the animals it produces; among which the asses are so justly renowned for their size and beauty, that *come un asino di Padova* is proverbial when speaking of strength among the Italians: how should it be otherwise, indeed, where every herb and every shrub breathes fragrance; and where the quantity as well as quality of their food naturally so increases their milk, that I should think some of them might yield as much as an ordinary cow?

When I was at Genoa, I remember remarking something like this to Doctor Batt, an English physician settled there; and expressed my surprise that our consumptive country-folks, with whom the Italians never cease to reproach us, do not, when they come here for health, rely much on the beneficial produce of these asses for a cure; which, if it is hastened by their assistance in our island, must surely be performed much quicker in this. The answer would have been better recol-

lected, I fancy, had it appeared to me more satisfactory; but he knew what he was talking of, and I did not; so conclude he despised me accordingly.

The Carinthian bulls too, that do all the heavy work in this rich and heavy land, how wonderfully handsome they are! Such symmetry and beauty have I never seen in any cattle, scarcely in those of Derbyshire, where so much attention has been bestowed upon their breeding. The colour here is so elegant; they are almost all blue roans, like Lord Grosvenor's horses in London, or those of the Duke of Cestos at Milan: the horns longer, and much more finely shaped, than those of our bulls, and white as polished ivory, tapering off to a point, with a bright black tip at the end, resembling an ermine's tail. As this creature is not a native, but only a neighbour of Italy, we will say no more about him.

A transplanted Hollander, carried thither originally from China, seems to thrive particularly well in this part of the world; the little pug dog, or Dutch mastiff, which our English ladies were once so fond of, that poor Garrick thought it worth his while to ridicule them for it in the famous dramatic satire called *Lethe*, has quitted London for Padua, I perceive; where he is restored happily to his former honours, and every carriage I meet here has a *pug* in it. That breed of dogs is now so near extirpated among us, that I recollect only Lord Penryn who possesses such an animal; and I doubt not but many of the under-classes among brutes do in the same manner extinguish and revive by chance, caprice, or accident perpetually, through many tracts of the inhabited world, so as to remain out of sight in certain districts for centuries together.

This town, as Abbé Toaldo observed, is old, and dirty, and melancholy-looking, *in itself*; but Terence told us long ago, and truly, "that it was not the walls, but the company, made every place delightful:" and these inhabitants, though few in number, are so exceedingly cheerful, so charming, their language is so mellifluous, their manners so soothing, I can scarcely bear to leave them without tears.

Verona was the first place I felt reluctance to quit; but the Venetian state certainly possesses uncommon, and to me almost unaccountable, attractions. Be that as it will, we leave

these sweet Paduans to-morrow; the coach is disposed of, and we are to set out upon our watry journey to their wonderfully-situated metropolis, or as they call it prettily, *La Bella Dominante*.

VENICE

We went down the Brenta in a barge that brought us in eight hours to Venice, the first appearance of which revived all the ideas inspired by Canaletti, whose views of this town are most scrupulously exact; those especially which one sees at the Queen of England's house in St. James's Park; to such a degree indeed, that we knew all the famous towers, steeples, &c. before we reached them. It was wonderfully entertaining to find thus realized all the pleasures that excellent painter had given us so many times reason to expect; and I do believe that Venice, like other Italian beauties, will be observed to possess features so striking, so prominent, and so discriminated, that her portrait, like theirs, will not be found difficult to take, nor the impression she has once made easy to erase. British charms captivate less powerfully, less certainly, less suddenly: but being of a softer sort, increase upon acquaintance; and after the connexion has continued for some years, will be relinquished with pain, perhaps even in exchange for warmer colouring and stronger expression.

St. Mark's Place, after all I had read and all I had heard of it, exceeded expectation: such a cluster of excellence, such a constellation of artificial beauties, my mind had never ventured to excite the idea of within herself; though assisted with all the powers of doing so which painters can bestow, and with all the advantages derived from verbal and written description. It was half an hour before I could think of looking for the bronze horses, of which one has heard so much; and from which when one has once begun to look, there is no possibility of withdrawing one's attention. The general effect produced by such architecture, such painting, such pillars; illuminated as I saw them last night by the moon at full, rising out of the sea, produced an effect like enchantment; and indeed the more than magical sweetness of Venetian manners, dialect, and address, confirms one's notion, and realizes the scenes laid by

Fénelon in their once tributary island of Cyprus. The pole set up as commemorative of their past dominion over it, grieves one the more, when every hour shews how congenial that place must have been to them, if every thing one reads of it has any foundation in truth.

The Ducal palace is so beautiful, it were worth while almost to cross the Alps to see that, and return home again: and St. Mark's church, whose Mosaic paintings on the outside are surpassed by no work of art, delights one no less on entering with its numberless rarities; the flooring first, which is all paved with precious stones of the second rank, in small squares, not bigger than a playing card, and sometimes less. By the second rank in gems I mean, carnelion, agate, jasper, serpentine, and verd antique; on which you place your feet without remorse, but not without a very odd sensation, when you find the ground undulated beneath them, to represent the waves of the sea, and perpetuate marine ideas, which prevail in every thing at Venice. We were not shewn the treasury, and it was impossible to get a sight of the manuscript in St. Mark's own hand-writing, carefully preserved here, and justly esteemed even beyond the jewels given as votive offerings to his shrine, which are of immense value.

The pictures in the Doge's house are a magnificent collection; and the Noah's Ark by Bassano would doubtless afford an actual study for natural historians as well as painters, and is considered as a model of perfection from which succeeding artists may learn to draw animal life: scarcely a creature can be recollected which has not its proper place in the picture; but the pensive cat upon the fore-ground took most of my attention, and held it away from the meeting of the Pope and Doge by the other brother Bassano, who here proves that his pencil is not divested of dignity, as the connoisseurs sometimes tell us that he is. But it is not one picture, or two, or twenty, that seizes one's mind here; it is the accumulation of various objects, each worthy to detain it. Wonderful indeed, and sweetly-satisfying to the intellectual appetite, is the variety, the plenty of pleasures which serve to enchain the imagination, and fascinate the traveller's eye, keeping it ever on this *little spot*; for though I have heard some of the inhabitants talk of

its vastness, it is scarcely bigger than our Portman Square, I think, not larger at the very most than Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

It is indeed observable that few people know how to commend a thing so as to make their praises enhance its value. One hears a pretty woman not unfrequently admired for her wit, a woman of talents wondered at for her beauty; while I can think on no reason for such perversion of language, unless it is that a small share of elegance will content those whose delight is to hear declamation; and that the most hackneyed sentiments will seem new, when uttered by a pair of rosy lips, and seconded by the expression of eyes from which every thing may be expected.

To return to St. Mark's Place, whence *we have never strayed*: I must mention those pictures which represent his miracles, and the carrying his body away from Alexandria: events attested so as to bring them credit from many wise men, and which have more authenticity of their truth, than many stories told one up and down here. So great is the devotion of the common people here to their tutelar saint, that when they cry out, as we do *Old England for ever!* they do not say, *Viva Venezia!* but *Viva San Marco!* And I doubt much if that was not once the way with *us*; in one of Shakespear's plays an expiring prince being near to give all up for gone, is animated by his son in these words, "*Courage father, cry St. George!*"

We had an opportunity of seeing *his* day celebrated with a very grand procession the other morning, April 23, when a live boy personated the hero of the show; but sate so still upon his painted courser, that it was long before I perceived him to breathe. The streets were vastly crowded with spectators, that in every place make the principal part of the *spectacle*.

It is odd that a custom which in contemplation seems so unlikely to please, should when put in practice appear highly necessary, and productive of an effect which can be obtained no other way. Were the houses in Parliament Street to hang damask curtains, worked carpets, pieces of various coloured silks, with fringe or lace round them, out of every window when the King of England goes to the House, with numberless well-dressed ladies leaning out to see him pass, it would give

one an idea of the continental towns upon a gala day. But our people would be apt to cry out, *Monmouth Street!* and look ashamed if their neighbours saw the same deckerwork counterpane or crimson curtain produced at Easter, which made a figure at Christmas the December before; so that no end would be put to expence in our country, were such a fancy to take place. The rainy weather beside would spoil all our finery at once; and *here*, though it is still cold enough to be sure, and the women wear sattins, yet still one shivers over a bad fire only because there is no place to walk and warm one's self; for I have not seen a drop of rain. The truth is, this town cannot be a wholesome one, for there is scarcely a possibility of taking exercise; nor have I been once able to circulate my blood by motion since our arrival, except perhaps by climbing the beautiful tower which stands (as every thing else does) in St. Mark's Place. And you may drive a garden-chair up *that*, so easy is the ascent, so broad and luminous the way. From the top is presented to one's sight the most striking of all prospects, water bounded by land—not land by water.—The curious and elegant islets upon which, and into which, the piles of Venice are driven, exhibiting clusters of houses, churches, palaces, every thing—started up in the midst of the sea, so as to excite amazement.

But the horses have not been spoken of, though one pair drew Apollo's car at Delphos. The other, which we call modern, and laugh while we call them so, were made however before the days of Constantine the Great. They are of bright yellow brass, not black bronze, as I expected to find them, and grace the glorious church I am never weary of admiring; where I went one day on purpose to find out the red marble on which Pope Alexander III. sate, and placed his foot upon the neck of the Emperor: the stone has this inscription half legible round it, *Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis* ¹. How does this lovely Piazza di San Marco render a newly-arrived spectator breathless with delight! while not a span of it is unoccupied by actual beauty; though the whole appears uncrowded, as in the works of nature, not of art.

¹ Thou shalt tread on the asp and the basilisk.

It was upon the day appointed for making a new chancellor, however, that one ought to have looked at this lovely city; when every shop, adorned with its own peculiar produce, was disposed to hail the passage of its favourite, in a manner so lively, so luxuriant, and at the same time so tasteful—there's no telling. Milliners crowned the new dignitary's picture with flowers, while columns of gauze, twisted round with ribband, in the most elegant style, supported the figure on each side, and made the prettiest appearance possible. The furrier formed his skins into representations of the animal they had once belonged to; so the lion was seen dandling the kid at one door, while the fox stood courting a badger out of his hole at the other. The poulterers and fruiterers were by many thought the most beautiful shops in town, from the variety of fancies displayed in the disposal of their goods; and I admired at the truly Italian ingenuity of a gunsmith, who had found the art of turning his instruments of terror into objects of delight, by his judicious manner of placing and arranging them. Every shop was illuminated with a large glass chandelier before it, besides the wax candles and coloured lamps interspersed among the ornaments within. The senators have much the appearance of our lawyers going robed to Westminster Hall, but the *gentiluomini*, as they are called, wear red dresses, and remind me of the Doctors of the ecclesiastical courts in Doctors Commons.

It is observable that all long robes denote peaceful occupations, and that the short cut coat is the emblem of a military profession, once the disgrace of humanity, now unfortunately become its false and cruel pride.

When the enemies of King David meant to declare war against him, they cut the skirts of his ambassadors' clothes off, to shew him he must prepare for battle; and the Orientals still consider short dresses as a disgraceful preparation for hostile proceedings; nor could any thing have reconciled Europe to the custom, except our horror of Turkish manners, and desire of being distinguished from the Saracens at the time of the Holy War.

I have said nothing yet about the gondolas, which every body knows are black, and give an air of melancholy at first

sight, yet are nothing less than sorrowful; it is like painting the lively Mrs. Cholmondeley in the character of Milton's

Pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure—

As I once saw her drawn by a famous hand, to shew a Venetian lady in her gondola and zendaletto, which is black like the gondola, but wholly calculated like that for the purposes of refined gallantry. So is the nightly rendezvous, the coffee-house, and casino; for whilst Palladio's palaces serve to adorn the grand canal, and strike those who enter Venice with surprise at its magnificence; those snug retreats are intended for the relaxation of those who inhabit the more splendid apartments, and are fatigued with exertions of dignity, and necessity of no small expence. They breathe the true spirit of our luxurious Lady Mary, who probably learned it here, or of the still more dissolute Turks, our present neighbours; who would have thought not unworthy a Testa Veneziana, her famous stanza, beginning,

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last.

Surely she had then present to her warm imagination a favourite Casino in the Piazza St. Marco. That her learned and highly-accomplished son imbibed her taste and talents for sensual delights, has been long known in England; it is not so perhaps that there is a showy monument erected to his memory at Padua, setting forth his variety and compass of knowledge in a long Latin inscription. The good old monk who shewed it me seemed generously and reasonably shocked, that such a man should at last expire with somewhat more firm persuasions of the truth of the Mahometan religion than any other; but that he doubted greatly of all, and had not for many years professed himself a Christian of any sect or denomination whatever.

So have I seen some youth set out,
Half Protestant, half Papist;
And wand'ring long the world about,
Some new religion to find out,
Turn Infidel or Atheist.

We have been told much of the suspicious temper of Venetian laws; and have heard often that every discourse is suffered, except such as tends to political conversation, in this city; and that whatever nobleman, native of Venice, is seen speaking familiarly with a foreign minister, runs a risque of punishments too terrible to be thought on.

How far that manner of proceeding may be wise or just, I know not; certain it is that they have preserved their laws inviolate, their city unattempted, and their republic respectable, through all the concussions that have shaken the rest of Europe. Surrounded by envious powers, it becomes them to be vigilant; conscious of the value of their unconquered state, it is no wonder that they love her; and surely the true *Amor Patriæ* never glowed more warmly in old Roman bosoms than in theirs, who draw, as many families here do, their pedigree from the consuls of the Commonwealth. Love without jealousy is seldom to be met with, especially in these warm climates—let us then permit them to be jealous of a constitution which all the other states of Italy look on with envy not unmixed with malice, and propagate strange stories to its disadvantage.

That suspicion should be concealed under the mask of gaiety is neither very new nor very strange: the reign of our Charles the Second was equally famous for plots, perjuries, and cruel chastisements, as for wanton levity and indecent frolics: but here at Venice there are no unpermitted frolics; her rulers love to see her gay and cheerful; they are the fathers of their country, and if they *indulge*, take care not to *spoil* her.

With regard to common chat, I have heard many a liberal and eloquent disquisition upon the state of Europe in general, and of Venice in particular, from several agreeable friends at their own Casino, who did not appear to have more fears upon them than myself, and I know not why they should. Chevalier Emo is deservedly a favourite with them, and we used to talk whole evenings of him and of General Elliott; the bombarding of Tunis, and defence of Gibraltar. The news-papers spoke of some fireworks exhibited in England in honour of their hero; they were "*vrayment feux de joye*," said an agreeable Venetian, they were not *feux d'artifice*.

The deep secrecy of their councils, however, and unrelenting steadiness of their resolutions, cannot be better explained than by telling a little story, which will illustrate the private virtue as well as the public authority of these extraordinary people; for though the tale is now in abler hands (intending, as I am told, to form a tragedy upon its basis), the summary may serve to adorn my little work; as a landscape painter refuses not to throw the story of Phaeton's petition for Apollo's car into his picture, for the purpose of illuminating the background, though Ovid has written the story and Titian has painted it.

Some years ago then, perhaps a hundred, one of the many spies who ply this town by night, ran to the state inquisitor, with information that such a nobleman (naming him) had connections with the French ambassador, and went privately to his house every night at a certain hour. The *messergrando*, as they call him, could not believe, nor would proceed, without better and stronger proof, against a man for whom he had an intimate personal friendship, and on whose virtue he counted with very particular reliance. Another spy was therefore set, and brought back the same intelligence, adding the description of his disguise: on which the worthy magistrate put on his mask and bauta, and went out himself; when his eyes confirming the report of his informants, and the reflection on his duty stifling all remorse, he sent publicly for *Foscarini* in the morning, whom the populace attended all weeping to his door.

Nothing but resolute denial of the crime alleged could however be forced from the firm-minded citizen, who, sensible of the discovery, prepared for that punishment he knew to be inevitable, and submitted to the fate his friend was obliged to inflict: no less than a dungeon for life, that dungeon so horrible that I have heard Mr. Howard was not permitted to see it.

The people lamented, but their lamentations were vain. The magistrate who condemned him never recovered the shock: but Foscarini was heard of no more, till an old lady died forty years after in Paris, whose last confession declared she was visited with amorous intentions by a nobleman of Venice

whose name she never knew, while she resided there as companion to the ambassadress. So was Foscarini lost! so died he a martyr to love, and tenderness for female reputation! Is it not therefore a story fit to be celebrated by that lady's pen, who has chosen it as the basis of her future tragedy?—But I will anticipate no further.

Well! this is the first place I have seen which has been capable in any degree of obliterating the idea of Genoa la superba, which has till now pursued me, nor could the gloomy dignity of the cathedral at Milan, or the striking view of the arena at Verona, nor the Sala di Giustizia at lettered Padua, banish her beautiful image from my mind: nor can I now acknowledge without shame, that I have ceased to regret the mountains, the chesnut groves, and flanting orange trees, which climbed my chamber window *there*, and at *this* time too! when

Young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose.

But whoever sees St. Mark's Place lighted up of an evening, adorned with every excellence of human art, and pregnant with pleasure, expressed by intelligent countenances sparkling with every grace of nature; the sea washing its walls, the moonbeams dancing on its subjugated waves, sport and laughter resounding from the coffee-houses, girls with guitars skipping about the square, masks and merry-makers singing as they pass you, unless a barge with a band of music is heard at some distance upon the water, and calls attention to sounds made sweeter by the element over which they are brought—whoever is led suddenly I say to this scene of seemingly perennial gaiety, will be apt to cry out of Venice, as Eve says to Adam in Milton,

With thee conversing I *forget all time*,
All *seasons*, and their *change*—all please *alike*.

For it is sure there are in this town many astonishing privations of all that are used to make other places delightful: and as poor Omai the savage said, when about to return to Otaheite—*No horse there! no ass! no cow, no golden pippins, no dish of*

tea!—*Ah, missey! I go without every thing—I always so content there though.*

It is really just so one lives at this lovely Venice: one has heard of a horse being exhibited for a show there, and yesterday I watched the poor people paying a penny a piece for the sight of a *stuffed one*, and am more than persuaded of the truth of what I am told here, That numberless inhabitants live and die in this great capital, nor ever find out or think of enquiring how the milk brought from Terra Firma is originally produced. When such fancies cross me I wish to exclaim, Ah, happy England! whence ignorance is banished by the diffusion of literature, and narrowness of notions is ridiculed even in the lowest class of life. Candour must however confess, that while the possessor of a Northern coal-mine riots in that variety of adulation which talents deserve and riches contrive to obtain, those who labour in it are often natives of the dismal region; where many have been known to be born, and work, and die, without having ever seen the sun, or other light than such as a candle can bestow. Let such dark recollections give place to more cheerful imagery.

We have just now been carried to see the so justly-renowned arsenal, and unluckily missed the ship-launch we went thither chiefly to see. It is no great matter though! one comes to Italy to look at buildings, statues, pictures, people! The ships and guns of England have been such as supported her greatness, established her dominion, and extended her commerce in such a manner as to excite the admiration and terror of Europe, whose kingdoms vainly as perfidiously combined with her own colonies against that power which *they* maintained, in spite of the united efforts of half the globe. I shall hardly see finer ships and guns till I go home again, though the keeping all together on one island so—that island walled in too completely with only a single door to come in and out at—is a construction of peculiar happiness and convenience; while dock, armoury, rope-walk, all is contained in this space, exactly two miles round I think.

What pleased me best, besides the *whole*, which is best worth being pleased with, was the small arms: there are so many Turkish instruments of destruction among them quite

new to me, and the picture commemorating the cruel death of their noble gallant leader Bragadin, so inhumanly treated by the Saracens in 1571. With infinite gratitude to his amiable descendant, who shewed me unmerited civility, dining with us often, and inviting us to his house, &c. I leave this repository of the Republic's stores with one observation, That however suspicious the Venetians are said to be, I found it much more easy for Englishmen to look over *their* docks, than for a foreigner to find his way into ours.

Another reflection occurs on examination of this spot; it is, that the renown attached to it in general conversation, is a proof that the world prefers convenience to splendour; for here are no superfluous ornaments, and I am apt to think many go away from it praising beauties by which they have been but little struck, and utilities they have but little understood.

From this show you are commonly carried to the glass manufactory at Murano; once the retreat of piety and freedom, when the Altinati fled the fury of the Huns: a beautiful spot it is, and delightfully as oddly situated; but these are *gems which inlay the bosom of the deep*, as Milton says—and this perhaps, the prettiest among them, is walked over by travellers with that curiosity which is naturally excited, in one person by the veneration of religious antiquity; in another, by the attention justly claimed by human industry and art. Here may be seen a valuable library of books, and here may be seen glasses of all colours, all sorts, and all prices, I believe: but whoever has looked much upon the London work in this way, will not be easily dazzled by the lustre of Venetian crystal; and whoever has seen the Paris mirrors, will not be astonished at any breadth into which glass can be spread.

We will return to Venice, the view of which from the Zueca, a word contracted from Giudecca, as I am told, would invite one never more to stray from it—farther at least than to St. George's church, on another little opposite island, whence the prospect is surely wonderful; and one sits longing for a pencil to repeat what has been so often exquisitely painted by Canaletti, just as foolishly as one snatches up a pen to tell what has been so much better told already by Doctor Moore. It was to this church I was sent, however, for the purpose of seeing a

famous picture painted by Paul Veronese, of the marriage at Cana in Galilee—where our Saviour's first miracle was performed; in which immense work the artist is well known to have commemorated his own likeness, and that of many of his family, which adds value to the piece, when we consider it as a collection of portraits, besides the history it represents. When we arrived, the picture was kept in a refectory belonging to friars (of what order I have forgotten), and no woman could be admitted. My disappointment was so great that I was deprived even of the powers of solicitation by the extreme ill-humour it occasioned; and my few intreaties for admission were completely disregarded by the good old monk, who remained outside with me, while the gentlemen visited the convent without molestation. At my return to Venice I met little comfort, as every body told me it was my own fault, for I might put on men's clothes and see it whenever I pleased, as nobody then would stop, though perhaps all of them would know me.

If such slight gratifications however as seeing a favourite picture, can be purchased no cheaper than by violating truth in one's own person, and encouraging the violation of it in others, it were better surely die without having ever procured to one's self such frivolous enjoyments; and I hope always to reject the temptation of deceiving mistaken piety, or insulting harmless error.

But it is almost time to talk of the Rialto, said to be the finest single arch in Europe, and I suppose it is so; very beautiful too when looked on from the water, but so dirtily kept, and deformed with mean shops, that passing over it, disgust gets the better of every other sensation. The truth is, our dear Venetians are nothing less than cleanly; St. Mark's Place is all covered over in a morning with chicken-coops, which stink one to death; as nobody I believe thinks of changing their baskets: and all about the Ducal palace is made so very offensive by the resort of human creatures for every purpose most unworthy of so charming a place, that all enjoyment of its beauties is rendered difficult to a person of any delicacy; and poisoned so provokingly, that I do never cease to wonder that

so little police and proper regulation are established in a city so particularly lovely, to render her sweet and wholesome. It was at the Rialto that the first stone of this fair town was laid, upon the twenty-fifth of March, as I am told here, with ideal reference to the vernal equinox, the moment when philosophers have supposed that the sun first shone upon our earth, and when Christians believe that the redemption of it was first announced to *her* within whose womb it was conceived.

The name of *Venice* has been variously accounted for; but I believe our ordinary people in England are nearest to the right, who call it *Venus* in their common discourse; as that goddess was, like her best beloved seat of residence, born of the sea's light froth, according to old fables, and partook of her native element, the gay and gentle, not rough and boisterous qualities. It is said too, and I fear with too much truth, that there are in this town some permitted professors of the inveigling arts, who still continue to cry *Veni etiam*, as their ancestors did when flying from the Goths they sought these sands for refuge, and gave their lion wings. Till once well fixed, they kindly called their continental neighbours round to share their liberty, and to accept that happiness they were willing to bestow and to diffuse; and from this call—this *Veni etiam* it is, that the learned men among them derive the word *Venetia*.

I have asked several friends about the truth of what one has been always hearing of in England, that the Venetian gondoliers sing Tasso and Ariosto's verses in the streets at night; sometimes quarrelling with each other concerning the merit of their favourite poets; but what I have been told since I came here, of their attachment to their respective masters, and secrecy when trusted by them in love affairs, seems far more probable; as they are proud to excess when they serve a nobleman of high birth, and will tell you with an air of importance, that the house of Memmo, Monsenigo, or Gratterola, has been served by their ancestors for these eighty or perhaps a hundred years; transmitting family pride thus from generation to generation; even when that pride is but reflected only like the mock rainbow of a summer sky.—But hark! while I am writing this peevish reflection in my room, I hear

some voices under my window answering each other upon the Grand Canal. It is, it *is* the gondolieri sure enough; they are at this moment singing to an odd sort of tune, but in no unmusical manner, the flight of Erminia from Tasso's Jerusalem. Oh, how pretty! how pleasing! This wonderful city realizes the most romantic ideas ever formed of it, and defies imagination to escape her various powers of enslaving it.

Apropos to singing;—we were this evening carried to a well-known conservatory called the Mendicanti; who performed an oratorio in the church with great, and I dare say deserved applause. It was difficult for me to persuade myself that all the performers were women, till, watching carefully, our eyes convinced us, as they were but slightly grated. The sight of girls, however, handling the double bass, and blowing into the bassoon, did not much please *me*; and the deep-toned voice of her who sung the part of Saul, seemed an odd unnatural thing enough. What I found most curious and pretty, was to hear Latin verses, of the old Leonine race broken into eight and six, and sung in rhyme by these women, as if they were airs of Metastasio; all in their dulcified pronunciation too, for the *patois* runs equally through every language when spoken by a Venetian.

Well! these pretty syrens were delighted to seize upon us, and pressed our visit to their parlour with a sweetness that I know not who would have resisted. We had no such intent; and amply did their performance repay my curiosity, for visiting Venetian beauties, so justly celebrated for their seducing manners and soft address. They accompanied their voices with the forte-piano, and sung a thousand buffo songs, with all that gay voluptuousness for which their country is renowned.

The school, however, is running to ruin apace; and perhaps the conduct of the married women here may contribute to make such *conservatorios* useless and neglected.

When the Duchess of Montespau asked the famous Louison D'Arquien, by way of insult, as she pressed too near her, "*Comment alloit le métier² ?*" "*Depuis que les dames s'en mêlent,*" (replied the courtesan with no improper spirit,) "*il*

² How goes the profession?

*ne vaut plus rien*³." It may be these syrens have suffered in the same cause; I thought the ardency of their manners an additional proof of their hunger for fresh prey.

Will Naples, the original seat of Ulysses's seducers, shew us any thing stronger than this? I hardly expect or wish it. The state of music in Italy, if one may believe those who ought to know it best, is not what it was. The *manner of singing* is much changed, I am told; and some affectations have been suffered to encroach upon their natural graces. Among the persons who exhibited their talents at the Countess of Rosenberg's last week, our country-woman's performance was most applauded; but when I name Lady Clarges, no one will wonder.

It is said that painting is now but little cultivated among them; Rome will however be the place for such enquiries. Angelica Kauffman being settled there, seems a proof of their taste for living merit; and if one thing more than another evinces Italian candour and true good-nature, it is perhaps their generous willingness to be ever happy in acknowledging foreign excellence, and their delight in bringing forward the eminent qualities of every other nation; never insolently vaunting or bragging of their own. Unlike to this is the national spirit and confined ideas of perfection inherent in a Gallic mind, whose sole politeness is an *appliqué* stuck upon the coat, but never *embroidered into it*.

The observation made here last night by a Parisian lady, gave me a proof of this I little wanted. We met at the Casino of the Senator Angelo Quirini, where a sort of literary coterie assemble every evening, and form a society so instructive and amusing, so sure to be filled with the first company in Venice, and so hospitably open to all travellers of character, that nothing can *now* be to me a higher intellectual gratification than my admittance among them; as *in future* no place will ever be recollected with more pleasure, no hours with more gratitude, than those passed most delightfully by me in that most agreeable apartment.

I expressed to the French lady my admiration of St. Mark's

³ Why since the *quality* has taken to it ma'am, it brings *us* in very little indeed.

Place. "*C'est que vous n'avez jamais vu la foire St. Ovide,*" said she; "*je vous assure que cela surpasse beaucoup ces tristes palais qu'on vante tant*⁴." And *this* could only have been arrogance, for she was a very sensible and a very accomplished woman; and when talked to about the literary merits of her own countrymen, spoke with great acuteness and judgment.

General knowledge, however, it must be confessed (meaning that general stock that every one recurs to for the common intercourse of conversation), will be found more frequently in France, than even in England; where, though all cultivate the arts of table eloquence and assembly-room rhetoric, few, from mere shyness, venture to gather in the profits of their plentiful harvest; but rather cloud their countenances with mock importance, while their hearts feel no hope beat higher in them, than the humble one of escaping without being ridiculed; or than in Italy, where nobody dreams of cultivating conversation at all—as *an art*; or studies for any other than the natural reason, of informing or diverting themselves, without the most distant idea of gaining admiration, or shining in company, by the quantity of science they have accumulated in solitude. *Here* no man lies awake in the night for vexation that he missed recollecting the last line of a Latin epigram till the moment of application was lost; nor any lady changes colour with trepidation at the severity visible in her husband's countenance when the chickens are over-roasted, or the ice-creams melt with the room's excessive heat.

Among the noble Senators of Venice, meantime, many good scholars, many Belles Lettres conversers, and what is more valuable, many thinking men, may be found, and found hourly, who employ their powers wholly in care for the state; and make their pleasure, like true patriots, out of *her felicity*. The ladies indeed appear to study but *one* science;

And where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?

⁴ You admire it, says she, only because you never saw the fair at St. Ovid's in Paris; I assure you there is no comparison between those gay illuminations and these dismal palaces the Venetians are so fond of.

Like all sensualists, however, they fail of the end proposed, from hurry to obtain it; and consume those charms which alone can procure them continuance or change of admirers; they injure their health too irreparably, and *that* in their earliest youth; for few remain unmarried till fifteen, and at thirty have a wan and faded look. *On ne goûte pas ses plaisirs icy, on les avale*⁵, said Madame la Présidente yesterday, very judiciously; yet it is only speaking popularly that one can be supposed to mean, what however no one much refuses to assert, that the Venetian ladies are amorously inclined: the truth is, no check being put upon inclination, each acts according to immediate impulse; and there are more devotees, perhaps, and more doating mothers at Venice than any where else, for the same reason as there are more females who practice gallantry, only because there are more women there who *do their own way*, and follow unrestrained where passion, appetite, or imagination lead them.

To try Venetian dames by English rules, would be worse than all the tyranny complained of when some East Indian was condemned upon the Coventry act for slitting his wife's nose; a common practice in *his* country, and perfectly agreeable to custom and the *usage du pays*. Here is no struggle for female education as with us, no resources in study, no duties of family-management; no bill of fare to be looked over in the morning, no account-book to be settled at noon; no necessity of reading, to supply without disgrace the evening's chat; no laughing at the card-table, or tittering in the corner if a *lapsus linguæ* has produced a mistake, which malice never fails to record. A lady in Italy is *sure* of applause, so she takes little pains to obtain it. A Venetian lady has in particular so sweet a manner naturally, that she really charms without any settled intent to do so, merely from that irresistible good-humour and mellifluous tone of voice which seize the soul, and detain it in despite of Juno-like majesty, or Minerva-like wit. Nor ever was there prince or shepherd, Paris I think was both, who would not have bestowed his apple *here*.

Mean while my countryman Howel laments that the women at Venice are so little. But why so? the diminutive progeny of

⁵ They do not taste their pleasures here, they swallow them whole.

Vulcan, the *Cabirs*, mysteriously adored of old, were of a size below that of the least living woman, if we believe Herodotus; and they were worshipped with more constant as well as more fervent devotion, than the symmetrical goddess of Beauty herself.

A custom which prevails here, of wearing little or no rouge, and increasing the native paleness of their skins, by scarce lightly wiping the very white powder from their faces, is a method no Frenchwoman of quality would like to adopt; yet surely the Venetians are not behind-hand in the art of gaining admirers; and they do not, like their painters, depend upon *colouring* to ensure it.

Nothing can be a greater proof of the little consequence which dress gives to a woman, than the reflection one must make on a Venetian lady's mode of appearance in her *zendalet*, without which nobody stirs out of their house in a morning. It consists of a full black silk petticoat, sloped just to train a very little on the ground, and flounced with gauze of the same colour. A skeleton wire upon the head, such as we use to make up hats, throwing loosely over it a large piece of black mode or persian, so as to shade the face like a curtain, the front being trimmed with a very deep black lace, or *souflet* gauze infinitely becoming. The thin silk that remains to be disposed of, they roll back so as to discover the bosom; fasten it with a puff before at the top of their stomacher, and once more rolling it back from the shape, tie it gracefully behind, and let it hang in two long ends.

The evening ornament is a silk hat, shaped like a man's, and of the same colour, with a white or worked lining at most, and sometimes *one feather*; a great black silk cloak, lined with white, and perhaps a narrow border down before, with a vast heavy round handkerchief of black lace, which lies over neck and shoulders, and conceals shape and all completely. Here is surely little appearance of art, no craping or frizzing the hair, which is flat at the top, and all of one length, hanging in long curls about the back or sides as it happens. No brown powder, and no rouge at all. Thus without variety does a Venetian lady contrive to delight the eye, and without much instruction too to charm the ear. A source of thought fairly cut off beside, in

giving her no room to shew taste in dress, or invent new fancies and disposition of ornaments for to-morrow. The government takes all that trouble off her hands, knows every pin she wears, and where to find her at any moment of the day or night.

Mean time nothing conveys to a British observer a stronger notion of loose living and licentious dissoluteness, than the sight of one's servants, gondoliers, and other attendants, on the scenes and circles of pleasure, where you find them, though never drunk, dead with sleep upon the stairs, or in their boats, or in the open street, for that matter, like overswilled voters at an election in England. One may trample on them if one will, they hardly *can* be awakened; and their companions, who have more life left, set the others literally on their feet, to make them capable of obeying their master or lady's call. With all this appearance of levity, however, there is an unremitted attention to the affairs of state; nor is any senator seen to come late or negligently to council next day, however he may have amused himself all night.

The sight of the Bucentoro prepared for Gala, and the glories of Venice upon Ascension-day, must now put an end to other observations. We had the honour and comfort of seeing all from a galley belonging to a noble Venetian Bragadin, whose civilities to us were singularly kind as well as extremely polite. His attentions did not cease with the morning show, which we shared in common with numbers of fashionable people that filled his ship, and partook of his profuse elegant refreshments; but he followed us after dinner to the house of our English friends, and took six of us together in a gay bark, adorned with his arms, and rowed by eight gondoliers in superb liveries, made up for the occasion to match the boat, which was like them white, blue and silver, a flag of the same colours flying from the stern, till we arrived at the Corso; so they call the place of contention where the rowers exert their skill and ingenuity; and numberless oars dashing the waves at once, make the only agitation of which the sea seems capable; while ladies, now no longer dressed in black, but ornamented with all their jewels, flowers, &c. display their beauties unveiled upon the water; and covering the lagoons with gaiety

and splendour, bring to one's mind the games in Virgil, and the galley of Cleopatra, by turns.

Never was locality so subservient to the purposes of pleasure as in this city; where pleasure has set up her airy standard, and which on this occasion looked like what one reads in poetry of Amphitrite's court; and I ventured to tell a nobleman who was kindly attentive in shewing us every possible politeness, that had Venus risen from the Adriatic sea, she would scarcely have been tempted to quit it for Olympus. I was upon the whole more struck with the evening's gaiety, than with the magnificence in which the morning began to shine. The truth is, we had been long prepared for seeing the Bucentoro; had heard and read every thing I fancy that could have been thought or said upon the subject, from the sullen Englishmen who rank it with a company's barge floating up the Thames upon my Lord Mayor's day, to the old writers who compare it with Theseus's ship; in imitation of which, it is said, this calls itself the very identical vessel wherein Pope Alexander performed the original ceremony in the year 1171; and though, perhaps, not a whole plank of that old galley can be now remaining in this, so often careened, repaired, and adorned since that time, I see nothing ridiculous in declaring that it is the same ship; any more than in saying the oak I planted an acorn thirty years ago, is the same tree I saw spring up then a little twig, which not even a moderate sceptic will deny; though he takes so much pains to persuade plain folks out of their own existence, by laughing us out of the dull notion that he who dies a withered old fellow at fourscore, should ever be considered as the same person whom his mother brought forth a pretty little plump baby eighty years before—when, says he cunningly, you are forced yourself to confess, that his mother, who died four months afterwards, would not know him again now; though while she lived, he was never out of her arms.

Vain wisdom all! and false Philosophy,
Which finds no end, in wandering mazes lost.

And better is it to travel, as Dr. Johnson says Browne did, from one place where he saw little, to another where he saw

no more—than write books to confound common sense, and make men raise up doubts of a Being to whom they must one day give an account.

We will return to the Bucentoro, which, as its name imports, holds two hundred people, and is heavy besides with statues, columns, &c. The top covered with crimson velvet, and the sides enlivened by twenty-one oars on each hand. Musical performers attend in another barge, while foreigners in gilded pajots increase the general show. Mean time, the vessel that contains the doge, &c. carries him slowly out to sea, where in presence of his senators he drops a plain gold ring into the water, with these words, *Desponsamus te mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii* ⁶.

Our weather was favourable, and the people all seemed happy: when the ceremony is put off from day to day, it naturally damps their spirits, and produces superstitious presages of an unlucky year: nor is that strange, for the season of storms ought surely to be past in a climate so celebrated for mildness and equanimity. The praises of Italian weather, though wearisomely frequent among us, seem however much confined to this island for aught I see; who am often tired with hearing their complaints of their own sky, now that they are under it: always too cold or too hot, or a sciroc wind, or a rainy day, or a hard frost, *che gela fin ai pensieri* ⁷; or something to murmur about, while their only great nuisances pass unnoticed, the heaps of dirt, and crowds of beggars, who infest the streets, and poison the pleasures of society. While ladies are eating ice at a coffee-house door, while decent people are hearing mass at the altar, while strangers are surveying the beauties of the place—no peace, no enjoyment can one obtain for the beggars; numerous beyond credibility, saucy and airy, and odd in their manners; and exhibiting such various lamenesses and horrible deformities in their figure, that I can sometimes hardly believe my eyes—but am willing to be told, what is not very improbable, that many of them come from a great distance to pass the season of Ascension here at Venice. I never indeed saw any thing so gently endured, which it

⁶ We espouse thee, O sea! in sign of true and perpetual dominion.

⁷ Which freezes even one's fancy.

appeared so little difficult to remedy; but though I hope it would be hard to find a place where more alms are asked, or less are given, than in Venice; yet I never saw refusals so pleasingly softened, as by the manners of the high Italians towards the low. Ladies in particular are so soft-mouthed, so tender in replying to those who have their lot cast far below them, that one feels one's own harsher disposition corrected by their sweetness; and when they called my maid *sister*, in good time—pressing her hand with affectionate kindness, it melted me; though I feared from time to time there must be hypocrisy at bottom of such sugared words, till I caught a lady of condition yesterday turning to the window, and praying fervently for the girl's conversion to Christianity, all from a tender and pious emotion of her gentle heart: as notwithstanding their caresses, no man is more firmly persuaded of a mathematical truth than they are of mine, and my maid's living in a state of certain and eternal reprobation—*ma fanno veramente vergogna a noi altri*⁸, say they, quite in the spirit of the old Romans, who thought all nations *barbarous* except their own.

A woman of quality, near whom I sate at the fine ball Bragadin made two nights ago in honour of this gay season, enquired how I had passed the morning. I named several churches I had looked into, particularly that which they esteem beyond the rest as a favourite work of Palladio, and called the Redentore. "You do very right," says she, "to look at our churches, as you have none in England, I know—but then you have so many other fine things—such charming *steel buttons* for example;" pressing my hand to shew that she meant no offence; for, added she, *chi pensa d'una maniera, chi pensa d'un' altra*⁹.

Here are many theatres, the worst infinitely superior to ours; the best, as far below those of Milan and Turin: but then here are other diversions, and every one's dependance for pleasure is not placed upon the opera. They have now thrown up a sort of temporary wall of painted canvass, in an oval form, within St. Mark's Place, profusely illuminated round the

⁸ But they really shame *even us*.

⁹ One person is of one mind you know, another of another.

new-formed walk, which is covered in at top, and adorned with shops round the right hand side, with pillars to support the canopy; the lamps, &c. on the left hand. This open Ranelagh, so suited to the climate, is exceedingly pleasing:—here is room to sit, to chat, to saunter up and down, from two o'clock in the morning, when the opera ends, till a hot sun sends us all home to rest—for late hours must be complied with at Venice, or you can have no diversion at all, as the earliest Casino belonging to your soberest friends has not a candle lighted in it till past midnight.

But I am called from my book to see the public library; not a large one I find, but ornamented with pieces of sculpture, whose eminence has not, I am sure, waited for my description: the Jupiter and Leda particularly, said to be the work of Phidias, whose Ganymede in the same collection they tell us is equally excellent. Having heard that Guarini's manuscript of the *Pastor Fido*, written in his own hand, was safely kept at this place, I asked for it, and was entertained to see his numberless corrections and variations from the original thought, like those of Pope's *Homer* preserved in the British Museum; some of which I copied over for Doctor Johnson to print, at the time he published his *Lives of the English Poets*. My curiosity led me to look in the *Pastor Fido* for the famous passage of *Legge humana, inhumana, &c.* and it was observable enough that he had written it three different ways before he pitched on that peculiar expression which caused his book to be prohibited. Seeing the manuscript I took notice, however, of the beautiful penmanship with which it was written: our English hand-writing cotemporary to his was coarse, if I recollect, and very angular;—but *Italian hand* was the first to become elegant, and still retains some privileges amongst us. Once more, every thing small, and every thing great, revived after the dark ages—in Italy.

Looking at the Mint was an hour's time spent with less amusement. The depuration of gold may be performed many ways, and the proofs of its purity given by various methods: I was gratified well enough upon the whole however, in watching the neatness of their process, in weighing the gold, &c. and keeping it more free from alloy than any other coin of any

other state:—a zecchine will bend between your fingers from the malleability of the metal—we may try in vain at a guinea, or louis d'or. The operation of separating silver ore from gold by the powers of aqua fortis, precipitating the first-named metal by suspension of a copper plate in the liquid, and called *quartation*; was I believe wholly unknown to the ancients, who got much earlier at the art of weighing gold in water, testified by the old story of *King Hiero's crown*.

Talking of kings, and crowns, and gold, reminds me of my regret for not seeing the treasure kept in St. Mark's church here, with the motto engraven on the chest which contains it:

Quando questo scrinio s'aprirà,
Tutto il mondo tremerà¹⁰.

Of this it was said in our Charles the First's time, that there was enough in it to pay six kings' ransoms: when Pacheco, the Spanish ambassador, hearing so much of it, asked in derision, If the chest had any *bottom*? and being answered in the affirmative, made reply, That *there* was the difference between his master's treasures and those of the Venetian Republic, for the mines of Mexico and Potosi had *no* bottom.—Strange! if all these precious stones, metals, &c. have been all spent since then, and nothing left except a few relics of no intrinsic value.

It is well enough known, that in the year 1450, one of the natives of the island of Candia, who have never been men of much character, made a sort of mine, or airshaft, or rather perhaps a burrow, like those constructed by rabbits, down which he went and got quite under the church, stealing out gems, money, &c. to a vast amount; but being discovered by the treachery of his companion, was caught and hanged between the two columns that face the sea on the Piazzetta.

It strikes a person who has lived some months in other parts of Italy, to see so very few clergymen at Venice, and none hardly who have much the look or air of a man of fashion. Milan, though such heavy complaints are daily made there of encroachments on church power and depredations on church

¹⁰ When this scrutoire shall open'd be,
The world shall all with wonder flee.

opulence, still swarms with ecclesiastics; and in an assembly of thirty people, there are never fewer than ten or twelve at the very least. But here it should seem as if the political cry of *fuori i preti*¹¹, which is said loudly in the council-chamber before any vote is suffered to pass into a law, were carried in the conversation rooms too, for a priest is here less frequent than a clergyman at London; and those one sees about, are almost all ordinary men, decent and humble in their appearance, of a bashful distant carriage, like the parson of the parish in North Wales, or *le curé du village* in the South of France; and seems no way related to an *Abate of Milan or Turin*, still less to *Monsieur l'Abbé at Paris*.

Though this Republic has long maintained a sort of independency from the court of Rome, having shewn themselves weary of the Jesuits two hundred years before any other potentate dismissed them; while many of the Venetian populace followed them about, crying *Andate, andate, niente pigliate, e mai ritornate*¹²; and although there is a patriarch here who takes care of church matters, and is attentive to keep his clergy from ever meddling with or even mentioning affairs of state, as in such a case the Republic would not scruple punishing them as laymen; yet has Venice kept, as they call it, St. Peter's boat from sinking more than once, when she saw the Pope's territories endangered, or his sovereignty insulted: nor is there any city more eminent for the decency with which divine service is administered, or for the devout and decorous behaviour of individuals at the time any sacred office is performing. She has ever behaved like a true Christian potentate, keeping her faith firm, and her honour scrupulously clear, in all treaties and conventions with other states—fewer instances being given of Venetian falsehood or treachery towards neighbouring nations, than of any other European power, excepting only Britain, her truly-beloved ally; with whom she never had a difference, and whose cause was so warmly espoused last war by the inhabitants of this friendly state, that numbers of young nobility were willing to run a-volunteering in her defence, but that the laws of Venice forbid

¹¹ Out with the clergy.

¹² Begone, begone; nothing take, nor turn anon.

her nobles ranging from home without leave given from the state. It was therefore not an ill saying, though an old one perhaps, that the government of Venice was rich and consolatory like its treacle, being compounded nicely of all the other forms: a grain of monarchy, a scruple of democracy, a dram of oligarchy, and an ounce of aristocracy; as the *teriac* so much esteemed, is said to be a composition of the four principal drugs—but can never be got genuine except *here*, at the original *Dispensary*.

Indeed the longevity of this incomparable commonwealth is a certain proof of its temperance, exercise, and cheerfulness, the great preservatives in every body, *politic* as well as *natural*. Nor should the love of peace be left out of her eulogium, who has so often reconciled contending princes, that Thuanus gave her, some centuries ago, due praise for her pacific disposition, so necessary to the health of a commercial state, and called her city *civilis prudentiæ officina*.

Another reason may be found for the long-continued prosperity of Venice, in her constant adherence to a precept, the neglect of which must at length shake, or rather loosen the foundations of every state; for it is a maxim here, handed down from generation to generation, that change breeds more mischief from its novelty, than advantage from its utility:—quoting the axiom in Latin, it runs thus: *Ipsa mutatio consuetudinis magis perturbat novitate, quam adjuvat utilitate*. And when Henry the Fourth of France solicited the abrogation of one of the Senate's decrees, her ambassador replied, That *li Decreti di Venezia rassomigliavano poco i Gridi di Parigi*¹³, meaning the declaratory publications of the Grand Monarque,—proclaimed to-day perhaps, repealed to-morrow—"for Sire," added he, "our senate deliberates long before it decrees, but what is once decreed there is seldom or ever recalled."

The patriotism inherent in the breasts of individuals makes another strong cause of this state's exemption from decay: they say themselves, that the soul of old Rome has transmigrated to Venice, and that every galley which goes into action considers itself as charged with the fate of the common-

¹³ The *decrees* of Venice little resemble the *edicts* of Paris.

wealth. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, seems a sentence grown obsolete in other Italian states, but is still in full force here; and I doubt not but the high-born and high-souled ladies of this day, would willingly, as did their generous ancestors in 1600, part with their rings, bracelets, every ornament, to make ropes for those ships which defend their dearer country.

The perpetual state of warfare maintained by this nation against the Turks, has never lessened nor cooled: yet have their Mahometan neighbours and natural enemies no perfidy to charge them with in the time of peace or of hostility: nor can Venice be charged with the mean vice of sheltering a desire of depredation, under the hypocritical cant of protecting that religion which teaches universal benevolence and charity to all mankind. Their vicinity to Turkey has, however, made them contract some similarity of manners; for what, except being imbued with Turkish notions, can account for the people's rage here, young and old, rich and poor, to pour down such quantities of coffee? I have already had seven cups to-day, and feel frightened lest we should some of us be killed with so strange an abuse of it. On the opposite shore, across the Adriatic, opium is taken to counteract its effects; but these dear Venetians have no notion of sleep being necessary to their existence I believe, as some or other of them seem constantly in motion; and there is really no hour of the four and twenty in which the town seems perfectly still and quiet; no moment in which it can be said, that

Night! sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty here stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.

Accordingly I never did meet with any description of Night in the Venetian poets, so common with other authors; and I am persuaded if one were to live here (which could not be *long* I think) he should forget the use of sleep; for what with the market folks bringing up the boats from Terra Firma loaded with every produce of nature, neatly arranged in these flat-bottomed conveyances, the coming up of which begins about three o'clock in a morning and ends about six;—the Gondoliers rowing home their masters and ladies about that

hour, and so on till eight;—the common business of the town, which it is then time to begin;—the state affairs and *pregai*, which often like our House of Commons sit late, and detain many gentlemen from the circles of morning amusements;—that I find very entertaining;—particularly the street orators and mountebanks in Piazza St. Marco;—the shops and stalls where chickens, ducks, &c. are sold by auction, comically enough, to the highest bidder;—a flourishing fellow, with a hammer in his hand, shining away in character of auctioneer;—the crowds which fill the courts of judicature, when any cause of consequence is to be tried;—the clamorous voices, keen observations, poignant sarcasms, and acute contentions carried on by the advocates, who seem more awake, or in their own phrase *svelti*, than all the rest:—all these things take up so much time, that twenty-four hours do not suffice for the business and diversions of Venice; where dinner must be eaten as in other places, though I can scarcely find a minute to spare for it, while such fish wait one's knife and fork as I most certainly did never see before, and as I suppose are not to be seen in any sea but this, in such perfection. Fresh sturgeon, *ton* as they call it, and fresh anchovies, large as herrings, and dressed like sprats in London, incomparable; turbot, like those of Torbay exactly, and plentiful as there, with enormous pipers, are what one principally eats here. The fried liver, without which an Italian can hardly go on from day to day, is so charmingly dressed at Milan, that I grew to like it as well as they; but at Venice it is sad stuff, and they call it *fegao*.

Well! the ladies, who never hardly dine at all, rise about seven in the evening, when the gentlemen are just got ready to attend them; and sit sipping their chocolate on a chair at the coffee-house door with great tranquillity, chatting over the common topics of the times: nor do they appear half so shy of each other as the Milanese ladies, who seldom seem to have any pleasure in the soft converse of a female friend. But though certainly no women can be more charming than these Venetian dames, they have forgotten the old mythological fable, *that the youngest of the Graces was married to Sleep*. By which it was intended we should consider that state as neces-

sary to the reparation not only of beauty but of youth, and every power of pleasing.

There are men here however who, because they are not quite in the gay world, keep themselves awake whole nights at study; and much has been told me, of a collection of books belonging to a private scholar, Pinelli, who goes very little out, as worthy attentive examination.

All literary topics are pleasingly discussed at Quirini's Casino, where everything may be learned by the conversation of the company, as Doctor Johnson said of his literary Club; but more agreeably, because women are always half the number of persons admitted here.

One evening our society was amused by the entrance of a foreign nobleman, exactly what we should in London emphatically call a *Character*,—learned, loud, and overbearing; though of a carriage that impressed great esteem. I have not often listened to so well-furnished a talker; nor one more capable of giving great information. He had seen the Pyramids of Egypt, he told us; had climbed Mount Horeb, and visited Damascus; but possessed the art of detaining our attention more on himself, than on the things or places he harangued about; for conversation that can scarcely be called, where one man holds the company suspended on his account of matters pompously though instructively related. He staid here a very little while among us; is a native of France, a grandee of Spain, a man of uncommon talents, and a traveller. I should be sorry never to meet him more.

The Abate Arteaga, a Spanish ecclesiastic of the same agreeable coterie, seemed of a very different and far more pleasing character;—full of general knowledge, eminent in particular scholarship, elegant in his sentiments, and sound in his learning. I liked his company exceedingly, and respected his opinions.

Zingarelli, the great musical composer, was another occasional member of this charming society: his wit and repartie are famous, and his bons mots are repeated wherever one runs to. I cannot translate any of them, but will write one down, which will make such of my readers laugh as understand

Italian.—The Emperor was at Milan, and asked Zingarelli his opinion of a favourite singer? “*Io penso Maestà che non è cattivo suddito dei principi,*” replies the master, “*quantunque sarà gran nemico di Giove.*” “How so?” enquired the King.—“*Maestà,*” answered our lively Neapolitan, “*ella sa naturalmente che Giove tuona, ma questo stuona.*” This we see at once was *humour* not *wit*; and sallies of humour are scarcely ever capable of translation.

An odd thing to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of *dumb creatures*, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals which can live at Venice, where, as I observed, scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, I trust, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing: for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If however he or any one else strike a note false, or make any kind of discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and if teized too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner, as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I chuse to call and confirm my own belief. A friend present protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he

never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instructions. With regard to other actions of life, I saw nothing particular in the pigeon, but his tameness, and strong attachment to his master: for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house or quit his master's service, any more than the dove of Anacreon:

While his better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drops asleep upon his lyre.

All the difficulty will be indeed for us *other* two-legged creatures to leave the sweet societies of charming Venice; but they begin to grow fatiguing now, as the weather increases in warmth.

I do think the Turkish sailor gave an admirable account of a carnival, when he told his Mahometan friends at his return, That those poor Christians were all disordered in their senses, and nearly in a state of actual madness, while he remained among them, till one day, on a sudden, they luckily found out a certain grey powder that cured such symptoms; and laying it on their heads one Wednesday morning, the wits of all the inhabitants were happily restored at a *stroke*: the people grew sober, quiet, and composed; and went about their business just like other folks. He meant the ashes strewed on the heads of all one meets in the streets through many a Catholic country; when all masquerading, money-making, &c. subside for forty days, and give, from the force of the contrast, a greater appearance of devotion and decorous behaviour in Venice, than almost any where else during Lent.

I do not for my own part think well of all that violence, that strong light and shadow in matters of religion; which requires rather an even tenour of good works, proceeding from sound faith, than any of these staring testimonials of repentance, as if it were a work to be done *once a year only*. But neither do I think any Christian has a right to condemn another for his opinions or practice; when St. Paul expressly says, that "*One*

man esteemeth one day above another, another man esteemeth every day alike; let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. But who art thou, that judgest another man's servant ¹⁴?"

The Venetians, to confess the truth, are not quite so strenuously bent on the unattainable felicity of finding every man in the same mind, as others of the Italians are; and one great reason why they are more gay and less malignant, have fewer strong prejudices than others of their countrymen, is merely because they are happier. Most of the second rank, and I believe *all* of the first rank among them, have some share in governing the rest; it is therefore necessary to exclude ignorance, and natural to encourage social pleasures. Each individual feels his own importance, and scorns to contribute to the degradation of the whole, by indulging a gross depravity of manners, or at least of principles. Every person lifted one degree from the lowest, finds it his interest as well as duty to love his country, and lend his little support to the general fabric of a state they all know how to respect; while the very vulgar willingly perform the condition exacted, and punctually pay obedience for protection. They have an unlimited confidence in their rulers, who live amongst them; and can desire only their utmost good. *How* they are governed, comes seldom into their heads to enquire; "*Che ne pensa lù* ¹⁵," says a low Venetian, if you ask him, and humourously points at a Clarissimo passing by while you talk. They have indeed all the reason to be certain, that where the power is divided among such numbers, one will be sure to counteract another if mischief towards the whole be intended.

Of all aristocracies surely this is the most rationally and happily, as well as most respectably founded; for though one's heart revolts against the names of Baron and Vassal, while the petty tyrants live scattered far from each other, as in Poland, Russia, and many parts of Germany, like lions in the desert, or eagles in the rock, secure in their distance from equals or superiors; yet *here* at Venice, where every nobleman is a baron, and all together inhabit one city, no subject can suffer

¹⁴ Romans, chap. xiv.

¹⁵ Let *him* look to that.

from the tyranny of the rest, though all may benefit from the general protection: as each is separately in awe of his neighbour, and desires to secure his client's tenderness by indulgence, instead of wishing to disgust him by oppression: unlike the state so powerfully delineated by our incomparable poet in his *Paulina*,

Where dwelt in haughty wretchedness a lord,
Whose rage was justice, and whose law his word:
Who saw unmov'd the vassal perish near,
The widow's anguish, and the orphan's tear;
Insensible to pity—stern he stood,
Like some rude rock amid the Caspian flood,
Where shipwreck'd sailors unassisted lie,
And as they curse its barren bosom, die.

And it is, I trust, for no deeper reason that the subjects of this republic resident in the capital, are less savage and more happy than those who live upon the *Terra Firma*; where many outrages are still committed, disgraceful to the state, from the mere facility offenders find, either in escaping to the dominion of other princes, or finding shelter at home from the madly-bestowed protection these old barons on the Continent cease not yet to give, to ruffians who profess their service, and acknowledge dependence upon *them*. In the *town*, however, little is known of these enormities, and less is talked on; and what information has come to my ears of the murders done at *Brescia* and *Bergamo*, was given me at *Milan*; where *Blainville's* accounts of that country, though written so long ago, did not fail to receive confirmation from the lips of those who knew perfectly well what they were talking about. And I am told that *Labbia*, *Giovanni Labbia*, the new *Podestà* sent to *Brescia*, has worked wonderful reformation among the inhabitants of that territory; where I am ashamed to relate the computation of subjects lost to the state, by being killed in cold blood during the years 1780 and 1781.

The following sonnet, addressed to the new Magistrate, by the elegant and learned *Abbé Bettolini*, will entertain such of my readers as understand Italian:

No, Brenno, il popol tuo non è spietato,
Colpa non è di clima, o suol nemico:

Ma gli inulti delitti, e'l vizzo antico
D'impune andar col ferro e fuoco a lato,

Tra noi finor nudriro un branco irato
D'Orsi e di Lupi; il malaccorto amico
Ti svenava un fellow sgherro mendico,
E per cauto timor n'era onorato.

Al primiero spuntar d'un fausto lume
Tutto cangiò: curvansi in falci i teli,
Mille Pluto perdè vittime usate.

Viva l'Eroe, il comun padre, il nume
Gridan le gentè a sì bei dì serbate.
E fia ché ardisca dir che siam crudelé.

Imitation.

No Brennus, no longer thy sons shall retain
Of their founder ferocious, th' original stain;
It cannot be natural cruelty sure,
The reproaches for which from all men we endure;
Nor climate nor soil shall henceforth bear the blame,
'Tis custom alone, and that custom our shame:
While arm'd at all points men were suffer'd to rove,
And brandish the steel in defence of their love;
What wonder that conduct or caution should fail,
And horrid Lycanthropy's terrors prevail?
Now justice resumes her insignia, we find
New light breaking in on each nebulous mind;
While commission'd from Heaven, a parent, a friend
Sees our swords at his nod into reaping-hooks bend,
And souls snatch'd from death round the hero attend.

From these verses, written by a native of Brescia, one may see how matters stood there very, *very* little while ago: but here at Venice the people are of a particularly sweet and gentle disposition, good-humoured with each other, and kind to strangers; little disposed to public affrays (which would indeed be punished and put a sudden end to in an instant), nor yet to any secret or hidden treachery. They watch the hour of a Regatta with impatience, to make some merit with the woman of their choice, and boast of their families who have

won in the manly contest forty or fifty years ago, perhaps when honoured with the badge and livery of some noble house: for here almost every thing is hereditary, as in England almost every thing is elective; nor had I an idea how much state affairs influence the private life of individuals in a country, till I left trusting to books, and looked a little about me. The low Venetian, however, knows that he works for the commonwealth, and is happy; for things go round, says he, *Il Turco magna St. Marco; St. Marco magna mi, mi magna ti, e ti tu magna un'altro* ¹⁶.

Apropos to this custom of calling Venice (when they speak of it) San Marco; I heard so comical a story yesterday that I cannot refuse the pleasure of inserting it; and if my readers do not find it as pleasant as I did, they may certainly leave it out, without the smallest prejudice either to the book, the author, or themselves.

The procurator Tron was at Padua, it seems, and had a fancy to drive forward to Vicenza that afternoon, but being particularly fond of a favourite pair of horses which drew his chariot that day, would by no means venture if it happened to rain; and took the trouble to enquire of Abate Toaldo, "Whether he thought such a thing likely to happen, from the appearance of the sky?" The professor, not knowing why the question was asked, said, "he rather thought it would *not* rain for four hours at most." In consequence of this information our senator ordered his equipage directly, got into it, and bid the driver make haste to Vicenza: but before he was half-way on his journey, such torrents came down from a black cloud that burst directly over their heads, that his horses were drenched in wet, and their mortified master turned immediately back to Padua, that they might suffer no further inconvenience. To pass away the evening, which he did not mean to have spent there, and to quiet his agitated spirits by thinking on something else, he walked under the Portico to a neighbouring coffee-house, where sate the Abate Toaldo in company of a few friends; wholly unconscious that he had been the cause of vexing the Procuratore; who, after a short

¹⁶ The Turk feeds on St. Mark, St. Mark devours me; I eat thee, neighbour, and thou subsistest on somebody else.

pause, cried out, in a true Venetian spirit of anger and humour oddly blended together, "*Mi dica Signor Professore Toaldo, chi è il più gran minchion di tutti i santi in Paradiso?*" Pray tell me Doctor (we should say), who is the greatest blockhead among all the saints of Heaven? The Abbé looked astonished, but hearing the question repeated in a more peevish accent still, replied gravely, "*Eccellenza non son fatto io per rispondere a tale dimande*—My lord, I have no answer ready for such extraordinary questions. Why then, replies the Procuratore Tron, I will answer this question myself.—*San Marco ved'ella—è'l vero minchion: mentre mantiene tanti professori per studiare (che so io mi) delle stelle; roba astronomica che non vale un fico; e loro non sanno dirli nemmeno s'ha da piovere o no.*"—"Why it is St. Mark, do you see, that is the true blockhead and dupe, in keeping so many professors to study the stars and stuff; when with all their astronomy they cannot tell him whether it will rain or no."

Well, *pax tibi, Marcel!* I see that I have said more about Venice, where I have lived five weeks, than about Milan, where I stayed five months; but

Si placeat varios hominum cognoscere vultus,
 Area longa patet, Sancto contermina Marco,
 Celsus ubi Adriacas, Venetus Leo despicit undas,
 Hic circum gentes cunctis e partibus orbis,
 Æthiopes, Turcos, Slavos, Arabésque, Syrósque,
 Inveniésque Cypri, Cretæ, Macedumque colonos,
 Innumerósque alios varia regione profectos:
 Sæpe etiam nec visa prius, nec cognita cernes,
 Quæ si cuncta velim tenui describere versu,
 Heic omnes citiùs nautas celeresque Phaselos,
 Et simul Adriaci pisces numerabo profundi.

Imitated loosely.

If change of faces please your roving sight,
 Or various characters your mind delight,
 To gay St. Mark's with eagerness repair;
 For curiosity may pasture there.
 Venetia's lion bending o'er the waves,
 There sees reflected—tyrants, freemen, slaves.
 The swarthy Moor, the soft Circassian dame,

The British sailor not unknown to fame;
 Innumerable nations crowd the lofty door,
 Innumerable footsteps print the sandy shore;
 While verse might easier name the scaly tribe, }
 That in her seas their nourishment imbibe,
 Than Venice and her various charms describe. }

It is really pity ever to quit the sweet seducements of a place so pleasing; which attracts the inclination and flatters the vanity of one, who, like myself, has received the most polite attentions, and been diverted with every amusement that could be devised. Kind, friendly, lovely Venetians! who appear to feel real fondness for the inhabitants of Great Britain, while Cavalier Pindemonte writes such verses in its praise. Yet *must* the journey go forward, no staying to pick every flower upon the road.

On Saturday next then am I to forsake—but I hope not for ever—this gay, this gallant city, so often described, so certainly admired; seen with rapture, quitted with regret: seat of enchantment! head-quarters of pleasure, farewell!

Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free.

It was on the twenty-first of May then that we returned up the Brenta in a barge to *Padua*, stopping from time to time to give refreshment to our conductors and their horse, which draws on the side, as one sees them at Richmond; where the banks are scarcely more beautifully adorned by art, than here by nature; though the Brenta is a much narrower river than the Thames at Richmond, and its villas, so justly celebrated, far less frequent. The sublimity of their architecture however, the magnificence of their orangeries, the happy construction of the cool arcades, and general air of festivity which breathes upon the banks of this truly *wizard stream*, planted with *dancing*, not *weeping* willows, to which on a bright evening the lads and lasses run for shelter from the sun beams,

Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri ¹⁷;

¹⁷ While tripping to the wood my wanton hies,
 She wishes to be seen before she flies.

are I suppose peculiar to itself, and best described by Monsieur de Voltaire, whose Pococurante the Venetian senator in *Candide* that possesses all delights in his villa upon the banks of the Brenta, is a very lively portrait, and would be natural too; but that Voltaire, as a Frenchman, could not forbear making his character speak in a very unItalian manner, boasting of his felicity in a style they never use, for they are really no puffers, no vaunters of that which they possess; make no disgraceful comparisons between their own rarities and the want of them in other countries, nor offend you as the French do, with false pity and hateful consolations.

If any thing in England seem to excite their wonder and ill-placed compassion, it is our coal fires, which they persist in thinking strangely unwholesome—and a melancholy proof that we are grievously devoid of wood, before we can prevail upon ourselves to dig the bowels of old earth for fewel, at the hazard of our precious health, if not of its certain loss; nor could I convince the wisest man I tried at, that wood burned to chark is a real poison, while it would be difficult by any process of chemistry to force much evil out of coal. They are steadily of opinion, that consumptions are occasioned by these fires, and that all the subjects of Great Britain are consumptively disposed, merely because those who are so, go into Italy for change of air: though I never heard that the wood smoke helped their breath, or a brazierfull of ashes under the table their appetite. Mean time, whoever seeks to convince instead of persuade an Italian, will find he has been employed in a Sisyphean labour; the stone may roll to the top, but is sure to return, and rest at his feet who had courage to try the experiment. Logic is a science they love not, and I think steadily refuse to cultivate; nor is argument a style of conversation they naturally affect—as Lady Macbeth says, “*Question enrageth him;*” and the dialogues of Socrates would to them be as disgusting as the violence of Xantippe.

Well, here we are at Padua again! where I will run, and see once more the places I was before so pleased with. The beautiful church of Santa Giustina, the ancient church adorned by Cimabue, Giotto, &c. where you fancy yourself on a sudden transported to Dante’s *Paradiso*, and wish for Barry

the painter, to point your admiration of its sublime and extraordinary merits; but not the shrine of St. Anthony, or the tomb of Antenor, one rich with gold, the other venerable with rust, can keep my attention fixed on *them*, while an Italian *May* offers to every sense, the sweets of nature in elegant perfection. One view of a smiling landschape, lively in verdure, enamelled with flowers, and exhilarating with the sound of music under every tree,

Where many a youth and many a maid
Dances in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play,
On a sun-shine holiday;

drives Palladio and Sansovino from one's head; and leaves nothing very strongly impressed upon one's heart but the recollection of kindness received and esteem reciprocated. Those pleasures have indeed pursued me hither; the amiable Countess Ferris has not forgotten us; her attentions are numerous, tender, and polite. I went to the play with her, where I was unlucky enough to miss the representation of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was acted the night before with great applause, under the name of *Tragedia Veronese*. Monsieur de Voltaire was then premature in his declarations, that Shakespear was unknown, or known only to be censured, except in his native country. Count Kinigl at Milan took occasion to tell me that they acted *Hamlet* and *Lear* when he was last at Vienna; and I know not how it is, but to an English traveller each place presents ideas originally suggested by Shakespear, of whom nature and truth are the perpetual mirrors: other authors remind one of things which one has seen in life—but the scenes of life itself remind one of Shakespear. When I first looked on the Rialto, with what immediate images did it supply me? Oh, the old long-cherished images of the pensive merchant, the generous friend, the gay companion, and their final triumph over the practices of a cruel Jew. Anthonio, Gratiano, met me at every turn; and when I confessed some of these feelings before the professor of natural history here, who had spent some time in London; he observed, that no native of our island could sit three hours, and not speak of Shakespear: he added many kind expressions of partial liking to our nation,

and our poets: and l'Abate Cesarotti good-humouredly confessed his little skill in the English language when he translated their so much-admired Ossian; but he had studied it pretty hard since, he said, and his version of Gray's *Elegy* is charming.

Gray and Young are the favourite writers among us, as far as I have yet heard them talked over upon the continent; the first has secured them by his residence at Florence, and his Latin verses I believe; the second, by his piety and brilliant thoughts. Even Romanists are disposed to think dear Dr. Young very *near* to Christianity—an idea which must either make one laugh or cry, while

Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on *his* exalted soul.

But I must tell what I have been seeing at the theatre, and should tell it much better had not the charms of Countess Ferris's conversation engaged my mind, which would otherwise perhaps have been more seized on than it *was*, by the sight of an old pantomime, or wretched farce (for there was speaking in it, I remember), exploded long since from our very lowest places of diversion, and now exhibited here at Padua before a very polite and a very literary audience; and in a better theatre by far than our newly-adorned opera-house in the Hay-market. Its subject was no other than the birth of Harlequin; but the place and circumstances combined to make me look on it in a light which shewed it to uncommon advantage. The storm, for example, the thunder, darkness, &c. which is so solemnly made to precede an incantation, apparently not meant to be ridiculous, after which, a huge egg is somehow miraculously produced upon the stage, put me in mind of the very old mythologists, who thus desired to represent the chaotic state of things, when Night, Ocean, and Tartarus disputed in perpetual confusion; till *Love* and *Music* separated the elements, and as Dryden says,

Then hot and cold, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.

For *Cupid*, advancing to a slow tune, steadies with his wand the rolling mass upon the stage, that then begins to teem with

its *motley inhabitant*, and just representative of the *created world*, active, wicked, gay, amusing, which gains your heart, but never your esteem: tricking, shifting, and worthless as it is—but after all its *frisks*, all its *escapes*, is condemned at last to burn in *fire*, and *pass entirely away*. Such was, I trust, the idea of the person, whoever he was, that had the honour first to compose this curious exhibition, and model this mythological device into a pantomime! for the *mundane*, or as Proclus calls it, the *orphick* egg, is possibly the earliest of all methods taken to explain the rise, progress, and final conclusion of our earth and atmosphere; and was the original *theory* brought from Egypt into Greece by Orpheus. Nor has that prodigious genius, Dr. Thomas Burnet, scorned to adopt it seriously in his *Telluris Theoria sacra*, written less than a century ago, adapting it with wonderful ingenuity to the Christian system and Mosaical account of things; to which it certainly does accommodate itself the better, as the form of an egg well resembles that of our habitable globe; and the internal divisions, our four elements, leaving the central fire for the yolk. I therefore regarded our pantomime here at Padua with a degree of reverence I should have found difficult to excite in myself at Sadler's Wells; where ideas of antiquity would have been little likely to cross my fancy. Sure I am, however, that the original inventor of this old pantomime had his head very full at the time of some very ancient learning.

Now then I must leave this lovely state of Venice, where if the paupers in every town of it did not crowd about one, tormenting passengers with unextinguishable clamour, and surrounding them with sights of horror unfit to be surveyed by any eyes except those of the surgeon, who should alleviate their anguish, or at least conceal their truly unspeakable distresses—one should break one's heart almost at the thoughts of quitting people who show such tenderness towards their friends, that less than ocular conviction would scarce persuade me to believe such wandering misery could remain disregarded among the most amiable and pleasing people in the world. His excellency Bragadin half promised me that some steps should be taken at Venice at least, to remove a nuisance so disgraceful; and said, that when I came again, I should walk about

the town in white satin slippers, and never see a beggar from one end of it to the other.

On the twenty-sixth of May then, with the senator Quirini's letters to Corilla, with the Countess of Starenberg's letters to some Tuscan friends of her's; and with the light of a full moon, if we should want it, we set out again in quest of new adventures, and mean to sleep this night under the pope's protection:—may God but grant us his!

FERRARA

We have crossed the Po, which I expected to have found more magnificent, considering the respectable state I left it in at Cremona; but scarcely any thing answers that expectation which fancy has long been fermenting in one's mind.

I took a young woman once with me to the coast of Sussex, who, at twenty-seven years old and a native of England had never seen the sea; nor any thing else indeed ten miles out of London:—And well, child! said I, are not you much surprised? —“It is a fine sight, to be sure,” replied she coldly, “but,”—but what? you are not disappointed are you?—“No, not disappointed, but it is not quite what I expected when I saw the ocean.” Tell me then, pray good girl, and tell me quickly, what did you expect to see? “*Why I expected,*” with a hesitating accent, “*I expected to see a great deal of water.*” This answer set me *then* into a fit of laughter, but I have *now* found out that I am not a whit wiser than Peggy: for what did I figure to myself that I should find the Po? only a great deal of water to be sure; and a very great deal of water it certainly is, and much more, God knows, than I ever saw before, except between the shores of Calais and Dover; yet I did feel something like disappointment too; when my imagination wandering over all that the poets had said about it, and finding earth too little to contain their fables, recollected that they had thought Eridanus worthy of a place among the constellations, I wished to see such a river as was worthy all these praises, and even then, says I,

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po.

But are we sure after all it was upon the *banks* these trees, not now existing, were ever to be found? they grew in the Electrides if I remember right, and even there Lucian laughingly said, that he spread his garments in vain to catch the valuable distillation which poetry had taught him to expect; and Strabo (worse news still!) said that there were no Electrides neither; so as we knew before—fiction is false: and had I not discovered it by any other means, I might have recollected a comical contest enough between a literary lady once, and Doctor Johnson, to which I was myself a witness;—when she, maintaining the happiness and purity of a country life and rural manners, with her best eloquence, and she had a great deal; added as corroborative and almost incontestable authority, that the *Poets* said so: “and didst thou not know then,” replied he, “my darling dear, that the *Poets* lye?”

When they tell us, however, that great rivers have horns, which twisted off become cornua copiæ, dispensing pleasure and plenty, they entertain us it must be confessed; and never was allegory more nearly allied with truth, than in the lines of Virgil;

Gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis ¹;

so accurately translated by Doctor Warton, who would not reject the epithet *bull-faced*, because he knew it was given in imitation of the Thessalian river Achelous, that fought for Dejanira; and Servius, who makes him father to the Syrens, says that many streams, in compliment to this original one, were represented with horns, because of their winding course. Whether Monsieur Varillas, or our immortal Addison, mention their being so perpetuated on medals now existing, I know not; but in this land of rarities we shall soon hear or see.

Mean time let us leave looking for these weeping Heliades, and enquire what became of the Swan, that poor Phaeton's friend and cousin turned into, for very grief and fear at seeing

¹ Whence bull-fac'd, so adorn'd with gilded horns,
Than whom no river through such level meads,
Down to the sea in swifter torrents speeds.

him tumble in the water. For my part I believe that not only now he

Eligit contraria flumina flammis,

but that the whole country is grown disagreeably hot to him, and the sight of the sun's chariot so near frightens him still; for he certainly lives more to his taste, and sings sweeter I believe on the banks of the Thames, than in Italy, where we have never yet seen but *one*; and that was kept in a small marble bason of water at the Durazzo palace at Genoa, and seemed miserably out of condition. I enquired why they gave him no companion? and received for answer, "That it would be wholly useless, as they were creatures who never bred *out of their own country*." But any reply serves any common Italian, who is little disposed to investigate matters; and if you tease him with too much ratiocination, is apt to cry out, "*Cosa serve sofisticare così? ci farà andare tutti matti*"². They have indeed so many external amusements in the mere face of the country, that one is better inclined to pardon *them*, than one would be to forgive inhabitants of less happy climates, should they suffer *their* intellectual powers to pine for want of exercise, not food: for here is enough to think upon, God knows, were they disposed so to employ their time; where one may justly affirm that,

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
And in each rill, some sweet instruction flows;
But some untaught o'erhear the murmuring rill,
In 'spite of sacred leisure—blockheads still.

The road from Padua hither is not a good one; but so adorned, one cares not much whether it is good or no: so sweetly are the mulberry-trees planted on each side, with vines richly festooning up and down them, as if for the decoration of a dance at the opera. One really expects the flower-girls with baskets, or garlands, and scarcely can persuade one's self that all is real.

² What signifies all this minuteness of inquiry?—it will drive us mad.

Never sure was any thing more rejoicing to the heart, than this lovely season in this lovely country. The city of Ferrara too is a fine one; Ferrara *la civile*, the Italians call it, but it seems rather to merit the epithet *solemne*; so stately are its buildings, so wide and uniform its streets. My pen was just upon the point of praising its cleanliness too, till I reflected there was nobody to dirty it. I looked half an hour before I could find one beggar, a bad account of poor Ferrara; but it brought to my mind how unreasonably my daughter and myself had laughed seven years ago, at reading in an extract from some of the foreign gazettes, how the famous Improvisatore Talassi, who was in England about the year 1770, and entertained with his justly-admired talents the literati at London; had published an account of his visit to Mr. Thrale, at a villa eight miles from Westminster-bridge, during that time, when he had the good fortune, he said, to meet many celebrated characters at his country-seat; and the mortification which nearly overbalanced it, to miss seeing the immortal Garrick then confined by illness. In all this, however, there was nothing ridiculous; but we fancied his description of Streatham village truly so; when we read that he called it *Luogo assai popolato ed ameno*³, an expression apparently pompous, and inadequate to the subject: but the jest disappeared when I got into *his* town; a place which perhaps may be said to possess every other excellence but that of being *popolato ed ameno*; and I sincerely believe that no Ferraraman could have missed making the same or a like observation; as in this finely-constructed city, the grass literally grows in the street; nor do I hear that the state of the air and water is such as is likely to tempt new inhabitants. How much then, and how reasonably must he have wondered, and how easily must he have been led to express his wonder, at seeing a village no bigger than that of Streatham, contain a number of people equal, as I doubt not but it does, to all the dwellers in Ferrara!

Mr. Talassi is reckoned in his own country a man of great genius; in ours he was, as I recollect, received with much attention, as a person able and willing to give us demonstration that improvise verses might be made, and sung extempo-

³ A populous and delightful place.

rancously to some well-known tune, generally one which admits of and requires very long lines; that so alternate rhymes may not be improper, as they give more time to think forward, and gain a moment for composition. Of this power, many, till they saw it done, did not believe the existence; and many, after they had seen it done, persisted in *saying*, perhaps in *thinking*, that it could be done only in Italian. I cannot however believe that they possess any exclusive privileges or supernatural gifts; though it will be hard to find one who thinks better of them than I do: but Spaniards can sing sequedillas under their mistresses window well enough; and our Welch people can make the harper sit down in the church-yard after service is over, and placing themselves round him, command the instrument to go over some old song-tune: when having listened a while, one of the company forms a stanza of verses, which run to it in well-adapted measure; and as he ends, another begins: continuing the tale, or retorting the satire, according to the style in which the first began it. All this too in a language less perhaps than any other melodious to the ear, though Howell found out a resemblance between their prosody and that of the Italian writers in early days, when they held agnominations, or the inforcement of consonant words and syllables one upon the other, to be elegant in a more eminent degree than they do now. For example, in Welch, *Tewgrîs, todyrris, ty'r derrin, gwillt, &c.* in Italian, *Donne, O danno che felo affronto affronta: in selva salvo a me*, with a thousand more. The whole secret of improvisation, however, seems to consist in this; that extempore verses are never written down, and one may easily conceive that much may go well with a good voice in singing, which no one would read if they were once registered by the pen.

I have already asserted that the Italians are not a laughing nation: were ridicule to step in among them, many innocent pleasures would soon be lost; and this among the first. For who would risque the making impromptu poems at Paris? *pour s'attirer persiflage* in every *Coterie comme il faut*⁴? Or in London, at the hazard of being *taken off, and held up for a*

⁴ To draw upon one's self the ridicule of every polite assembly.

laughing-stock at every print-seller's window? A man must have good courage in England, before he ventures at diverting a little company by such devices: while one would yawn, and one would whisper, a third would walk gravely out of the room, and say to his friend upon the stairs, "Why sure we had better read our old poets at home, than be called together, like fools, to hear what comes uppermost in such-a-one's head, about his *Daphne*! In good time! Why I have been tired of *Daphne* since I was fourteen years old." But the best jest of all would be, to see an ordinary fellow, a strolling player for example, set seriously to make or repeat verses in our streets or squares concerning his sweetheart's *cruelty*; when he would be in more danger from that of the mob and the magistrates; who, if the first did not throw dirt at him, and drive him home quickly, would come themselves, and examine into his sanity, and if they found him not *statutably mad*, commit him for a vagrant.

Different amusements, like different sorts of food, suit different countries; and this is among the efforts of those who have learned to refine their *pleasures* without so refining their *ideas* as to be able no longer to hit on any pleasure subtle enough to escape their own power of ridiculing it.

This city of Ferrara has produced some curious and opposite characters in times past, however empty it may now be thought: one painter too, and one singer, both super-eminent in their professions, have dropped their own names, and are best known to fame by that of *Il* and *La Ferrarese*. Nor can I leave it without some reflections on the extraordinary life of Renée de France, daughter of Louis XII. surnamed the Just, and Anne de Bretagne, his first wife. This lady having married the famous Hercules D'Este, one of the handsomest men in Europe, lived with him here in much apparent felicity as Duchess of Ferrara; but took such an aversion to the church and court of Rome, from the superstitions she saw practiced in Italy, that though she resolved to dissemble her opinions during the life of her husband, whom she wished not to disgust, at the instant of his death she quitted all her dignities; and retiring to France, was protected by her father in the open profession of Calvinism, living a life of privacy and purity

among the Huguenots in the southern provinces. This *Louis le Juste* was he who gave the French what little pretensions they have ever obtained on which to fix the foundations of future liberty: he first established a parliament at Rouen, another at Aix; but while thus gentle to his subjects, he was a scourge to Italy, made his public entry into Genoa as Sovereign, and tore the Milanese from the Sforza family, somewhat before the year 1550.

The well-known Franciscus Ferrariensis, whose name was Silvester, is a character very opposite to that of fair Renée: he wrote the best apology for the Romanists against Luther, and gained applause from both sides for his controversial powers; while the strictness of his life gave weight to his doctrine, and ornamented the sect which he delighted to defend.

By a native of Ferrara too were first collected the books that were earliest placed in the Ambrosian library at Milan, Barnardine Ferrarius, whose deep erudition and simple manners gained him the favour of Frederick Borromeo, who sent him to Spain to pick up literary rarities, which he bestowed with pleasure on the place where he had received his education. His treatise on the rites of sepulture used by the ancients is in good estimation; and Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Urn Burial*, owes him much obligation.

The custom of wearing swords here seems to proceed from some connection they have had with the Spaniards; and Dr. Moore has given us an admirable account of why the Highland broad-sword is still called an *Andrew Ferrara*.

The Venetians, not often or easily intimidated by Papal power, having taken this city in the year 1303, were obliged to restore it, for fear of the consequences of Pope Boniface the Eighth's excommunications; his displeasure having before then produced dreadful effects in the conspiracy of Bajamonti Tiepulo; which was suppressed, and he killed, by a woman, out of a flaming zeal for the honour and tranquillity of her country: and so disinterested too was her spirit of patriotism, that the only reward she required for a service so essential, was that a constant memorial of it might be preserved in the dress of the Doge; who from that moment obliged himself to wear a woman's cap under the state diadem, and so his successors still continue to do.

But Ferrara has other distinctions.—Bonarelli here, at the academy of gl'Intrepidi, read his able defence of that pastoral comedy so much applauded and censured, called *Filli di Sciro*; and here the great Ariosto lived and died.

Nothing leads however to a less gloomy train of thought, than the tomb of a celebrated man; where virtue, wit, or valour triumph over death, and wait the consummation of all sublunary things, before the remembrance of such superiority shall be lost. Italy must be shaken from her deepest foundation, and England made a scene of general ruin, when Shakespear and Ariosto shall be forgotten, and their names confounded among deedless nobility, and worthless wasters of treasure, long ago passed from hand to hand, perhaps from the dwellers in one continent to the inhabitants of another. It has been equally the fate of these two heroes of modern literature, that they have pleased their countrymen more than foreigners; but is that any diminution of their merit? or should it serve as a reason for making disgraceful comparisons between Ariosto and Virgil, whom he scorned to imitate? A dead language is like common ground;—all have a right to pasture, and all a claim to give or to withhold admiration. Virgil is the old original trough at the corner of the road, where every passer-by pays, drinks, and goes on his journey well refreshed. But the clear spring in the meadow sure, though private property, and lately dug, deserves attention: and confers delight not only on the actual master of the ground, but on all his visitants who can climb the style, and lift the silver cup to their lips which hangs by the fountain-side.

I am glad, however, to be gone from a place where they are thinking less of all these worthies just at present, than of a circumstance which cannot redound to their honour, as it might have happened to any other town, and could do great good to none: no less than the happy arrival of Joseph, and Leopold, and Maximilian of Austria, on the thirtieth of May 1775; and this wonderful event have they recorded in a pompous inscription upon a stone set at the inn door. But princes can make poets, and scatter felicity with little exertion on their own parts.

At Tuillemont, an English gentleman once told me he had the misfortune to sleep one night where all the people's heads

were full of the Emperor, who had dined there the day before; and some *wise* fellow of the place wrote these lines under his picture:

Ingreditur magnus magno de Cæsare Cæsar,
Thenas, sub signo Cervi, sua prandia sumit.

He immediately set down this distich under them:

Our poor little town has no little to brag,
The Emperor was here, and he dined at the Stag.

The people of the inn concluding that this must be a high-strained compliment, it produced him many thanks from all, and a better breakfast than he would otherwise have obtained at Tuillemont.

To-morrow we go forward to Bologna.

B O L O G N A

Seems at first sight a very sorrowful town, and has a general air of melancholy that surprises one, as it is very handsomely and regularly built; and set in a country so particularly beautiful, that it is not easy to express the nature of its beauty, and to express it so that those who inhabit other countries can understand me.

The territory belonging to Bologna la Grassa concentrates all its charms in a happy *embonpoint*, which leaves no wrinkle unfilled up, no bone to be discerned; like the fat figure of Gunhilda at Fonthill, painted by Chevalier Casali, with a face full of woe, but with a sleekness of skin that denotes nothing less than affliction. From the top of the only eminence, one looks down here upon a country which to me has a new and singular appearance; the whole horizon appearing one thick carpet of the softest and most vivid green, from the vicinity of the broad-leaved mulberry trees, I trust, drawn still closer and closer together by their amicable and pacific companions the vines, which keep clustering round, and connect them so intimately that no object can be separately or distinctly viewed, any more than the habitations formed by animals who live in moss, when a large portion of it is presented to the philosopher for speculation. One would not therefore, on a

slight and cursory inspection, suspect this of being a painter's country, where no prominence of features arrests the sight, no expression of latent meaning employs the mind, and no abruptness of transition tempts fancy to follow, or imagination to supply, the sudden loss of what it contemplated before.

Here however the great Caraccis kept their school; here then was every idea of dignity and majestic beauty to be met with; and if I meet with nothing in nature near this place to excite such ideas, it is *my* fault, not Bologna's.

If vain the toil,
We ought to blame the culture,—not the soil.

Wonderful indeed! yet not at all distracting is the variety of excellence that one contemplates here; such masters! and such scholars! The sweetly playful pencil of Albano, I would compare to Waller among our English poets; Domenichino to Otway, and Guido Rheni to Rowe; if such liberties might be permitted on the old notion of *ut pictura poesis*. But there is an idea about the world, that one ought in delicacy to declare one's utter incapacity of understanding pictures, unless immediately of the profession.—And why so? No man protests, that he cannot read poetry, he can make no pleasure out of Milton or Shakespear, or shudder at the ingratitude of Lear's daughters on the stage. Why then should people pretend insensibility, when divine Guercino exerts his unrivalled powers of the pathetic in the fine picture at Zampieri palace, of Hagar's dismissal into the desert with her son? While none else could have touched with such truth of expression the countenances of each; leaving him most to be pitied, perhaps, who issues the command against his will; accompanying it however with innumerable benedictions, and alleviating its severity with the softest tenderness.

He only among our poets could have planned such a picture, who penned the Eloisa, and knew the agonies of a soul struggling against unpermitted passions, and conquering from the noblest motives of faith and of obedience.

Glorious exertion of excellence! This is the first time my heart has been made really alive to the powers of this magical art. Candid Italians! let me again exclaim; they shewed us a

Vandyke in the same palace, surrounded by the works of their own incomparable countrymen; and *there*, say they, "*Quasi quasi si può circondarla*"¹. You may almost run round it, was the expression. The picture was a very fine one; a single figure of the Madonna, highly painted, and happily placed among those who knew, because they possessed his perfections who drew it. Were Homer alive, and acquainted with our language, he would admire that Shakespear whom Voltaire condemns. Twice in this town has Guido shewed those powers which critics have denied him: the power of grouping his figures with propriety, and distributing his light and shadow to advantage: as he has shewn it *but twice*, however, it is certain the connoisseurs are not very wrong, and even in those very performances one may read their justification: for Job, though surrounded by a crowd of people, has a strangely insulated look, and the sweet sufferer on the fore-ground of his Herodian cruelty seems wholly uninterested in the general distress, and occupies herself and every spectator completely and solely with her own particular grief.

The boasted Raphael here does not in my eyes triumph over the wonders of this Caracci school. At Rome, I am told, his superiority is more visible. *Nous verrons*².

The reserved picture of St. Peter and St. Paul, kept in the last chamber of the Zampieri palace, and covered with a silk curtain, is valued beyond any specimen of the painting art which can be moved from Italy to England. We are taught to hope it will soon come among us; and many say the sale cannot be now long delayed. Why Guido should never draw another picture like that, or at all in the same style, who can tell? it certainly does unite every perfection, and every possible excellence, except choice of subject, which cannot be happy I think, when the subject itself is left disputable.

I will mention only one other picture: it is in an obscure church, not an unfrequented one by these pious Bolognese, who are the most devout people I ever lived amongst, but I think not much visited by travellers. It is painted by Albano,

¹ You may almost run round her.

² We shall see.

and represents the Redeemer of mankind as a boy scarce thirteen years old: ingenuous modesty, and meek resignation, beaming from each intelligent feature of a face divinely beautiful, and throwing out luminous rays round his sacred head, while the blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, placed on each side him, adore his goodness with transport not unmixed with wonder: the instruments of his future passion cast at his feet, directing us to consider him as in that awful moment voluntarily devoting himself for the sins of the whole world.

This picture, from the sublimity of the subject, the lively colouring, and clear expression, has few equals; the pyramidal group drops in as of itself, unsought for, from the raised ground on which our Saviour stands; and among numberless wild conceits and extravagant fancies of painters, not only permitted but encouraged in this country, to deviate into what *we* justly think profane representations of the deity:—this is the most pleasing and inoffensive device I have seen.

The august Creator too is likewise more wisely concealed by Albano than by other artists, who daringly presume to exhibit that of which no mortal man can give or receive a just idea. But we will have done for a while with connoisseurship.

This fat Bologna has a tristful look, from the numberless priests, friars, and women all dressed in black, who fill the streets, and stop on a sudden to pray, when I see nothing done to call forth immediate addresses to Heaven. Extremes do certainly meet however, and my Lord Peter in this place is so like his fanatical brother Jack, that I know not what is come to him. To-morrow is the day of *corpus domini*; why it should be preceded by such dismal ceremonies I know not; there is nothing melancholy in the idea, but we shall be sure of a magnificent procession.

So it was too, and wonderfully well attended: noblemen and ladies, with tapers in their hands, and their trains borne by well-dressed pages, had a fine effect. All still in black.

Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
With sable stole of cypress lawn,
O'er their decent shoulders drawn.

I never saw a spectacle so stately, so solemn a show in my life before, and was much less tired of the long continued march, than were my Roman Catholic companions.

Our inn is not a good one; the Pellegrino is engaged for the King of Naples and his train: the place we are housed in is full of bugs, and every odious vermin: no wonder, surely, where such oven-like porticoes catch and retain the heat as if constructed on set purpose so to do. The Montagnola at night was something of relief, but contrary to every other resort of company: the less it is frequented the gayer it appears; for Nature there has been lavish of her bounties, which seem disregarded by the Bolognese, who unluckily find out that there is a burying-ground within view, though at no small distance really; and planting themselves over against that, they stand or kneel for many minutes together in whole rows, praying, as I understand, for the souls which once animated the bodies of the people whom they believe to lie interred there; all this too even at the hours dedicated to amusement.

Cardinal Buon Compagni, the legate, sent from Rome here, is gone home; and the vice-legate officiated in his place, much to the consolation of the inhabitants, who observed with little delight or gratitude his endeavours to improve their trade, or his care to maintain their privileges; while his natural disinclination to hypocritical manners, or what we so emphatically call *cant*, gave them an aversion to his person and dislike of his government, which he might have prevented by formality of look, and very trifling compliances. But every thing helps to prove, that if you would please people, it must be done *their* way, not your own.

Here are some charming manufactures in this town, and I fear it requires much self-denial in an Englishwoman not to long at least for the fine crapes, tiffanies, &c. which might here be bought I know not how cheap, and would make one *so* happy in London or at Bath. But these Customhouse officers! these *rats de cave*, as the French comically call them, will not let a ribbon pass. Such is the restless jealousy of little states, and such their unremitted attention to keep the goods made in one place out of the gates of another. Few things upon a journey contribute to torment and disgust one more than the

teasing enquiries at the door of every city, who one is, what one's name is? what one's rank in life or employment is; that so all may be written down and carried to the chief magistrate for his information, who immediately dispatches a proper person to examine whether you gave in a true report; where you lodge, why you came, how long you mean to stay; with twenty more inquisitive speeches, which to a subject of more liberal governments must necessarily appear impertinent as frivolous, and make all my hopes of bringing home the most trifling presents for a friend abortive. So there is an end of that felicity, and we must sit like the girl at the fair, described by Gay,

Where the coy nymph knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.

The Specola, so they call their museum here, of natural and artificial rarities, is very fine indeed; the inscription too denoting its universality, is sublimely generous: I thought of our Bath hospital in England; more usefully, if not more magnificently so; but durst not tell the professor, who shewed the place. At our going in he was apparently much out of humour, and unwilling to talk, but grew gradually kinder, and more communicative; and I had at last a thousand thanks to pay for an attention that rendered the sight of all more valuable. Nothing can surpass the neatness and precision with which this elegant repository is kept, and the curiosities contained in it have specimens very uncommon. The native gold shewed here is supposed to be the largest and most perfect lump in Europe; wonderfully beautiful it certainly is, and the coral here is such as can be seen nowhere else; they shewed me some which looked like an actual tree.

It might reasonably lower the spirits of philosophy, and tend to restraining the genius of remote enquiry, did we reflect that the very first substance given into our hand as an amusement, or subject of speculation, as soon as we arrive in this great world of wonders, never gets fully understood by those who study hardest, or live longest in it.

Coral is a substance, concerning which the natural historians have had many disputes, and settled nothing yet; knowing, as

it should seem, but little more of its original, than they did when they sucked it first. Of gold we have found perhaps but too many uses; but when the professor told us here at Bologna, that silver in the mine was commonly found mixed with *arsenick*, a corroding poison, or *lead*, a narcotic one; who could help being led forward to a train of thought on the nature and use and abuse of money and minerals in general. *Suivez* (as Rousseau says), *la chaine de tout cela* ³.

The astronomical apparatus at this place is a splendid one; but the models of architecture, fortifications, &c. are only more numerous; not so exact or elegant I think as those the King of England has for his own private use at the Queen's house in St. James's Park. The specimens of a human figure in wax are the work of a woman, whose picture is accordingly set up in the school: they are reckoned incomparable of their kind, and bring to one's fancy Milton's fine description of our first parents:

Two of far nobler kind—erect and tall.

This University has been particularly civil to women; many very learned ladies of France and Germany have been and are still members of it;—and la Dottoressa Laura Bassi gave lectures not many years ago in this very spot, upon the mathematics and natural philosophy, till she grew very old and infirm; but her pupils always handed her very respectfully to and from the Doctor's chair. *Che brava donnetta ch'era!* ⁴ says the gentleman who shewed me the academy, as we came out at the door; over which a marble tablet, with an inscription more pious than pompous, is placed to her memory; but turning away his eyes—while they filled with tears—*tutti muoiono* ⁵, added he, and I followed; as nothing either of energy or pathos could be added to a reflection so just, so tender, and so true: we parted sadly therefore with our agreeable companion and instructor just where her cenotaph (for the body lies buried in a neighbouring church) was erected; and shall probably meet no more; for as he said and sighed—*tutti muoiono* ⁶.

³ Follow this clue, and see where it will lead you to.

⁴ Ah, what a fine woman was that!

⁵ All must die.

⁶ All must die.

The great Cassini too, who though of an Italian family, was born at Nice I think, and died at Paris, drew his meridian line through the church of St. Petronius in this city, across the pavement, where it still remains a monument to his memory, who discovered the third and fifth satellites of Jupiter. Such was in his time the reputation of a mineral spring near Bologna, that Pope Alexander the Seventh set him to analyse the waters of it; and so satisfactory were his proofs of its very slight importance to health, that the same pope called him to Rome to examine the waters round that capital; but dying soon after his arrival, he had no time to recompence Cassini's labours, though a very elegantly-minded man, and a great encourager of learning in all its branches. The successor to this sovereign, Rospigliosi, had different employment found for *him*, in helping the Venetians to regain Candia from the Turks, his disappointment in not being able to accomplish which design broke his heart; and Cassini, returning to Bologna, found it less pleasing than it was before he left it, so went to Paris, and died there at ninety or ninety-one years old, as I remember, early in this present century, but not till after he had enjoyed the pleasure of hearing that Count Marsigli had founded an academy at the place where he had studied whilst his faculties were strong.

Another church, situated on the only hill one can observe for miles, is dedicated to the Madonna St. Luc, as it is called; and a very beautiful and curiously covered way is made to it up the hill, for three miles in length, and at a prodigious expence, to guard the figure from the rain as it is carried in procession. The ascent is so gentle that one hardly feels it. Pillars support the roof, which defends you from a sun-stroke, while the air and prospect are let in between them on the right hand as you go. The left side is closed up by a wall, adorned from time to time with fresco paintings, representing the birth and most distinguished passages in the life of the blessed Virgin. Round these paintings a little chapel is railed in, open, airy, and elegantly, not very pompously, adorned; there are either seven or twelve of them, I forget which, that serve to rest the procession as it passes, on days particularly dedicated to her service. When you arrive at the top, a church of a most beautiful construction recompenses your long but not tedious

walk, and there are some admirable pictures in it, particularly one of St. William laying down his armour, and taking up the habit of a Carthusian, very fine—but the figure of the Madonna is the prize they value, and before this I did see some men kneel with a truly idolatrous devotion. That it was painted by St. Luke is believed by them all. But if it *was* painted by St. Luke, said I, what then? do you think *he*, or the still more excellent person it was done for, would approve of your worshipping any thing but God? To this no answer was made; and I thought one man looked as if he had grace enough to be ashamed of himself.

The girls, who sit in clusters at the chapel doors as one goes up, singing hymns in praise of the Virgin Mary, pleased me much, as it was a mode of veneration inoffensive to religion, and agreeable to the fancy; but seeing them bow down to that black figure, in open defiance of the Decalogue, shocked me. Why all the *very very* early pictures of the Virgin, and many of our blessed Saviour himself, done in the first ages of Christianity should be *black*, or at least tawny, is to me wholly incomprehensible, nor could I ever yet obtain an explanation of its cause from men of learning or from connoisseurs.

We have in England a black Madonna, very ancient of course, and of immense value, in the cathedral of Wells in Somersetshire; it is painted on glass, and stands in the middle pane of the upper window I think, is a profile face, and eminently handsome. My mind tells me that I have seen another somewhere in Great Britain, but cannot recollect the spot, unless it were Arundel Castle in Sussex, but I am not sure: none was ever painted so since the days of Pietro Perugino I believe, so their antiquity is unquestionable: he and his few contemporaries drew her white, as Sir Joshua Reynolds and Pompeo Battoni.

Whilst I perambulated the palaces of the Bolognese nobility, gloomy though spacious, and melancholy though splendid, I could not but admire at Richardson's judgment when he makes his beautiful Bigot, his interesting Clementina, an inhabitant of superstitious Bologna. The unconquerable attachment she shews to original prejudices, and the horror of what she has been taught to consider as heresy, could scarcely have been

attributed so happily to the dweller in any town but this: where I hear nothing but the sound of people saying their rosaries, and see nothing in the street but people telling their beads. The Porretta palace is hourly presenting itself to my imagination, which delights in the assurance that genius cannot be confined by place. Dear Richardson at Salisbury Court Fleet Street, and Parson's Green Fulham, felt all within him that travelling can tell, or experience confirm: he had seen little, and Johnson has often told me that he had read little; but what he did read never forsook a memory that was not contented with retaining, but fermented all that fell into it, and made a new creation from the fertility of his own rich mind.—These are the men for whom monuments need not be erected.

They in our pleasure and astonishment,
Do build themselves a live-long monument;

as Milton says of a much greater writer still.

But the King of Naples is arrived, and that attention which wits and scholars can retain for centuries, may not be unjustly paid to princes while they last.

Our Bolognese have hit upon an odd method of entertaining him however: no other than making a representation of Mount Vesuvius on the Montagnuola, or place of evening resort, hoping at least to treat him with something new I trow. Were the King of England to visit these *cari Bolognese*, surely they would shew him Westminster Bridge, with a view of the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth on one side the river, and Somerset-house on the other.

A pretty throne, or state-box, was soon got in order, *that it was*; and the motion excited by carrying the fire-works to have them prepared for the evening's show, gave life to the morning, which hung less heavily than usual; nor did the people recollect the church-yard at a distance, while the merry King of Naples was near them. His Majesty appeared perfectly contented and good-humoured, and happy with whatever was done for his amusement. I remember his behaviour at Milan though, too well to be surprised at his pleasantness of disposition, when my maid was delighted to see him dance

among the girls at a Festa di Ballo, from whence I retired early myself, and sent her back to enjoy it all in my domino. He played at cards too when at Milan I recollect, in the common Ridotto Chamber at the Theatre, and played for common sums, so as to charm every one with his kindness and affability.

I am glad however that we shall now be soon released from this upon the whole disagreeable town, where there is the best possible food too for body and mind; but where the inhabitants seem to think only of the next world, and do little to amuse those who have not yet quite done with this. If they are sincere mean time, God will bless them with a long continuance of the appellation they so justly deserve; and those travellers who pass through will find some amends in the rich cream and incomparable dinners every day, for the insects that devour them every night; and will, if they are wise, seek compensation from the company of the half animated pictures that crowd the palaces and churches, for the half dead inhabitants who kneel in the streets of Bologna.

FLORENCE

We slept no-where, except perhaps in the carriage, between our last residence at Bologna and this delightful city, to which we passed apparently through a new region of the earth, or even air; clambering up mountains covered with snow, and viewing with amazement the little vallies between, where, after quitting the summer season, all glowing with heat and spread into verdure, we found cherry-trees in blossom, oaks and walnuts scarcely beginning to bud. These mountains are however much below those of Savoy for dignity and beauty of appearance, though high enough to be troublesome, and barren enough to be desolate. These Appenines have been called by some the Back Bone of Italy, as Varenus and others style the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, Back Bone of the World; and these, as they do, run in a long chain down the middle of the Peninsula they are placed in; but being rounded at top are supposed to be aquatick, while the Alps, Andes, &c. are of late acknowledged by philosophers to be volcanic, as the most lofty of *them* terminate in points of granite, wholly

devoid of horizontal strata, and without petrifications contained in them.

Here the tracts around display
How impetuous ocean's sway
Once with wasteful fury spread
The wild waves o'er each mountain's head.

PARSONS.

But the offspring of fire somehow *should* be more striking than that of water, however violent might have been the concussion that produced them; and there is no comparison between the sensations felt in passing the Roche Melon, and these more neatly-moulded Appenines; upon whose tops I am told too no lakes have been formed, as on Mount Cenis, or even on Snowdon in North Wales, where a very beautiful lake adorns the summit of the rock; which affords trout precisely such as you eat before you go down to Novalesa, but not so large.

Sir William Hamilton, however, is the man to be referred to in all these matters; no man has examined the peculiar properties and general nature of mountains, those which vomit fire in particular, with half as much application, inspired by half as much genius, as he has done.

We arrived late at our inn, an English one they say it is; and many of the last miles were passed very pleasantly by my maid and myself, in anticipating the comforts we should receive by finding ourselves among our own country folks. In good time! and by once more eating, sleeping, &c. *all in the English way*, as her phrase is. Accordingly, here are small low beds again, soft and clean, and down pillows; here are currant tarts, which the Italians scorn to touch, but which we are happy and delighted to pay not ten but twenty times their value for, because a currant tart is so much *in the English way*: and here are beans and bacon in a climate where it is impossible that bacon should be either wholesome or agreeable; and one eats infinitely worse than one did at Milan, Venice, or Bologna: and infinitely dearer too; but that makes it still more completely *in the English way*.

Mean time here we are however in Arno's Vale; the full

moon shining over Fiesole, which I see from my windows. Milton's verses every moment in one's mouth, and Galileo's house twenty yards from one's door,

Whence her bright orb the Tuscan artist view'd,
At evening from the top of Fesole;
Or in Val d'Arno to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains on her spotty globe.

Our apartments here are better than we hoped for, situated most sweetly on the banks of this classical stream; a noble terrace underneath our window, broad as the south parade at Bath I think, and the fine Ponte della Santa Trinità within sight. Many people have asserted that this is the first among all bridges in the world; but architecture triumphs in the art of building bridges, and, though this is a most exquisitely beautiful fabric, I can scarcely venture to call it an unrivalled one: it shall, if the fine statues at the corners can assist its power over the fancy, and if cleanliness can compensate for stately magnificence, or for the fire of original and unassisted genius, it shall obliterate from my mind the Rialto at Venice, and the fine arch thrown over the Conway at Llanwrst in our North Wales.

I wrote to a lady at Venice this morning though, to say, however I might be charmed by the sweets of Arno's side, I could not forbear regretting the Grand Canal.

Count Manucci, a nobleman of this city, formerly intimate with Mr. Thrale in London and Mr. Piozzi at Paris, came early to our apartments, and politely introduced us to the desirable society of his sisters and his friends. We have in his company and that of Cavalier d'Elci, a learned and accomplished man, of high birth, deep erudition, and polished manners, seen much, and with every possible advantage.

This morning they shewed us La Capella St. Lorenzo, where I could but think how surprisingly Mr. Addison's prediction was verified, that these slow Florentines would not perhaps be able to finish the burial-place of their favourite family, before the family itself should be extinct. This reflection felt like one naturally suggested to me by the place; Doctor Moore however has the original merit of it, as I afterwards found it in his

book: but it is the peculiar property of natural thoughts well expressed, to sink into one's mind and incorporate themselves with it, so as to make one forget they were not all one's own.

Poets, as well as jesters, do oft prove prophets:

Prior's happy prediction for the female wits in one of his epilogues is come true already, when he says,

Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money,
Female *third nights* shall come so thick upon ye, &c.

and every hour gives one reason to hope that Mr. Pope's glorious prophecy in favour of the Negroes will not now remain long unaccomplished, but that liberty will extend her happy influence over the world;

Till the *freed Indians*, in their native groves,
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves.

I will not extend myself in describing the heaps of splendid ruin in which the rich chapel of St. Lorenzo now lies: since the elegant Lord Corke's letters were written, little can be said about Florence not better said by him; who has been particularly copious in describing a city which every body wishes to see copiously described.

The libraries here are exceedingly magnificent; and we were called just now to that which goes under Magliabechi's name, to hear an eulogium finely pronounced upon our circumnavigator Captain Cook; whose character has attracted the attention, and extorted the esteem of every European nation: far less was the wonder that it forced my tears; they flowed from a thousand causes: my distance from England! my pleasure in hearing an Englishman thus lamented in a language with which he had no acquaintance!

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

Every thing contributed to soften my heart, though not to lower my spirits. For when a Florentine asked me, how I came to cry so? I answered, in the words of their divine Mestastasio:

“Che questo pianto mio
Tutto non è dolor;

È meraviglia, è amore,
 È riverenza, è speme,
 Son mille affetti assieme
 Tutti raccolti al cor."

'Tis not grief alone, or fear,
 Swells the heart, or prompts the tear;
 Reverence, wonder, hope, and joy,
 Thousand thoughts my soul employ,
 Struggling images, which less
 Than falling tears can ne'er express.

Giannetti, who pronounced the panegyric, is the justly-celebrated improvisatore, so famous for making Latin verses *impromptu*, as others do Italian ones: the speech has been translated into English by Mr. Merry, with whom I had the honour here first to make acquaintance, having met him at Mr. Greatheed's, who is our fellow-lodger, and with whom and his amiable family the time passes in reciprocations of confidential friendship and mutual esteem.

Lord and Lady Cowper too contribute to make the society at this place more pleasing than can be imagined; while English hospitality softens down the stateliness of Tuscan manners.

Sir Horace Mann is sick and old; but there are conversations at his house of a Saturday evening, and sometimes a dinner, to which we have been almost always asked.

The fruits in this place begin to astonish me; such cherries did I never yet see, or even hear tell of, as when I caught the Laquais de Place weighing two of them in a scale to see if they came to an ounce. These are, in the London street phrase, *cherries like plums*, in size at least, but in flavour they far exceed them, being exactly of the kind that we call bleeding-hearts, hard to the bite, and parting easily from the stone, which is proportionately small. Figs too are here in such perfection, that it is not easy for an English gardener to guess at their excellence; for it is not by superior size, but taste and colour, that *they* are distinguished; small, and green on the outside, a bright full crimson within, and we eat them with raw ham, and truly delicious is the dainty. By raw ham, I mean ham cured, not boiled or roasted. It is no wonder though that

fruits should mature in such a sun as this is; which, to give a just notion of its penetrating fire, I will take leave to tell my countrywomen is so violent, that I use no other method of heating the pinching-irons to curl my hair, than that of poking them out at a south window, with the handles shut in, and the glasses darkened to keep us from being actually fired in his beams. Before I leave off speaking about the fruit, I must add, that both fig and cherry are produced by standards; that the strawberries here are small and high-flavoured, like our *woods*, and that there are no other. England affords greater variety in *that* kind of fruit than any nation; and as to peaches, nectarines, or green-gage plums, I have seen none yet. Lady Cowper has made us a present of a small pine-apple, but the Italians have no taste to it. Here is sun enough to ripen them without hot-houses I am sure, though they repeatedly told us at Milan and Venice, that *this* was the coolest place to pass the summer in, because of the Appenine mountains shading us from the heat, which they confessed to be intolerable with *them*.

Here however, they inform us, that it is madness to retire into the country as English people do during the hot season; for as there is no shade from high timber trees, one is bit to death by animals, gnats in particular, which here are excessively troublesome, even in the town, notwithstanding we scatter vinegar, and use all the arts in our power; but the ground-floor is coolest, and every body struggles to get themselves a *terreno* as they call it.

Florence is full just now, and Mr. Jean Figliuzzi, an intelligent gentleman who lives here, and is well acquainted with both nations, says, that all the genteel people come to take refuge *from* the country to Florence in July and August, as the subjects of Great Britain run *to* the country from the heats of London or Bath.

The flowers too! how rich they are in scent here! how brilliant in colour! how magnificent in size! Wallflowers perfuming every street, and even every passage; while pinks and single carnations grow beside them, with no more soil than they require themselves; and from the tops of houses, where you least expect it, an aromatic flavour highly gratifying is diffused. The jessamine is large, broad-leaved, and beautiful as

an orange-flower; but I have seen no roses equal to those at Lichfield, where on one tree I recollect counting eighty-four within my own reach; it grew against the house of Doctor Darwin. Such a profusion of sweets made me enquire yesterday morning for some scented pomatum, and they brought me accordingly one pot smelling strong of garden mint, the other of rue and tansy.

Thus do the inhabitants of every place forfeit or fling away those pleasures, which the inhabitants of another place think *they* would use in a much wiser manner, had Providence bestowed the blessing upon *them*.

A young Milanese once, whom I met in London, saw me treat a hatter that lives in Pallmall with the respect due to his merit; when the man was gone, "Pray, madam," says the Italian, "is this a *gran riccone* ¹?" "He is perhaps," replied I, "worth twenty or thirty thousand pounds; I do not know what ideas you annex to a *gran riccone*." "*Oh Santissima Vergine!*" exclaims the youth, "*s'avess' io mai settanta mila zecchini! non so pur troppo cosa ne farei; ma questo è chiaro—non venderei mai cappelli.*"—"Oh dear me! had I once seventy thousand sequins in my pocket, I would—dear—I cannot think myself *what* I should do with them all: but this at least is certain, I would not *sell hats*."

I have been carried to the Laurentian library, where the librarian Bandi shewed me all possible, and many unmerited civilities; which, for want of deeper erudition, I could not make the use I wished of. We asked however to see some famous manuscripts. The Virgil has had a *fac simile* made of it, and a printed copy besides; so that it cannot now escape being known all over Europe. The Bible in Chaldaic characters, spoken of by Langius as inestimable, and brought hither, with many other valuable treasures of the same nature, by Lascaris, after the death of Lorenzo de' Medici, who had sent him for the second time to Constantinople for the purpose of collecting Greek and Oriental books, but died before his return, is in admirable preservation. The old geographical maps, made out in a very early age, afforded me much amusement; and the

¹ Heavy-pursed fellow.

Latin letters of Petrarch, with the portrait of his Laura, were interesting to me perhaps more than many other things rated much higher by the learned, among those rarities which adorn a library so comprehensive.

Every great nation except ours, which was immersed in barbarism, and engaged in civil broils, seems to have courted the residence of Lascaris, but the university of Paris fixed his regard: and though Leo X. treated with favour, and even friendship, the man whom he had encouraged to intimacy when Cardinal John of Medicis; though he made him superintendant of a Greek college at Rome; it is said he always wished to die in France, whither he returned in the reign of Francis the First; and wrote his Latin epigrams, which I have heard Doctor Johnson prefer even to the Greek ones preserved in Anthologia; and of which our Queen Elizabeth, inspired by Roger Ascham, desired to see the author; but he was then upon a visit to Rome, where he died of the gout at ninety-three years old.

* * *

June 24, 1785

St. John the Baptist is the tutelary Saint of this city, and upon this day of course all possible rejoicings are made. After attending divine service in the morning, we were carried to a house whence we could conveniently see the procession pass by. It was not solemn and stately as that I saw at Bologna, neither was it gaudy and jocund like the show made at Venice upon St. George's day; but consisted chiefly in vast heavy pageants, or a sort of temporary building set on wheels, and drawn by oxen some, and some by horses; others carried upon things made not unlike a chairman's horse in London, and supported by men, while priests, in various coloured dresses, according to their several stations in the church, and to distinguish the parishes, &c. to which they belong, follow singing in praise of the saint.

Here is much emulation shewed too, I am told, in these countries, where religion makes the great and almost the sole amusement of men's lives, who shall make most figure on St. John the Baptist's day, produce most music, and go to most

expençe. For all these purposes subscriptions are set on foot, for ornamenting and venerating such a picture, statue, &c. which are then added to the procession by the managers, and called a Confraternity, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Angel Raphael, or who comes in their heads.

The lady of the house where we went to partake the diversion, was not wanting in her part; there could not be fewer than a hundred and fifty people assembled in her rooms, but not crowded as we should have been in England; for the apartments in Italy are all high and large, and run in suits like Wanstead house in Essex, or Devonshire house in London exactly, but larger still: and with immense balconies and windows, not sashes, which move all away, and give good room and air. The ices, refreshments, &c. were all excellent in their kinds, and liberally dispensed. The lady seemed to do the honours of her house with perfect good-humour; and every body being full-dressed, though so early in a morning, added much to the general effect of the whole.

Here I had the honour of being introduced to Cardinal Corsini, who put me a little out of countenance by saying suddenly, "*Well, madam! you never saw one of us red-legged partridges before I believe; but you are going to Rome I hear, where you will find such fellows as me no rarities.*" The truth is, I had seen the amiable Prince d'Orini at Milan, who was a Cardinal; and who had taken delight in showing me prodigious civilities: nothing ever struck me more than his abrupt entrance one night at our house, when we had a little music, and every body stood up the moment he appeared: the Prince however walked forward to the harpsichord, and blessed my husband in a manner the most graceful and affecting: then sate the amusement out, and returned the next morning to breakfast with us, when he indulged us with two hours conversation at least; adding the kindest and most pressing invitations to his country-seat among the mountains of Brianza, when we should return from our tour of Italy in spring 1786. Florence therefore was not the first place that shewed me a Cardinal.

In the afternoon we all looked out of our windows which faced the street,—not mine, as they happily command a view of the river, the Cascine woods, &c. and from them enjoyed a

complete sight of an Italian horse-race. For after the coaches have paraded up and down some time to shew the equipages, liveries, &c. all have on a sudden notice to quit the scene of action; and all *do* quit it, in such a manner as is surprising. The street is now covered with sawdust, and made fast at both ends: the starting-post is adorned with elegant booths, lined with red velvet, for the court and first nobility: at the other end a piece of tapestry is hung, to prevent the creatures from dashing their brains out when they reach the goal. Thousands and ten thousands of people on foot fill the course, that it is standing wonder to me still that numbers are not killed. The prizes are now exhibited to view, quite in the old classical style; a piece of crimson damask for the winner perhaps; a small silver bason and ewer for the second; and so on, leaving no performer unrewarded. At last come out the *concurrenti* without riders, but with a narrow leathern strap hung across their backs, which has a lump of ivory fastened to the end of it, all set full of sharp spikes like a hedge-hog, and this goads them along while galloping, worse than any spurs could do; because the faster they run, the more this odd machine keeps jumping up and down, and pricking their sides ridiculously enough; and it makes one laugh to see that some of them are not provoked by it to run at all, but set about plunging, in order to rid themselves of the inconvenience, instead of driving forward to divert the mob; who leap and shout and caper with delight, and lash the laggards along with great indignation indeed, and with the most comical gestures. I never saw horses in so droll a state of degradation before, for they are all striped or spotted, or painted of some colour to distinguish them each from other; and nine or ten often start at a time, to the great danger of lookers-on I think, but exceedingly to my entertainment, who have the comfort of Mrs. Greathead's company, and the advantage of seeing all safely from her well-situated *terreno*, or ground-floor.

The chariot-race was more splendid, but less diverting: this was performed in the Piazza, or Square, an unpaved open place not bigger than Covent Garden I believe, and the ground strangely uneven. The cars were light and elegant; one driver and two horses to each: the first very much upon the principle

of the antique chariots described by old poets, and the last trapped showily in various colours, adapted to the carriages, that people might make their betts accordingly upon the pink, the blue, the green, &c. I was exceedingly amused with seeing what so completely revived all classic images, and seemed so little altered from the classic times. Cavalier D'Elci, in reply to my expressions of delight, told me that the same spirit still subsisted exactly; but that in order to prevent accidents arising from the disputants' endeavours to overturn or circumvent each other, it was now sunk into a mere appearance of contest; for that all the chariots belonged to one man, who would doubtless be careful enough that his coachmen should not go to sparring at the hazard of their horses. The farce was carried on to the end however, and the winner spread his velvet in triumph, and drove round the course to enjoy the acclamations and caresses of the crowd.

That St. John the Baptist's birth-day should be celebrated by a horse or chariot race, appears to have little claim to the praise of propriety; but mankind seems agreed that there must be some excuse for merriment; and surely if any saint is to be venerated, he stands foremost whom Christ himself declared to be the greatest man ever born of a woman.

The old Romans had an institution in this month of games to Neptune Equester, as they called their Sea God, with no great appearance of good sense neither; but the horse he produced at the naming of Athens was the cause assigned—these games are perhaps half transmitted ones from those in the ancient mythology.

The evening concluded, and the night began with fireworks; the church, or *duomo*, as a cathedral is always called in Italy, was illuminated on the outside, and very beautiful, and very very magnificent was the appearance. The reflection of the cupola's lights in the river gave us back a faint image of what we had been admiring; and when I looked at them from my window, as we were retiring to rest; such, thought I, and fainter still are the images which can be given of a show in written or verbal description; yet my English friends shall not want an account of what I have seen; for Italy, at last, is only a fine well-known academy figure, from which we all sit down

to make drawings according as the light falls, and our seat affords opportunity. Every man sees that, and indeed most things, with the eyes of his then present humour, and begins describing away so as to convey a dignified or despicable idea of the object in question, just as his disposition led him to interpret its appearance.

Readers now are grown wiser, however, than very much to mind us: they want no further telling that one traveller was in pain, and one in love when the tour of Italy was made by them; and so they pick out their intelligence accordingly, from various books, written like two letters in the Tatler, giving an account of a rejoicing night; one endeavouring to excite majestic ideas, the other ludicrous ones of the very same thing.

Well 'tis true enough, however, and has been often enough laughed at, that the Italian horses run without riders, and scamper down a long street with untrimmed heels, hundreds of people whooting them along, as naughty boys do a poor dog, that has a bone tied to his tail in England. This diversion was too good to end with the day.

Dulness, dear Queen, repeats the jest again.

We had another, and another just such a race for three or four evenings together, and they got an English *cock-tailed nag*, and set *him* to the business, as they said *he was trained to it*; but I don't recollect his making a more brilliant figure than his painted and chalked neighbours of the Continent.

We will not be prejudiced, however; that the Florentines know how to manage horses is certain, if they would take the trouble. Last night's theatre exhibited a proof of skill, which might shame Astley and all his rivals. Count Pazzi having been prevailed on to lend his four beautiful chesnut favourites from his own carriage to draw a pageant upon the stage, I saw them yesterday evening harnessed all abreast, their own master in a dancer's habit I was told, guiding them himself, and personating the Cid, which was the name of the ballet, if I remember right, making his horses go clear round the stage, and turning at the lamps of the orchestra with such dexterity, docility, and grace, that they seemed rather to enjoy than feel disturbance

at the deafening noise of instruments, the repeated bursts of applause, and hollow sound of their own hoofs upon the boards of a theatre. I had no notion of such discipline, and thought the praises, though very loud, not ill bestowed: as it is surely one of man's earliest privileges to replenish the earth with animal life, and to subdue it.

I have, for my own part, generally speaking, little delight in the obstreperous clamours of these heroic pantomimes;—their battles are so noisy, and the acclamations of the spectators so distressing to weak nerves, I dread an Italian theatre—it distracts me.—And always the same thing so, every and every night! how tedious it is!

This want of variety in the common pleasures of Italy though, and that surprising content with which a nation so sprightly looks on the same stuff, and laughs at the same joke for months and months together, is perhaps less despicable to a thinking mind, than the affectation of weariness and disgust, where probably it is not felt at all; and where a gay heart often lurks under a clouded countenance, put on to deceive spectators into a notion of his philosophy who wears it; and what is worse, who wears it chiefly as a mark of distinction cheaply obtained; for neither science, wit, nor courage are *now* found necessary to form a man of fashion, or the *ton*, to which may be said as justly as ever Mr. Pope affirmed it of silence,

That routed reason finds her sure retreat in thee.

Affectation is certainly that faint and sickly weed which is the curse of cultivated,—not naturally fertile and extensive countries; an insect that infests our forcing stoves and hot-house plants: and as the naturalists tell us all animals may be bred *down* to a state very different from that in which they were originally placed; that *carriers*, and *fan-tails*, and *croppers*, are produced by early caging, and minutely attending to the common blue pigeon, flights of which cover the ploughed fields in distant provinces of England, and shew the rich and changeable plumage of their fine neck to the summer sun; so from the warm and generous Briton of ancient days may be produced, and happily bred *down*, the clay-cold coxcomb of St. James's-street.

In Italy, so far at least as I have gone, there is no impertinent desire of appearing what one is *not*: no searching for talk, and torturing expression to vary its phrases with something new and something fine; or else sinking into silence from despair of diverting the company, and taking up the opposite method, contriving to impress them with an idea of bright intelligence, concealed by modest doubts of our own powers, and stifled by deep thought upon abstruse and difficult topics. To get quit of all these deep-laid systems of enjoyment, where

To take our breakfast we project a scheme,
Nor drink our tea without a stratagem,

like the lady in Doctor Young; the surest method is to drop into Italy; where a *conversazione* at Venice or Florence, after the society of London, or *les petits soupers de Paris*, where, in their own phrase, *un tableau n'attend pas l'autre*², is like taking a walk in Ilam Gardens, or the Leasowes, after *les parterres de Versailles* *ed i terrazzi di Genova*. We are affected in the house, but natural in the gardens. Italians are natural in society, affected and constrained in the disposition of their grounds. No one, however, is good or bad, or wise or foolish without a reason why. Restraint is made for man, and where religious and political liberty is enjoyed to its full extent, as in Great Britain, the people will forge shackles for themselves, and lay the yoke heavy on society, to which, on the contrary, Italians give a loose, as compensation for their want of freedom in affairs of church or state.

It is, I think, observable of uncontradicted, homebred, and, as we say, spoiled children, that when a dozen of them get together for the purpose of passing a day in mutual amusement, they will make to themselves the strictest laws for their game, and rigidly punish whatever breach of rule has been made while the time allotted for diversion lasts: but in a school of girls, strictly kept, at *their* hours of permitted recreation no distinct sounds can be heard through the general clamour of joy and confusion; nor does any thing come less into their heads than the notion of imposing regulations on themselves, or making sport out of the harsh sounds of *rule and government*.

² One picture don't wait for another.

Ridicule too points her arrows only among highly-polished societies—*Paris* and *London*: in the first of which all wit is comprised in the power of ridiculing one's neighbours, and in the other every artifice is put in practice to escape it. In Italy no such terrors restrain conversation; no public censure pursues that fantastical behaviour which leads to no public offence; and as it is only fear which can beget falsehood, these people seek such behavior as naturally suits them; and in our theatrical phrase, they let the character come to them, they do not go to the character.

Let us not fail to remember after all, that such severity as we use, quickens the desire of pleasing, and deadens the diffusion of immoral sentiments, or indelicate language, in England; where, I must add, for the honour of my country, that if such liberties were taken upon the stage as are frequent in the first ranks of Italian society, they would be hissed by those who paid only a shilling for their entrance: so that affectation and a forced refinement may be considered as the bad leaden statues still left in our delicately-neat and highly-ornamented gardens; of which elegance and science are the white and red roses: but to be possessed of their *sweets*, one must venture a little through the *thorns*.—*Thorns*, though figurative, remind one of the *cicala*, a creature which leaves nothing else untouched here. Surely their clamours and depredations have no equal. I used to walk in the Boboli Gardens, defying the heat, till they had eaten up the little shade some hedges there afforded me; and till, by their incessant noise, all thought is disturbed, and no line presented itself to my memory but

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta Cicadis³;

till Mr. Merry's sweet ode to summer here at Florence made one less discontented,

To hear the light cicala's ceaseless din,
That vibrates shrill; or the near-weeping brook

³ While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire.

That feebly winds along,
And mourns his channel shrunk.

MERRY.

This animal has four wings, four eyes, and two membranes like parchment under the hard scales he is covered with; and these, it is said, create the uncommon noise he makes, by blowing them somewhat like bellows, to sharpen the sound; which, whatever it proceeds from, is louder than can be guessed at by those who have not heard it in Tuscany. He is of the locust kind, an inch and a half long, and wonderfully light in proportion; though no small feeder, I should imagine, by the total destruction his noisy tribe make amongst the leaves, which are now wholly stript by them of all their verdure, the fibres only being left; and I observed yesterday evening, as we returned from airing, another strange deprivation practiced on the mulberry leaves round the city, which being all forcibly torn away for the use of the silk-worms, make an odd sort of artificial winter near the town walls; and remind one of the wretched geese in Lincolnshire, plucked once a year for their feathers by their truly unfeeling proprietors. I am told indeed, that both revegetate, though I trust neither tree nor bird can fail to experience fatal effects one day or other in consequence of so unnatural an operation. Here is some ivy of uncommon growth, but I have seen larger both at Beaumaris castle in North Wales, and at the abbey of Glastonbury in Somersetshire: but the great pines in the Cascine woods have, I suppose, no rival nearer than the Castagno a Cento Cavalli, mentioned by Mr. Brydone. They afford little shade or shelter from heat however, as their umbrella-like covering is strangely small in proportion to their height and size; some of them being ten, and some twelve feet in diameter. These venerable, these glorious productions of nature are all now marked for destruction however; all going to be put in wicker baskets, and feed the Grand Duke's fires. I saw a fellow hewing one down to-day, and the rest are all to follow;—the feeble Florentines had much ado to master it;

Seemed the harmful hatchet to fear,
And to wound holy Eld would forbear,

as Spenser says: I did half hope they could not get it down; but the loyal Tuscans (evermore awed by the name of *principipe*) told us it was right to get rid of them, as one of the cones, of which they bore vast quantities, might chance to drop upon the head of a *Principettino*, or little Prince, as he passed along.

I was observing that restraint was necessary to man; I have now learned a notion that noise is necessary too. The clatter made here in the Piazza del Duomo, where you sit in your carriage at a coffee-house door, and chat with your friends according to Italian custom, while *one* eats ice, and *another* calls for lemonade, to while away the time after dinner, the noise made then and there, I say, is beyond endurance.

Our Florentines have nothing on earth to do; yet a dozen fellows crying *ciambelli*, little cakes, about the square, assisted by beggars, who lie upon the church steps, and pray or rather promise to pray as loud as their lungs will let them, for the *anime sante di purgatorio* ⁴; ballad-singers meantime endeavouring to drown these clamours in their own, and gentlemen's servants disputing at the doors, whose master shall be first served; ripping up the pedigrees of each to prove superior claims for a biscuit or macaroon; do make such an intolerable clatter among them, that one cannot, for one's life, hear one another speak: and I did say just now, that it were as good live at Brest or Portsmouth when the rival fleets were fitting out, as here; where real tranquillity subsists under a bustle merely imaginary. Our Grand Duke lives with little state for aught I can observe here; but where there is least pomp, there is commonly most power; for a man must have *something pour se dédommager* ⁵, as the French express it; and this gentleman possessing the *solide*, has no care for the *clinquant*, I trow. He tells his subjects when to go to bed, and who to dance with, till the hour he chuses they should retire to rest, with exactly that sort of old-fashioned paternal authority that fathers used to exercise over their families in England before commerce had run her levelling plough over all ranks, and annihilated even the name of subordination. If he hear of any person living long

⁴ Holy souls in purgatory.

⁵ To make himself amends.

in Florence without being able to give a good account of his business there, the Duke warns him to go away; and if he loiter after such warning given, sends him out. Does any nobleman shine in pompous equipage or splendid table; the Grand Duke enquires soon into his pretensions, and scruples not to give personal advice, and add grave reproofs with regard to the management of each individual's private affairs, the establishment of their sons, marriage of their sisters, &c. When they appeared to complain of this behaviour to *me*, I know not, replied I, what to answer: one has always read and heard that the Sovereigns ought to behave in despotic governments like the *fathers of their family*: and the Archbishop of Cambray inculcates no other conduct than this, when advising his pupil, heir to the crown of France. "Yes, Madam," replied one of my auditors, with an acuteness truly Italian; "but this Prince is our *father-in-law*." The truth is, much of an English traveller's pleasure is taken off at Florence by the incessant complaints of a government he does not understand, and of oppressions he cannot remedy. 'Tis so dull to hear people lament the want of liberty, to which I question whether they have any pretensions; and without ever knowing whether it is the tyranny or the tyrant they complain of. Tedious however and most uninteresting are their accounts of grievances, which a subject of Great Britain has much ado to comprehend, and more to pity; as they are now all heart-broken, because they must say their prayers in their own language and not in Latin, which, how it can be construed into misfortune, a Tuscan alone can tell.

Lord Corke has given us many pleasing anecdotes of those who were formerly Princes in this land. Had they a sovereign of the old Medici family, they would go to bed when *he* bid them quietly enough I believe, and say their prayers in what language *he* would have them: 'tis in our parliamentary phrase, the *men*, not the *measures*, that offend them; and while they pretend to whine as if despotism displeased them, they detest every republican state, feel envy towards Venice, and contempt for Lucca.

I would rather talk of their gallery than their government: and surely nothing made by man ever so completely answered a raised expectation, as the apparent contest between Titian's

recumbent beauty, glowing with colour and animated by the warmest expression, and the Greek statue of symmetrical perfection and fineness of form inimitable, where sculpture supplies all that fancy can desire, and all that imagination can suggest. These two models of excellence seem placed near each other, at once to mock all human praise, and defy all future imitation. The listening slave appears disturbed by the blows of the wrestlers in the same room, and hearkens with an attentive impatience, such as one has often felt when unable to distinguish the words one wishes to repeat. You really then do not seem as if you were alone in this tribune, so animated is every figure, so full of life and soul: yet I commend not the representing of St. Catharine with leering eyes, as she is here painted by Titian; that it is meant for a portrait, I find no excuse; some character more suited to the expression should have been chosen; and if it were only the picture of a saint, that expression was strangely out of character. An anachronism may be found in the Tobit over the door too, by acute observers, who will deem it ill-managed to paint the cross in the clouds, where it is an old testament story and that story apocryphal beside; might I add, that Guido's meek Madonna, so divinely contrasted to the other women in the room, loses something of dignity by the affected position of the thumbs. I think I might leave the tribune without a word said of the St. John by Raphael, which no words are worthy to extol: 'tis all sublimity; and when I look on it I feel nothing but veneration pushed to astonishment. Unlike the elegant figure of the Baptist at Padua, covered with glass, and belonging to a convent of friars, who told me, and truly, That it had no equal; it is painted by Guido with every perfection of form and every grace of expression. I agree with them it has no equal; but in the tribune at Florence may be found its superior.

We were next conducted to the Niobe, who has an apartment to herself: and now, thought I, dear Mrs. Siddons has never seen this figure: but those who can see it or her, without emotions equally impossible to contain or to suppress, deserve the fate of Niobe, and have already half-suffered it. Their hearts and eyes are stone.

Nothing is worth speaking of after this Niobe! Her beauty!

her maternal anguish! her closely-clasped Chloris! her half-raised head, scarcely daring to deprecate that vengeance of which she already feels such dreadful effects! What can one do

But drop the shady curtain on the scene,

and run to see the portraits of those artists who have exalted one's ideas of human nature, and shewn what man can perform. Among these worthies a British eye soon distinguishes Sir Joshua Reynolds; a citizen of the world fastens his to Leonardo da Vinci.

I have been out to dinner in the country near Prato, and what a charming, what a delightful thing is a nobleman's seat near Florence! How cheerful the society! how splendid the climate! how wonderful the prospects in this glorious country! The Arno rolling before his house, the Appenines rising behind it! a sight of fertility enjoyed by its inhabitants, and a view of such defences to their property as nature alone can bestow.

A peasantry so rich too, that the wives and daughters of the farmer go dressed in jewels; and those of no small value. A pair of one-drop ear-rings, a broadish necklace, with a long piece hanging down the bosom, and terminated with a cross, all of set garnets clear and perfect, is a common, a *very* common treasure to the females about this country; and on every Sunday or holiday, when they dress and mean to look pretty, their elegantly-disposed ornaments attract attention strongly; though I do not think them as handsome as the Lombard lasses, and our Venetian friends protest that the farmers at Crema in *their* state are still richer.

La Contadinella Toscana however, in a very rich white silk petticoat, exceedingly full and short, to shew her neat pink slipper and pretty ancle, her pink *corps de robe* and straps, with white silk lacing down the stomacher, puffed shift sleeves, with heavy lace robbins ending at the elbow, and fastened at the shoulders with at least eight or nine bows of narrow pink ribbon, a lawn handkerchief trimmed with broad lace, put on somewhat coquettishly, and finishing in front with a nosegay, must make a lovely figure at any rate: though the

hair is drawn away from the face in a way rather too tight to be becoming, under a red velvet cushion edged with gold, which helps to wear it off I think, but gives the small Leghorn hat, lined with green, a pretty perking air, which is infinitely nymphish and smart. A tolerably pretty girl so dressed may surely more than vie with a *filles d'opéra* upon the Paris stage, even were she not set off as these are with a very rich suit of pearls or set garnets, that in France or England would not be purchased for less than forty or fifty pounds: and I am now speaking of the women perpetually under one's eye; not one or two picked from the crowd, like Mrs. Vanini, an inn-keeper's wife in Florence, who, when she was dressed for the masquerade two nights ago, submitted her finery to Mrs. Greatheed's inspection and my own; who agreed she could not be so adorned in England for less than a thousand pounds.

It is true the nobility are proud of letting you see how comfortably their dependants live in Tuscany; but can any pride be more rational or generous, or any desire more patriotick? Oh may they never look with less delight on the happiness of their inferiors! and then they will not murmur at their prince, whose protection of *this* rank among his subjects is eminently tender and attentive.

Returning home from our splendid dinner and agreeable day passed at Conte Mannucci's country-seat, while our noble friends amused me with various chat, I thought some unaccountable sparks of fire seemed to strike up and down the hedges as if in perpetual motion, but checked the fancy concluding it a trick of the imagination only; till the evening, which shuts in strangely quick here in Tuscany, grew dark, and exhibited an appearance wholly new to me; whose surprise that no flame followed these wandering fires was not small, when I recollected the state of desiccation that nature suffered, and had done for some months. My dislike of interrupting an agreeable conversation kept me long from enquiring into the cause of this appearance, which however I doubted not was electrick, till they told me it was the *lucciola*, or fire-fly; of which a very good account is given in twenty books, but I had forgotten them all. As the Florence Miscellany has never been published, I will copy out what is said of it *there*, because the

Abate Fontana was consulted when that description was given.

"This insect then differs from every other of the luminous tribe, because its light is by no means continual, but emitted by flashes, suddenly striking out as it flies; when crushed it leaves a lustre on the spot for a considerable time, from whence one may conclude its nature is phosphorick."

Oh vagrant insect, type of our short life,
'Tis thus we shine, and vanish from the view;
For the cold season comes,
And all our lustre's o'er.

MERRY'S *Ode to Summer.*

It is said I think, that no animal affords an acid except ants, which are therefore most quickly destroyed by lime, pot-ash, &c. or any strong alkali of course; yet acid must the lucciola be proved, or she can never be phosphorick surely; as upon its analysis that strangest of all compositions appears to be a union of violent acid with inflammable matter, whence it may be termed an animal sulphur, and is actually found to burn successfully under a common glass-bell; and to afford flowers too, which, by attracting the humidity of the air, become a liquor like *oleum sulphuris per campanam* ⁶.

The colour of the sky viewed, when one dares to look at it, through this pure atmosphere is particularly beautiful; of a much more brilliant and celestial blue I think, than it appeared from the tower of St. Mark's Place, Venice. Were I to affirm that the sea is of a more peculiar transparent brightness upon the coast of North Wales than elsewhere, it would seem prejudice perhaps, and yet is strictly true: I am not less persuaded that the sky appears of a finer tint in Tuscany than any other country I have visited:—Naples is however the vaunted climate, and that yet remains to be examined.

I have been shewed, at the horse-race, the theatre, &c. the unfortunate grandson of King James the Second. He goes much into publick still, though old and sickly; gives the English arms and livery, and wears the garter which he has likewise bestowed upon his natural daughter. The Princess of

⁶ Oil of sulphur by the bell.

Stoldberg, his consort, whom he always called Queen, has left him to end a life of disappointment, and sorrow by *himself*, with the sad reflection, that even conjugal attachment, and of course domestic comfort, was denied to *him*, and fled—in defiance of poetry and fiction—fled with the crown, to its powerful and triumphant possessors.

The Duomo, or Cathedral, has engaged my attention all to-day: its prodigious size, perfect proportions, and exquisite taste, ought to have detained me longer. Though the outside does not please me as well as if it had been less rich and less magnificent. Superfluity always defeats its own purpose, of striking you with awe at its superior greatness; while simplicity looks on, and laughs at its vain attempts. This wonderful church, built of striped marbles, white, black, and red alternately, has scarcely the air of being so composed, but looks like painted ivory to *me*, who am obliged to think, and think again, before I can be sure it is of so ponderous and massy, as well as so inestimable a substance: nor can I, without more than equal difficulty, persuade myself to give its sudden view the decided preference over St. Paul's in London, which never, never misses its immediate effect on a spectator,

But stands sublime in simplest majesty.

The Battisterio is another structure close to the church, and of surprising beauty; Michael Angelo said the gates of it deserved to be those which open Paradise: and that speech was more the speech of a good work-man, than of a man whose mind was exalted by his profession. The gates are of brass, divided into ninety-six compartments each, and carved with such variety of invention, such elaboration of art and ingenuity, that no praise except that which he gave them could have been too high. The font has not been used since the days when immersion in baptism was deemed necessary to salvation; a ceremony still considered by the Greek church as indispensable. Why the disputes concerning *this* sacrament were carried on with more decency and less lasting rancour among Christians, than those which related to the other great pledge of our pardon, the communicating with our Saviour Christ in his last Supper, I know not, nor can imagine. Every page of

ecclesiastical history exhibits the tenaciousness with which the smallest attendant circumstance on this last-mentioned sacrament has been held fast by the Romanists, who dropped the immersion at baptism of themselves; and in so warm a climate too! it moves my wonder; when nothing is more obvious to the meanest understanding, than that if the first sacrament is not rightly and duly administered, we never shall arrive at receiving the other at all. I hope it is impossible for any one less than myself to wish the continuance or revival of contentions so disgraceful to humanity in general; so peculiarly repugnant to the true spirit of Christianity, which consists chiefly in charity, and that brotherly love we know to have been cemented by the blood of our blessed Lord: yet very strange it is to think, that while other innovations have been resisted even to death, scarcely any among the many sects we have divided into, retain the original form in that ceremony so emphatically called *christening*.

These observations suggested by the sight of the old font at Florence shall now be succeeded by lighter subjects of reflection; among which the first that presents itself is the superior elegance of the language; for till we arrive *here*, all is dialect; though by this word I would not have any one mistake me, or understand it as meant in the limited sense of a provincial jargon, such as Yorkshire, Derbyshire, or Cornwall, present us with; where every sound is corruption, barbarism, and vulgarity.

The States of Italy being all under different rulers, are kept separate from each other, and speak a different dialect; that of Milan full of consonants and harsh to the ear, but abounding with classical expressions that rejoice one's heart, and fill one with the oddest but most pleasing sensations imaginable. I heard a lady there call a runaway nobleman *Profugo* mighty prettily; and added, that his conduct had put all the town into *orgasmo grande*. All this, however, the Tuscans may possibly have in common with them. My knowledge of the language must remain ever too imperfect for me to depend on my own skill in it; all I can assert is, that the Florentines *appear*, as far as I have been competent to observe, to depend more on their own copious and beautiful language for expression, than the

Milanese do; who run to Spanish, Greek, or Latin for assistance, while half their tongue is avowedly borrowed from the French, whose pronunciation, in the letter *u*, they even profess to retain.

At Venice, the sweetness of the patois is irresistible; their lips, incapable of uttering any but the sweetest sounds, reject all consonants they can get quit of; and make their mouths drop honey more completely than it can be said by any eloquence less mellifluous than their own.

The Bolognese dialect is detested by the other Italians, as gross and disagreeable in its sounds: but every nation has the good word of its own inhabitants; and the language which Abbate Bianconi praises as nervous and expressive, I would advise no person, less learned than himself, to censure as disgusting, or condemn as dull. I staid very little at Bologna; saw nothing but their pictures, and heard nothing but their prayers: those were superior, I fancy, to all rivals. Language can be never spoken of by a foreigner to any effect of conviction. I have heard our countryman, Mr. Greatheed himself, who perhaps possesses more Italian than almost any Englishman, and studies it more closely, refuse to decide in critical disputations among his literary friends here, though the sonnets he writes in the Tuscan language are praised by the natives, who best understand it, and have been by some of them preferred to those written by Milton himself. Mean time this is acknowledged to be the prime city for purity of phrase and delicacy of expression, which, at last, is so disguised to me by the guttural manner in which many sounds are pronounced, that I feel half weary of running about from town to town so, and never arriving at any, where I can understand the conversation without putting all the attention possible to their discourse. I am now told that less efforts will be necessary at Rome.

Nothing can be prettier, however, than the slow and tranquil manners of a Florentine; nothing more polished than his general address and behaviour: ever in the third person, though to a blackguard in the street, if he has not the honour of his particular acquaintance, while intimacy produces *voi* in those of the highest rank, who call one another Carlo and

Angelo very sweetly; the ladies taking up the same notion, and saying Louisa, or Maddalena, without any addition at all.

The Don and Donna of Milan were offensive to me somehow, as they conveyed an idea of Spain, not Italy. Here Signora is the term, which better pleases one's ear, and Signora Contessa, Signora Principessa, if the person is of higher quality, resembles our manners more when we say my Lady Dutchess, &c. What strikes me as most observable, is the uniformity of style in all the great towns.

At Venice the men of literature and fashion speak with the same accent, and I believe the same quick turns of expression as their Gondolier; and the coachman at Milan talks no broader than the Countess; who, if she does not speak always in French to a foreigner, as she would willingly do, tries in vain to talk Italian; and having asked you thus, *alla capi?* which means *ha ella capita?* laughs at herself for trying to *toscaneggiare*, as she calls it, and gives the point up with *no cor altr.* that comes in at the end of every sentence, and means *non occorre altro*; there is no more occurs upon the subject.

The Laquais de Place who attended us at Bologna was one of the few persons I had met then, who spoke a language perfectly intelligible to me. "Are you a Florentine, pray friend, said I?" "No, madam, but the *combinations* of this world having led me to talk much with strangers, I contrive to *tuscanize* it all I can for *their* advantage, and doubt not but it will tend to my own at last."

Such a sentiment, so expressed by a footman, would set a plain man in London a laughing, and make a fanciful Lady imagine he was a nobleman disguised. Here nobody laughs, nor nobody stares, nor wonders that their valet speaks just as good language, or utters as well-turned sentences as themselves. Their cold answer to my amazement is as comical as the fellow's fine style—*è battezzato*⁷, say they, *come noi altri*.⁸ But we are called away to hear the fair Fantastici, a young woman who makes improvise verses, and sings them, as they tell me, with infinite learning and taste. She is successor to the celebrated Corilla, who no longer exhibits the power she once

⁷ He has been baptized.

⁸ As well as we.

held without a rival: yet to *her* conversations every one still strives for admittance, though she is now ill, and old, and hoarse with repeated colds. She spares, however, now by no labour or fatigue to obtain and keep that superiority and admiration which one day perhaps gave her almost equal trouble to receive and to repay. But who can bear to lay their laurels by? Corilla is gay by nature, and witty, if I may say so, by habit; replete with fancy, and powerful to combine images apparently distant. Mankind is at last more just to people of talents than is universally allowed, I think. Corilla, without pretensions either to immaculate character (in the English sense), deep erudition, or high birth, which an Italian esteems above all earthly things, has so made her way in the world, that all the nobility of both sexes crowd to her house; that no Prince passes through Florence without waiting on Corilla; that the Capitol will long recollect her being crowned there, and that many sovereigns have not only sought her company, but have been obliged to put up with slights from her independent spirit, and from her airy, rather than haughty behaviour. She is, however, (I cannot guess why) not rich, and keeps no carriage; but enjoying all the effect of money, convenience, company, and general attention, is probably very happy; as she does not much suffer her thoughts of the next world to disturb her felicity in *this*, I believe, while willing to turn every thing into mirth, and make all admire *her wit*, even at the expence of *their own virtue*. The following Epigram, made by her, will explain my meaning, and give a specimen of her present powers of improvisation, undecayed by ill health; and I might add, *undismayed* by it. An old gentleman here, one Gaetano Testa Grossa had a young wife, whose name was Mary, and who brought him a son when he was more than seventy years old. Corilla led him gaily into the circle of company with these words:

“Miei Signori Io vi presento
 Il buon Uomo Gaetano;
 Che non sa che cosa sia
 Il mistero sovr’umano
 Del Figliuolo di Maria.”

Let not the infidels triumph however, or rank among them the truly-illustrious Corilla! 'Twas but the rage, I hope, of keeping at any rate the fame she has gained, when the sweet voice is gone, which once enchanted all who heard it—like the daughters of Pierius in Ovid.

And though I was exceedingly entertained by the present improvisatrice, the charming Fantastici, whose youth, beauty, erudition, and fidelity to her husband, give her every claim upon one's heart, and every just pretension to applause, I could not, in the midst of that delight, which classick learning and musical excellence combined to produce, forbear a grateful recollection of the civilities I had received from Corilla, and half-regretting that her rival should be so successful;

For tho' the treacherous tapster, Thomas,
Hangs a new angel ten doors from us,
We hold it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Well! if some people have too little appearance of respect for religion, there are others who offend one by having too much, and so the balance is kept even.

We were a walking last night in the gardens of Porto St. Gallo, and met two or three well-looking women of the second rank, with a baby, four or five years old at most, dressed in the habit of a Dominican Friar, bestowing the benediction as he walked along like an officiating Priest. I felt a shock given to all my nerves at once, and asked Cavalier D'Elci the meaning of so strange a device. His reply to me was, "*È divozione mal intesa, Signora* ⁹;" and turning round to the other gentlemen, "Now this folly," said he, "a hundred years ago would have been the object of profound veneration and prodigious applause. Fifty years hence it would be censured as hypocritical; it is now passed by wholly unnoticed, except by this foreign Lady, who, I believe, thought it was done for a joke."

I have had a little fever since I came hither from the intense heat I trust; but my maid has a worse still. Doctor Bicchiere, with that liberality which ever is found to attend real learning, prescribed James's powders to *her*, and bid me attend to Bu-

⁹ 'Tis ill-understood devotion, madam.

chan's Domestick Medicine, and I should do well enough he said.

Mr. Greatheed, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Biddulph, and Mr. Piozzi, have been together on a party of pleasure to see the renowned Vallombrosa, and came home contradicting Milton, who says the devils lay bestrewn

Thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa:

Whereas, say they, the trees are all ever-green in those woods. Milton, it seems, was right notwithstanding: for the botanists tell me, that nothing makes more litter than the shedding of leaves, which replace themselves by others, as on the plants stiled ever-green, which change like every tree, but only do not change all at once, and remain stript till spring. They spoke highly of their very kind and hospitable reception at the convent, where

Safe from pangs the worldling knows,
Here secure in calm repose,
Far from life's perplexing maze,
The pious fathers pass their days;
While the bell's shrill-tinkling sound
Regulates their constant round.

And

Here the traveller elate
Finds an ever-open gate:
All his wants find quick supply,
While welcome beams from every eye.

PARSONS.

This pious foundation of retired Benedictines, situated in the Appenines, about eighteen miles from Florence, owes its original to Giovanni Gualberto, a Tuscan nobleman, whose brother Hugo having been killed by a relation in the year 1015, he resolved to avenge his death; but happening to meet the assassin alone and in a solitary place, whither he appeared to have been driven by a sense of guilt, and seeing him suddenly drop down at his feet, and without uttering a word produce from his bosom a crucifix, holding it up in a supplicating gesture, with look submissively imploring, he felt the force

of this silent rhetoric, and generously gave his enemy free pardon.

On further reflection upon the striking scene, Gualberto felt still more affected; and from seeing the dangers and temptations which surround a bustling life, resolved to quit the too much mixed society of mankind, and settle in a state of perpetual retirement. For this purpose he chose Vallombrosa, and there founded the famous convent so justly admired by all who visit it.

Such stories lead one forward to the tombs of Michael Angelo and the great Galileo, which last I looked on to-day with reverence, pity, and wonder; to think that a change so surprising should be made in worldly affairs since his time; that the man who no longer ago than the year 1636, was by the torments and terrors of the Inquisition obliged formally to renounce, as heretical, accursed, and contrary to religion, the revived doctrines of Copernicus, should now have a monument erected to his memory, in the very city where he was born, whence he was cruelly torn away to answer at Rome for the supposed offence; to which he returned; and strange to tell, in which he lived on, by his own desire, with the wife who, by her discovery of his sentiments, and information given to the priests accordingly, had caused his ruin; and who, after his death, in a fit of mad mistaken zeal, flung into the fire, in company with her confessor, all the papers she could find in his study.

How wonderful are these events! and how sweet must the science of astronomy have been to that poor man, who suffered all but actual martyrdom in its cause! How odd too, that ever Galileo's son, by such a mother as we have just described, should apply himself to the same studies, and be the inventor of the simple pendulum so necessary to every kind of clock-work!

Religious prejudices however, and their effects—and thanks be to God their almost final conclusion too—may be found nearer home than Galileo's tomb; while Milton has a monument in the same cathedral with Dr. South, who perhaps would have given credit to no *human* information, which should have told him that event would take place.

We are now going soon to leave Florence, seat of the arts

and residence of literature! I shall be sincerely sorry to quit a city where not a step can be taken without a new or a revived idea being added to our store;—where such statues as would in England have colleges founded, or palaces built for their reception, stand in the open street; the Centaur, the Sabine woman, and the Justice: Where the Madonna della Seggiola reigns triumphant over all pictures for brilliancy of colouring and vigour of pencil.

It was the portrait of Raphaele's favourite mistress, and his own child by her sate for the Bambino:—is it then wonderful that it should want that heavenly expression of dignity divine, and grace unutterable, which breathes through the school of Caracci? Connoisseurs will have all excellence united in one picture, and quarrel unkindly if merit of any kind be wanting: Surely the Madonna della Seggiola has nature to recommend it, and much more need not be desired. If the young and tender and playful innocence of early infancy is what chiefly delights and detains one's attention, it may be found to its utmost possible perfection in a painter far inferior to Raphael, Carlo Marratt.

If softness in the female character, and meek humility of countenance, be all that are wanted for the head of a Madonna, we must go to Elisabetta Sirani and Sassoferrata I think; but it is ever so. The Cordelia of Mrs. Cibber was beyond all comparison softer and sweeter than that of her powerful successor Siddons; yet who will say that the actresses were equal?

But I must bid adieu to beautiful Florence, where the streets are kept so clean one is afraid to dirty *them*, and not *one's self*, by walking in them: where the public walks are all nicely weeded, as in England, and the gardens have a homeish and Bath-like look, that is excessively cheering to an English eye:—where, when I dined at Prince Corsini's table, I heard the Cardinal say grace, and thought of the ceremonies at Queen's College, Oxford; where I had the honour of entertaining, at my own dinner on the 25th of July, many of the Tuscan, and many of the English nobility; and Nardini kindly played a solo in the evening at a concert we gave in Meghitt's great room:—where we have compiled the little book amongst us, known by the name of the Florence Miscellany; as a

memorial of that friendship which does me so much honour, and which I earnestly hope may long subsist among us:—where in short we have lived exceeding comfortably, but where dear Mrs. Greatheed and myself have encouraged each other, in saying it would be particularly sad to *die*, not of the gnats, or more properly mosquitoes, for they do not sting one quite to death, though their venom has swelled my arm so as to oblige me to carry it for this last week in a sling; but of the *mal di petto*, which is endemial in this country, and much resembling our pleurisy in its effects.

Blindness too seems no uncommon misfortune at Florence, from the strong reverberation of the sun's rays on houses of the cleanest and most brilliant whiteness; kept so elegantly nice too, that I should despair of seeing more delicacy at Amsterdam.

Apoplexies are likewise frequent enough: I saw a man carried out stone dead from St. Pancrazio's church one morning about noon-day; but nobody seemed disturbed at the event I think, except myself. Though this is no good town to take one's last leave of life in neither; as the body one has been so long taking care of, would in twenty-four hours be hoisted up upon a common cart, with those of all the people who died the same day, and being fairly carried out of Porto San Gallo towards the dusk of evening, would be shot into a hole dug away from the city, properly enough, to protect Florence, and keep it clear of putrid disorders and disagreeable smells. All this with little ceremony to be sure, and less distinction; for the Grand Duke suffers the pride of birth to last no longer than life however, and demolishes every hope of the woman of quality lying in a separate grave from the distressed object who begged at her carriage door when she was last on an airing.

Let me add, that his liberality of sentiment extends to virtue on the one hand, if hardness of heart may be complained of on the other. He suffers no difference of opinions to operate on his philosophy, and I believe we heretics here should sleep among the best of his Tuscan nobles. But there is no comfort in the possibility of being buried alive by the excessive haste with which people are caught up and hurried away, before it

can be known almost whether all sparks of life are extinct or no. Such management, and the lamentations one hears made by the great, that they should thus be forced to keep *bad company* after death, remind me for ever of an old French epigram, the sentiment of which I perfectly recollect, but have forgotten the verses, of which however these lines are no unfaithful translation:

I dreamt that in my house of clay,
A beggar buried by me lay;
Rascal! go stink apart, I cry'd,
Nor thus disgrace my noble side.
Heydey! cries he, what's here to do?
I'm on my dunghill sure, as well as you.

Of elegant Florence then, so ornamented and so lovely, so neat that it is said she should be seen only on holidays; dedicated of old to Flora, and still the residence of sweetness, grace, and the fine arts particularly; of these kind friends too, so amiable, so hospitable, where I had the choice of four boxes every night at the theatre, and a certainty of charming society in each, we must at last unwillingly take leave; and on tomorrow, the twelfth day of September 1785, once more commit ourselves to our coach, which has hitherto met with no accident that could affect us, and in which, with God's protection, I fear not my journey through what is left of Italy; though such tremendous tales are told in many of our travelling books, of terrible roads and wicked postillions, and ladies labouring through the mire on foot, to arrive at bad inns where nothing eatable could be found. All which however is less despicable than Tournefort, the great French botanist; who, while his works swell with learning, and sparkle with general knowledge; while he enlarges *your* stock of ideas, and displays *his own*; laments pathetically that he could not get down the partridges caught for him in one of the Archipelago islands, because they were not larded—*à la mode de Paris*.

L U C C A

From the head-quarters of painting, sculpture, and architecture then, where art is at her acme, and from a people polished

into brilliancy, perhaps a little into weakness, we drove through the celebrated vale of Arno; thick hedges on each side us, which in spring must have been covered with blossoms and fragrant with perfume; now loaded with uncultivated fruits; the wild grape, raspberry, and azaroli, inviting to every sense, and promising every joy. This beautiful and fertile, this highly-adorned and truly delicious country carried us forward to Lucca, where the panther sits at the gate, and liberty is written up on every wall and door. It is so long since I have seen the word, that even the letters of it rejoice my heart; but how the panther came to be its emblem, who can tell? Unless the philosophy we learn from old Lilly in our childhood were true, *nec vult panthera domari*¹.

That this fairy commonwealth should so long have maintained its independency is strange; but Howel attributes her freedom to the active and industrious spirit of the inhabitants, who, he says, resemble a hive of bees, for order and for diligence. I never did see a place so populous for the size of it: one is actually thronged running up and down the streets of Lucca, though it is a little town enough for a capital city to be sure; larger than Salisbury though, and prettier than Nottingham, the beauties of both which places it unites with all the charms peculiar to itself.

The territory they claim, and of which no power dares attempt to dispossess them, is much about the size of *Rutlandshire* I fancy; surrounded and apparently fenced in on every side, by the Appenines as by a wall, that wall a hot one, on the southern side, and wholly planted over with vines, while the soft shadows which fall upon the declivity of the mountains make it inexpressibly pretty; and form, by the particular disposition of their light and shadow, a variety which no other prospect so confined can possibly enjoy.

This is the Ilam gardens of Europe; and whoever has seen that singular spot in Derbyshire belonging to Mr. Port, has seen little Lucca in a convex mirror. Some writer calls it a ring upon the finger of the Emperor, under whose protection it has been hitherto preserved safe from the Grand Duke of Tuscany till these days, in which the interests of those two sovereigns,

¹ That the panther will never be tamed.

united by intimacy as by blood and resemblance of character, are become almost exactly the same.

A Doge, whom they call the *Principe*, is elected every two months; and is assisted by ten senators in the administration of justice.

Their armoury is the prettiest plaything I ever yet saw, neatly kept, and capable of furnishing twenty-five thousand men with arms. Their revenues are about equal to the Duke of Bedford's I believe, eighty or eighty-five thousand pounds sterling a year; every spot of ground belonging to these people being cultivated to the highest pitch of perfection that agriculture, or rather gardening (for one cannot call these enclosures fields), will admit: and though it is holiday time just now, I see no neglect of necessary duty. They were watering away this morning at seven o'clock, just as we do in a nursery-ground about London, a hundred men at once, or more, before they came home to make themselves smart, and go to hear music in their best church, in honour of some saint, I have forgotten who; but he is the patron of Lucca, and cannot be accused of neglecting his charge, that is certain.

This city seems really under admirable regulations; here are fewer beggars than even at Florence, where however one for fifty in the states of Genoa or Venice do not meet your eyes: And either the word liberty has bewitched me, or I see an air of plenty without insolence, and business without noise, that greatly delight me. Here is much cheerfulness too, and gay good-humour; but this is the season of devotion at Lucca, and in these countries the ideas of devotion and diversion are so blended, that all religious worship seems connected with, and to me now regularly implies, a *festive show*.

Well, as the Italians say, "*Il mondo è bello perche è variabile*"². We English dress our clergymen in black, and go ourselves to the theatre in colours. Here matters are reversed, the church at noon looked like a flower-garden, so gaily adorned were the priests, confrairies, &c. while the Operahouse at night had more the air of a funeral, as every body was dressed in black: a circumstance I had forgotten the meaning of, till reminded that such was once the emulation of

² The world is pleasant because it is various.

finery among the persons of fashion in this city, that it was found convenient to restrain the spirit of expence, by obliging them to wear constant mourning: a very rational and well-devised rule in a town so small, where every body is known to every body; and where, when this silly excitement to envy is wisely removed, I know not what should hinder the inhabitants from living like those one reads of in the Golden Age; which, above all others, this climate most resembles, where pleasure contributes to sooth life, commerce to quicken it, and faith extends its prospects to eternity. Such is, or such at least appears to me this lovely territory of Lucca: where cheap living, free government, and genteel society, may be enjoyed with a tranquillity unknown to larger states: where there are delicious and salutary baths a few miles out of town, for the nobility to make *villeggiatura* at; and where, if those nobility were at all disposed to cultivate and communicate learning, every opportunity for study is afforded.

Some drawbacks will however always be found from human felicity. I once mentioned this place with warm expectations of delight, to a Milanese lady of extensive knowledge, and every elegant accomplishment worthy her high birth, the Contessa Melzi Resta. "Why yes," said she, "if you would find out the place where common sense stagnates, and every topic of conversation dwindles and perishes away by too frequent or too unskilful touching and handling, you must go to Lucca. My ill-health sent me to their beautiful baths one summer; where all the faculties of my body were restored, thank God, but those of my soul were stupified to such a degree, that at last I was fit to keep no other company but *Dame Lucchesi* I think; and *our* talk was soon ended, heaven knows, for when they had once asked me of an evening, what I had for dinner? and told me how many pair of stockings their neighbours sent to the wash, we had done."

This was a young, a charming, a lively lady of quality; full of curiosity to know the world, and of spirits to bustle through it; but had she been battered through the various societies of London and Paris for eighteen or twenty years together, she would have loved Lucca better, and despised it less. "We must not look for whales in the Euxine Sea," says an

old writer; and we must not look for great men or great things in little nations to be sure, but let us respect the innocence of childhood, and regard with tenderness the territory of Lucca: where no man has been murdered during the life or memory of any of its peaceful inhabitants; where one robbery alone has been committed for sixteen years; and the thief hanged by a Florentine executioner borrowed for the purpose, no Lucchese being able or willing to undertake so horrible an office, with terrifying circumstances of penitence and public reprehension: where the governed are so few in proportion to the governors; all power being circulated among four hundred and fifty nobles, and the whole country producing scarcely ninety thousand souls. A great boarding-school in England is really an infinitely more licentious place; and grosser immoralities are every day connived at in it, than are known to pollute this delicate and curious commonwealth; which keeps a council always subsisting, called the *Discoli*, to examine the lives and conduct, professions, and even *health* of their subjects: and once o'year they sweep the town of vagabonds, which till then are caught up and detained in a house of correction, and made to work, if not disabled by lameness, till the hour of their release and dismissal. I wondered there were so few beggars about, but the reason is now apparent: these we see are neighbours, come hither only for the three days gala.

I was wonderfully solicitous to obtain some of their coin, which carries on it the image of no *earthly* prince; but his head only who came to redeem us from general slavery on the one side, *Jesus Christ*; on the other, the word *Libertas*.

Our peasant-girls here are in a new dress to me; no more jewels to be seen, no more pearls; the finery of which so dazzled me in Tuscany: these wenches are prohibited such ornaments it seems. A muslin handkerchief, folded in a most becoming manner, and starched exactly enough to make it wear clean four days, is the head-dress of Lucchese lasses; it is put on turban-wise, and they button their gowns close, with long sleeves *à la Savoyarde*; but it is made often of a stiff brocaded silk, and green lapels, with cuffs of the same colour; nor do they wear any hats at all, to defend them from a sun which does undoubtedly mature the fig and ripen the vine, but

which, by the same excess of power, exalts the venom of the viper, and gives the scorpion means to keep me in perpetual torture for fear of his poison, of which, though they assure us death is seldom the consequence among *them*, I know his sting would finish me at once, because the gnats at Florence were sufficient to lame me for a considerable time.

The dialect has lost much of the guttural sound that hurt one's ear at the last place of residence; but here is an odd squeaking accent, that distinguishes the Tuscan of Lucca.

The place appropriated for airing, showing fine equipages, &c. is beautiful beyond all telling; from the peculiar shadows on the mountains. They make the bastions of the town their Corso, but none except the nobles can go and drive upon one part of it. I know not how many yards of ground is thus set apart, sacred to sovereignty; but it makes one laugh.

Our inn here is an excellent one, as far as I am concerned; and the sallad-oil green, like Irish usquebaugh, nothing was ever so excellent. I asked the French valet who dresses our hair, "*Si ce n'était pas une république mignonne*³?"—"Ma foy, madame, je la trouve plus tôt la république des rats et des souris⁴," replies the fellow, who had not slept all night, I afterwards understood, for the noise those troublesome animals made in his room.

P I S A

This town has been so often described that it is as well known in England as in Italy almost; where I, like others, have seen the magnificent cathedral; have examined the two pillars which support its entrance, and which once adorned Diana's temple at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world. Their carving is indeed beyond all idea of workmanship; and the possession of them is inestimable. I have seen the old stones with inscriptions on them, bearing date the reign of Antoninus Pius, stuck casually, some with the letters reversed, some sloping, according to accident merely, as it appears to me, in the body of the great church: and I have seen the leaning tower that Lord Chesterfield so comically describes our English

³ If it were not a dear little pretty commonwealth—this?

⁴ Faith, madam, I call it the republic of the rats and mice.

travellers eagerness to see. It is a beautiful building though after all, and a strange thing that it should lean so. The cylindrical form, and marble pillars that support each story, may rationally enough attract a stranger's notice, and one is sorry the lower stories have sunk from their foundations, originally defective ones I trust they were, though, God knows, if the Italians do not build towers well, it is not for want either of skill or of experience: for there is a tower to every town I think, and commonly fabricated with elaborate nicety and well-fixed bases. But as earthquakes and subterranean fires here are scarcely a wonder, one need not marvel much at seeing the ground retreat just *here*. It is nearer our hand, and quite as well worth our while to enquire, why the tower at *Bridgnorth* in Shropshire leans exactly in the same direction, and is full as much out of the perpendicular as this at Pisa.

The brazen gates here, carved by John of Bologna, at least begun by him, are a wonderful work; and the marbles in the baptistery beat those of Florence for value and for variety. A good lapidary might find perpetual amusement in adjusting the claims of superiority to these precious columns of jasper, granite, alabaster, &c. The different animals which support the font being equally admirable for their composition as for their workmanship.

The Campo Santo is an extraordinary place, and, for aught I know, unparalleled for its power over the mind in exciting serious contemplations upon the body's decay, and suggesting consolatory thoughts concerning the soul's immortality. Here in three days, owing to quick-lime mixed among the earth, vanishes every vestige, every trace of the human being carried thither seventy hours before, and here round the walls Giotto and Cimabue have exhausted their invention to impress the passers-by with deep and pensive melancholy.

The four stages of man's short life, infancy, childhood, maturity, and decrepit age, not ill represented by one of the ancient artists, shew the sad but not slow progress we make to this dark abode; while the last judgment, hell, and paradise inform us what events of the utmost consequence are to follow our journey. All this a modern traveller finds out to be *vastly ridiculous!* though Doctor Smollet (*whose book I think he has read*) confesses, that the spacious Corridor round the

Campo Santo di Pisa would make the noblest walk in the world perhaps for a contemplative philosopher.

The tomb of Algarotti produces softer ideas when one looks at the sepulchre of a man who, having deserved and obtained such solid and extensive praise, modestly contented himself with desiring that his epitaph might be so worded, as to record, upon a simple but lasting monument, that he had the honour of being disciple to the immortal *Newton*.

The battle of the bridge here at Pisa drew a great many spectators this year, as it has not been performed for a considerable time before: the waiters at our inn here give a better account of it than one should have got perhaps from Cavalier or Dama, who would have felt less interested in the business, and seen it from a greater distance. The armies of Sant' Antonio, and I think San Giovanni Battista, but I will not be positive as to the last, disputed the possession of the bridge, and fought gallantly I fancy; but the first remained conqueror, as our very conversible *Camerieres* took care to inform us, as it was on that side it seems that they had exerted their valour.

Calling theatres, and ships, and running horses, and mock fights, and almost every thing so by the names of Saints, whom we venerate in silence, and they themselves publicly worship, has a most profane and offensive sound with it to be sure; and shocks delicate ears very dreadfully: and I used to reprimand my maids at Milan for bringing up the blessed Virgin Mary's name on every trivial, almost on every ludicrous occasion, with a degree of sharpness they were not accustomed to, because it kept me in a constant shivering. Yet let us reflect a moment on our own conduct in England, and we shall be forced candidly to confess that the Puritans alone keep their lips unpolluted by breach of the third commandment, while the common exclamation of *good God!* scrupled by few people on the slightest occurrences, and apparently without any temptation in the world, is no less than gross irreverence of his sacred name, whom we acknowledge to be

Father of all, in *every* age
In *every* clime ador'd;
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Nor have the ladies at a London card-table Italian ignorance to plead in their excuse; as not instruction but docility is wanted among almost all ranks of people in Great Britain, where, if the Christian religion were practiced as it is understood, little could be wished for its eternal, as little is left out among the blessings of its temporal welfare.

I have been this morning to look at the Grand Duke's camels, which he keeps in his park as we do deer in England. There were a hundred and sixteen of them, pretty creatures! and they breed very well here, and live quite at their ease, only housing them the winter months: they are perfectly docile and gentle the man told me, apparently less tender of their young than mares, but more approachable by human creatures than even such horses as have been long at grass. That dun hue one sees them of, is, it seems, not totally and invariably the same, though I doubt not but it is so in their native deserts. Let it once become a fashion for sovereigns and other great men to keep and to caress them, we shall see camels as variegated as cats, which in the woods are all of the uniformly-streaked tabby—the males inclining to the brown shade—the females to blue among them;—but being bred *down*, become tortoiseshell, and red, and every variety of colour, which domestication alone can bestow.

The misery of Tuscany is, that *all animals* thrive so happily under this productive sun; so that if you scorn the Zanzariere, you are half-devoured before morning, and so disfigured, that I defy one's nearest friends to recollect one's countenance; while the spiders sting as much as any of their insects; and one of them bit me this very day till the blood came.

With all this not ill-founded complaint of these our active companions, my constant wonder is, that the grapes hang untouched this 20th of September, in vast heavy clusters covered with bloom; and unmolested by insects, which, with a quarter of this heat in England, are encouraged to destroy all our fruit in spite of the gardener's diligence to blow up nests, cover the walls with netting, and hang them about with bottles of syrup, to court the creatures in, who otherwise so damage every fig and grape and plum of ours, that nothing but the skins are left remaining *by now*. Here no such contrivances

are either wanted or thought on; and while our islanders are sedulously bent to guard, and studious to invent new devices to protect their half dozen peaches from their half dozen wasps, the standard trees of Italy are loaded with high-flavoured and delicious fruits.

Here figs sky-dy'd a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows;
Here dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold.

The roadside is indeed hedged with festoons of vines, crawling from olive to olive, which they plant in the ditches of Tuscany as we do willows in Britain: mulberry trees too by the thousand, and some pollarded poplars serve for support to the glorious grapes that will now soon be gathered. What least contributes to the beauty of the country however, is perhaps most subservient to its profits. I am ashamed to write down the returns of money gained by the oil alone in this territory and that of Lucca, where I was much struck with the colour as well as the excellence of this useful commodity. Nor can I tell why none of that green cast comes over to England, unless it is, that, like essential oil of chamomile, it loses the tint by exposure to the air.

An olive tree, however, is no elegantly-growing or happily-coloured plant: straggling and dusky, one is forced to think of its produce, before one can be pleased with its merits, as in a deformed and ugly friend or companion.

The fogs now begin to fall pretty heavily in a morning, and rising about the middle of the day, leave the sun at liberty to exert his violence very powerfully. At night come forth the inhabitants, like dor-beetles at sunset on the coast of Sussex; then is their season to walk and chat, and sing and make love, and run about the street with a girl and a guitar; to eat ice and drink lemonade; but never to be seen drunk or quarrelsome, or riotous. Though night is the true season of Italian felicity, they place not their happiness in brutal frolics, any more than in malicious titterings; they are idle and they are merry: it is, I think, the worst we can say of them; they are idle because there is little for them to do, and merry because they have

little given them to think about. To the busy Englishman they might well apply these verses of his own Milton in the Masque of Comus:

What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care! 'twas made for you.

LEGHORN

Here we are by the sea-side once more, in a trading town too; and I should think myself in England almost, but for the difference of dresses that pass under my balcony: for here we were immediately addressed by a young English gentleman, who politely put us in possession of his apartments, the best situated in the town; and with him we talked of the dear coast of Devonshire, agreed upon the resemblance between that and these environs, but gave the preference to home, on account of its undulated shore, finely fringed with woodlands, which here are wanting: nor is this verdure equal to ours in vivid colouring, or variegated with so much taste as those lovely hills which are adorned by the antiquities of Powderham Castle, and the fine disposition of Lord Lisburne's park.

But here is an English consul at Leghorn. Yes indeed! an English chapel too; our own King's arms over the door, and in the desk and pulpit an English clergyman; high in character, eminent for learning, genteel in his address, and charitable in every sense of the word: as such, truly loved and honoured by those of his own persuasion, exceedingly respected by those of every other, which fill this extraordinary city: a place so populous, that Cheapside alone can surpass it.

It is not a large place however; one very long straight street, and one very large wide square, not less than Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, but I think bigger, form the whole of Leghorn; which I can compare to nothing but a *camera obscura*, or magic lantern, exhibiting prodigious variety of different, and not uninteresting figures, that pass and re-pass to my incessant delight, and give that sort of empty amusement which is *à la portée de chacun*¹ so completely, that for the present it really serves to drive every thing else from my head, and makes me

¹ Within every one's reach.

little desirous to quit for any other diversion the windows or balcony, whence I look down now upon a Levantine Jew, dressed in long robes, a sort of odd turban, and immense beard: now upon a Tuscan contadinella, with the little straw hat, nosegay and jewels, I have been so often struck with. Here an Armenian Christian, with long hair, long gown, long beard, all black as a raven; who calls upon an old grey Franciscan friar for a walk; while a Greek woman, obliged to cross the street on some occasion, throws a vast white veil all over her person, lest she should undergo the disgrace of being seen at all.

Sometimes a group goes by, composed of a broad Dutch sailor, a dry-starched puritan, and an old French officer; whose knowledge of the world and habitual politeness contrive to conceal the contempt he has of his companions.

The geometricians tell us that the figure which has most angles bears the nearest resemblance to that which has no angles at all; so here at Leghorn, where you can hardly find forty men of a mind, dispute and contention grow vain, a comfortable though temporary union takes place, while nature and opinion bend to interest and necessity.

The Contorni of Leghorn are really very pretty; the Apennine mountains degenerate into hills as they run round the bay, but gain in beauty what in sublimity they lose.

To enjoy an open sea view, one must drive further; and it really affords a noble prospect from that rising ground where I understand that the rich Jews hold their summer habitations. They have a synagogue in the town, where I went one evening, and heard the Hebrew service, and thought of what Dr. Burney says of their singing.

It is however no credit to the Tuscans to tell, that of all the people gathered together here, they are the worst-looking—I speak of the *men*—but it is so. When compared with the German soldiery, the English sailors, the Venetian traders, the Neapolitan peasants, for I have seen some of *them* here, how feeble a fellow is a genuine Florentine! And when one recollects the cottagers of Lombardy, that handsome hardy race; bright in their expression, and muscular in their strength; it is still stranger, what can have weakened these too delicate

Tuscans so. As they are very rich, and might be very happy under the protection of a prince who lets slip no opportunity of preferring his plebeian to his patrician subjects; yet here at Leghorn they have a tender frame and an unhealthy look, occasioned possibly by the stagnant waters, which render the environs unwholesome enough I believe; and the millions of live creatures they produce are enough to distract a person not accustomed to such buzzing company.

We went out for air yesterday morning three or four miles beyond the town-walls, where I looked steadily at the sea, till I half thought myself at home. The ocean being peculiarly British property favoured the idea, and for a moment I felt as if on our southern coast; we walked forward towards the shore, and I stepped upon some rocks that broke the waves as they rolled in, and was wishing for a good bathing-house that one might enjoy the benefit of salt-water so long withheld; till I saw our *laquais de place* crossing himself at the carriage door, and wondering, as I afterwards found out, at my matchless intrepidity. The mind however took another train of thought, and we returned to the coach, which when we arrived at I refused to enter; not without screaming I fear, as a vast hornet had taken possession in our absence, and the very notion of such a companion threw me into an agony. Our attendant's speech to the coachman however, made me more than amends: "*Ora si vede amico*" (says he), "*cos'è la Donna; del mare istesso non ha paura e pur va in convulsioni per via d'una mosca* ²." This truly Tuscan and highly contemptuous harangue, uttered with the utmost deliberation, and added to the absence of the hornet, sent me laughing into the carriage, with great esteem of our philosophical *Rosso*, for so the fellow was called, because he had red hair.

In a very clear day, it is said, one may see Corsica from hence, though not less than forty or fifty miles off: the pretty island Gorgona however, whence our best anchovies are brought to England, lies constantly in view,

Assurgit ponti medio circumflua Gorgon.

RUTILIUS'S ITINERARY.

² Now, my friend, do but observe what a thing is a woman! she is not afraid even of the roaring ocean, and yet goes into fits almost at the sight of a fly.

How she came by that extraordinary name though, is not I believe well known; perhaps her likeness to one of the Cape Verd islands, the original Hesperides, might be the cause; for it was *there* the daughters of Phorcus fixed their habitation: or may be, as Medusa was called *Gorgon par éminence*, because she applied herself to the enriching of ground, this fertile islet owes its appellation from being particularly manured and fructified.

Here is an extraordinary good opera-house; admirable dancers, who performed a mighty pretty pantomime *Comédie larmoyante* without words; I liked it vastly. The famous Soprano singer Bedini was at Lucca; but here is our old London favourite Signora Giorgi, improved into a degree of perfection seldom found, and from her little expected.

Mr. Udney the British Consul is alone now; his lady has been obliged to leave him and take her children home for health's sake; but we saw his fine collection of pictures, among which is a Danae that once belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden, and fell from her possession into that of some nobleman, who being tormented by scruples of morality upon his death-bed, resolved to part with all his undraped figures, but not liking to lose the face of this Danae, put the picture into a painter's hands to cut and clothe her: the man, instead of obeying orders he considered as barbarous, copied the whole, and dressed the copy decently, sending it to his sick friend, who never discerned the trick; and kept the original to dispose of, where fewer scruples impeded an advantageous sale. The gentleman who bought it then, died; when Mr. Udney purchased Danae, and highly values her; though some connoisseurs say she is too young and ungrown a female for the character. There is a Titian too in the same collection, of Cupid riding on a lion's back, to which some very remarkable story is annexed; but one's belief is so assailed by such various tales, told of all the striking pictures in Italy, that one grows more tenacious of it every day I think; so that at last the danger will be of believing too little, instead of too much perhaps. Happy for travellers would it be, were that disposition of mind confined to *painting* only: but if it should prove extended to more serious subjects, we can only hope that the violent excess of the temptation may prove some excuse, or at least in a slight

degree extenuate the offence: A wise man cannot believe half he hears in Italy to be sure, but a pious man will be cautious not to discredit it all.

Our evening's walk was directed towards the burying-ground appointed here to receive the bodies of our countrymen, and consecrated according to the rites of the Anglican church: for *here*, under protection of a factory, we enjoy that which is vainly sought for under the auspices of a king's ambassador.—*Here* we have a churchyard of our own, and are not condemned as at other towns in Italy, to be stuffed into a hole like dogs, after having spent our money among them like princes. Prejudice however is not banished from Leghorn, though convenience keeps all in good-humour with each other. The Italians fail not to class the subjects of Great Britain among the Pagan inhabitants of the town, and to distinguish themselves, say, "*Noi altri Christiani* ³:" their aversion to a Protestant, conceal it as they may, is ever implacable; and the last day only will convince them that it is criminal.

Cælum non animum mutant ⁴, is an old observation; I passed this afternoon in confirming the truth of it among the English traders settled here: whose conversation, manners, ideas, and language, were so truly *Londonish*, so little changed by transmigration, that I thought some enchantment had suddenly operated, and carried me to drink tea in the regions of *Bucklersbury*.

Well! it is a great delight to see such a society subsisting in Italy after all; established where distress may run for refuge, and sickness retire to prepare for lasting repose: whence narrowness of mind is banished by principles of universal benevolence, and prejudice precluded by Christian charity: where the purse of the British merchant, ever open to the poor, is certain to succour and to soothe affliction; and where it is agreed that more alms are given by the natives of our island alone, than by all the rest of Leghorn, and the palaces of Pisa put together.

I have here finished that work which chiefly brought me hither; the Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson's Life. It is from this

³ We that are Christians.

⁴ One changes one's sky but not one's soul.

port they take their flight for England, while we retire for refreshment to the

BAGNI di PISA

But not only the waters here are admirable, every look from every window gives images unentertained before; sublimity happily wedded with elegance, and majestick greatness enlivened, yet softened by taste.

The haughty mountain St. Julianò lifting its brown head over our house on one side, the extensive plain stretched out before us on the other; a gravel walk neatly planted by the side of a peaceful river, which winds through a valley richly cultivated with olive yards and vines; and sprinkled, though rarely, with dwellings, either magnificent or pleasing: this lovely prospect, bounded only by the sea, makes a variety incessant as the changes of the sky; exhibiting early tranquillity, and evening splendour by turns.

It was perhaps particularly delightful to me, to obtain once more a cottage in the country, after running so from one great city to another; and for the first week I did nothing but rejoice in a solitude so new, so salutiferous, so total. I therefore, begged my husband not to hurry us to Rome, but take the house we lived in for a longer term, as I would now play the English housewife in Italy I said; and accordingly began calling the chickens and ducks under my window, tasted the new wine as it ran purple from the cask, caressed the meek oxen that drew it to our door; and felt sensations so unaffectedly pastoral, that nothing in romance ever exceeded my felicity.

The cold bath here is the most delicate imaginable; of a moderate degree of coldness though, not three degrees below Matlock surely; but omitting, simply enough, to carry a thermometer, one can measure the heat of nothing. Our hot water here seems about the temperature of the Queen's bath in Somersetshire; it is purgative, not corroborant, they tell me; and its taste resembles Cheltenham water exactly.

These springs are much frequented by the court I find, and here are very tolerable accommodations; but it is not the season now, and our solitude is perfect in a place which beggars all description, where the mountains are mountains of

marble, and the bushes on them bushes of myrtle; large as our hawthorns, and white with blossoms, as *they* are at the same time of year in Devonshire: where the waters are salubrious, the herbage odoriferous, every trodden step breathing immediate fragrance from the crushed sweets of thyme, and marjoram, and winter savoury: while the birds and the butterflies frolick around, and flutter among the loaded lemon, and orange, and olive trees, till imagination is fatigued with following the charms that surround one.

I am come home this moment from a long but not tedious walk, among the crags of this glorious mountain; the base of which nearly reaches, within half a mile perhaps, to the territories of Lucca. Some country girls passed me with baskets of fruit, chickens, &c. on their heads. I addressed them as natives of the last-named place, saying I knew them to be such by their dress and air; one of them instantly replied, "*Oh si, siamo Lucchesi, noi altri; già si può vedere subito una Repubblicana, e credo bene ch'ella se n' è accorta benissimo che siamo del paese della libertà*"¹.

I will add that these females wear no ornaments at all; are always proud and gay, and sometimes a little saucy too. The Tuscan damsels, loaded with gold and pearls, have a less assured look, and appear disconcerted when in company with their freer neighbours—Let them tell why.

Mean time my fairy dream of fantastic delight seems fading away apace. Mr. Piozzi has been ill, and of a putrid complaint in his throat, which above all things I should dread in this hot climate. This accident, assisted by other concurring circumstances, has convinced me that we are not shut up in measureless content as Shakespeare calls it, even under St. Julian's Hill: for here was no help to be got in the first place, except the useless conversation of a medical gentleman whose accent and language might have pleased a disengaged mind, but had little chance to tranquillize an affrighted one. What is worse, here was no rest to be had, for the multitudes of vermin up stairs and below. When we first hired the house, I remember my maid jumping up on one of the kitchen chairs while a ragged

¹ Oh yes, we are Lucca people sure enough, and I am persuaded that you soon saw in our faces that we come from a land of liberty.

lad cleared *that* apartment for her of scorpions to the number of seventeen. But now the biters and stingers drive me *quite wild*, because one must keep the windows open for air, and a sick man can enjoy none of that, being closed up in the Zanzariere, and obliged to respire the same breath over and over again; which, with a sore throat and fever, is most melancholy: but I keep it wet with vinegar, and defy the hornets how I can.

What is more surprising than all, however, is to hear that no lemons can be procured for less than two pence English a-piece; and now I am almost ready to join myself in the general cry against Italian imposition, and recollect the proverb which teaches us

Chi ha da far con Tosco,
Non bisogna esser losco²;

as I am confident they cannot be worth even two pence a hundred here, where they hang like apples in our cyder countries; but the rogues know that my husband is sick, and upon poor me they have no mercy.

I have sent our folks out to gather fruit at a venture: and now this misery will soon be ended with his illness; driven away by deluges of lemonade, I think, made in defiance of wasps, flies, and a kind of volant beetle, wonderfully beautiful and very pertinacious in his attacks; and who makes dreadful depredations on my sugar and currant-jelly, so necessary on this occasion of illness, and so attractive to all these detestable inhabitants of a place so lovely.

My patient, however, complaining that although I kept these harpies at a distance, no sleep could yet be obtained;—I resolved when he was risen, and had changed his room, to examine into the true cause: and with my maid's assistance, unripped the mattress, which was without exaggeration or hyperbole *all alive* with creatures wholly unknown to me. Non-descripts in nastiness I believe they are, like maggots with horns and tails; such a race as I never saw or heard of, and as would have disgusted Mr. Leeuenhoeck himself. My willing-

² Who has to do with Tuscan wight,
Of both his eyes will need the light.

ness to quit this place and its hundred-footed inhabitants was quickened three nights after by a thunder storm, such as no dweller in more northern latitudes can form an idea of; which, assisted by some few slight shocks of an earthquake, frightened us all from our beds, sick and well, and gave me an opportunity of viewing such flashes of lightning as I had never contemplated till now, and such as it appeared impossible to escape from with life. The tremendous claps of thunder re-echoing among these Appenines, which double every sound, were truly dreadful. I really and sincerely thought St. Julian's mountain was rent by one violent stroke, accompanied with a rough concussion, and that the rock would fall upon our heads by morning; while the agonies of my English maid and the French valet, became equally insupportable to themselves and me; who could only repeat the same unheeded consolations, and protest our resolution of releasing them from this theatre of distraction the moment our departure should become practicable. Mean time the rain fell, and such a torrent came tumbling down the sides of St. Julian, as I am persuaded no female courage could have calmly looked on. I therefore waited its abatement in a darkened room, packed up our coach without waiting to copy over the verses my admiration of the place had prompted, and drove forward to Sienna, through Pisa again, where our friends told us of the damages done by the tempest; and shewed us a pretty little church just out of town, where the officiating priest at the altar was saved almost by miracle, as the lightning melted one of the chalices completely, and twisted the brazen-gilt crucifix quite round in a very astonishing manner.

Here, however, is the proper place, if any, to introduce the poem of seventy-three short lines, calling itself an Ode to Society written in a state of perfect solitude, secluded from all mortal tread, as was our habitation at the Bagni di Pisa.

ODE TO SOCIETY

I.

SOCIETY! gregarious dame!
Who knows thy favour'd haunts to name?

Whether at Paris you prepare
The supper and the chat to share,
While fix'd in artificial row,
Laughter displays its teeth of snow:
Grimace with raillery rejoices,
And song of many mingled voices,
Till young coquetry's artful wile
Some foreign novice shall beguile,
Who home return'd, still prates of thee,
Light, flippant, French SOCIETY.

I I .

Or whether, with your zone unbound,
You ramble gaudy Venice round,
Resolv'd the inviting sweets to prove,
Of friendship warm, and willing love;
Where softly roll th' obedient seas,
Sacred to luxury and ease,
In coffee-house or casino gay
Till the too quick return of day,
Th'enchanted votary who sighs
For sentiments without disguise,
Clear, unaffected, fond, and free,
In Venice finds SOCIETY.

I I I .

Or if to wiser Britain led,
Your vagrant feet desire to tread
With measur'd step and anxious care,
The precincts pure of Portman-square;
While wit with elegance combin'd,
And polish'd manners there you'll find;
The taste correct—and fertile mind:
Remember vigilance lurks near,
And silence with unnotic'd sneer,
Who watches but to tell again
Your foibles with to-morrow's pen;
Till titt'ring malice smiles to see
Your wonder—grave SOCIETY.

I V .

Far from your busy crowded court,
Tranquillity makes her resort;

Where 'mid cold Staffa's columns rude,
 Resides majestic solitude;
 Or where in some sad Brachman's cell,
 Meek innocence delights to dwell,
 Weeping with unexperienc'd eye,
 The death of a departed fly:
 Or in *Hetruria's* heights sublime,
 Where science self might fear to climb,
 But that she seeks a smile from thee,
 And woos thy praise, SOCIETY.

V.

Thence let me view the plains below,
 From rough St. Julian's rugged brow;
 Hear the loud torrents swift descending,
 Or mark the beauteous rainbow bending,
 Till Heaven regains its favourite hue,
 Æther divine! celestial blue!
 Then bosom'd high in myrtle bower,
 View letter'd Pisa's pendent tower;
 The sea's wide scene, the port's loud throng,
 Of rude and gentle, right and wrong;
 A motley groupe which yet agree
 To call themselves SOCIETY.

VI.

Oh! thou still sought by wealth and fame,
 Dispenser of applause and blame:
 While flatt'ry ever at thy side,
 With slander can thy smiles divide;
 Far from thy haunts, oh! let me stray,
 But grant one friend to cheer my way,
 Whose converse bland, whose music's art,
 May cheer my soul, and heal my heart;
 Let soft content our steps pursue,
 And bliss eternal bound our view:
 Pow'r I'll resign, and pomp, and glee,
 Thy best-lov'd sweets—SOCIETY.

SIENNA

20th October 1785

We arrived here last night, having driven through the sweetest country in the world; and here are a few timber trees at last,

such as I have not seen for a long time, the Tuscan spirit of mutilation being so great, that every thing till now has been pollarded that would have passed twenty feet in height: this is done to support the vines, and not suffer their rambling produce to run out of the way, and escape the gripe of the gatherers. I have eaten too many of these delicious grapes however, and it is now my turn to be sick—No wonder, I know few who would resist a like temptation, especially as the inn afforded but a sorry dinner, whilst every hedge provided so noble a dessert. *Passerà pur la malatia*¹, as these soft-mouthed people tell me; the sooner perhaps, as we are not here annoyed by insects, which poison the pleasure of other places in Italy; here are only *lizards*, lovely creatures! who being of a beautiful light green colour upon the back and legs, reside in whole families at the foot of every tree, and turn their scarlet bosoms to the sun, as if to display the glories of colouring which his beams alone can bestow.

The pleasing tales told of this pretty animal's amical disposition towards man are strictly true, I hear; and it is no longer ago than yesterday I was told an odd anecdote of a young farmer, who, carrying a basket of figs to his mistress, lay down in the field as he crossed it, quite overcome with the weather, and fell fast asleep. A serpent, attracted by the scent, twined round the basket, and would have bit the fellow as well as robbed him, had not a friendly lizard waked, and given him warning of the danger.

Swift says, that in the course of life he meets many asses, but they have not *lucky names*. I have met many *vipers*, and so few *lizards*, it is surprising! but they will not live in London.

All the stories one has ever heard of sweetness in language and delicacy in pronunciation, fall short of Siennese converse. The girls who wait on us at the inn here, would be treasures in England, could one get them thither; and they need move nothing but their tongues to make their fortunes. I told Rosetta so, and said I would steal from them a poor girl of eight years old, whom they kept out of charity, and called Olympia, to be my language mistress. "*Battezzatta com' è, la*

¹ The disorder will die away though.

*lascieremo Christiana*²," was the answer. It is impossible, without their manners, to express their elegance, their superior delicacy, graceful without diffusion, and terse without laconicism. You ask the way to the town of a peasant girl, and she replies, "*Passato'l Ponte, o pur barcato'l Fiume, eccola a Sienna*"³." And as we drove towards the city in the evening, our postillion sung improvise verses on his sweetheart, a widow who lived down at Pistoja, they told me. I was ashamed to think that no desk or study was likely to have produced better on so trite a subject. Candour must confess, however, that no thought was new, though the language made them for a moment seem so.

This town is neat and cleanly, and comfortable and airy. The prospect from the public walks wants no beauty but water; and here is a suppressed convent on the neighbouring hill, where we half-longed to build a pretty cottage, as the ground is now to be disposed of vastly cheap; and half one's work is already done in the apartments once occupied by friars. With half a word's persuasion I should fix for life here. The air is so pure, the language so pleasing, the place so inviting;—*but we drive on.*

There is, mean time, resident in the neighbourhood an English gentleman, his name Greenfield, who has formed to himself a mighty sweet habitation in the English taste, but not extensive, as his property don't reach far: he is however a sort of little oracle in the country I am told; gives money, and dispenses James's powders to the poor, is happy in the esteem of numberless people of fashion, and the comfort of his country people's lives beside; who, travelling to Sienna, as many do for the advantage of studying Italian to perfection, find a friend and companion where perhaps it is least expected.

The cathedral here at Sienna deserves a volume, and I shall scarcely give it a page. The pavement of it is the just pride of Italy, and may challenge the world to produce its equal. St. Mark's at Venice floored with precious stones dies away upon the comparison; this being all inlaid with dove-coloured and white marbles representing historical subjects not ill told.

² Being baptized as she is, we will leave her a Christian.

³ The bridge once passed, or the river crossed, Sienna lies before you.

Were this operation performed in mosaic work, others of rival excellence might be found. The pavement of Sienna's dome is so disposed by an effort of art one never saw but here, that it produces an effect most resembling that of a very fine and beautiful damask tablecloth, where the large patterns are correctly drawn.

Rome however is to be our next stage, and many of our English gentlemen now here, are with ourselves impatiently waiting for the numberless pleasures it is expected to afford us. I will here close this chapter upon our various desires; one wishing to see St. Peter's; one setting his heart upon entering the Capitol; to-morrow's sun will light us all upon our search.

R O M E

The first sleeping place between Sienna and this capital shall not escape mentioning; its name is Radicofani, its title an inn, and its situation the summit of an exhausted volcano. Such a place did I never see. The violence of the mountain, when living, has split it in a variety of places, and driven it to a breadth of base beyond credibility, its height being no longer formidable. Whichever way you turn your eyes, nothing but portions of this black rock appear therefore; so here is extent without sublimity, and here is terror mingled with disgust. The inside of the house is worthy of the prospect seen from its windows; wild, spacious, and scantily provided. Never had place so much the appearance of a haunted hall, where Sir Rowland or Sir Bertrand might feel proud of their courage when

The knight advancing strikes the fatal door,
And hollow chambers send a sullen roar.

M E R R Y .

To this truly dismal reposing place is however kindly added a little chapel; and few persons can imagine what a comfortable feel it gave me on entering it in the morning after hearing the winds howl all night in the black mountain. Here too we first made acquaintance with Signor Giovanni Ricci, a mighty agreeable gentleman, who was kindly assistant to us in a hundred little difficulties, afterwards occasioned by horses, postil-

lions, &c. which at last brought us through a bad country enough to Viterbo, where we slept.

The melancholy appearance of the Campagna has been remarked and described by every traveller with displeasure, by all with truth. The ill look of the very few and very unhealthy inhabitants confirms their descriptions; and beside the pale and swelled faces which shock one's sight, here is a brassy scent in the air as of verdigris, which offends one's smell; the running water is of an odd colour too, like that in which copper has been steeped. These are sad desolated scenes indeed, though this is not the season for *mal' aria* neither, which, it is said, begins in May, and ends with September. The present sovereign is mending matters as fast as he can, we hear; and the road now cutting, will greatly facilitate access to his capital, but cannot be done without a prodigious expence. The first view of Rome is wonderfully striking.

Ye awful wrecks of ancient times!
Proud monuments of ages past
Now mould'ring in decay.

MERRY.

But mingled with every crowding, every classical idea, comes to one's recollection an old picture painted by R. Wilson about thirty years ago, which I am now sure must have been a very excellent representation.

Well, then! here we are, admirably lodged at Strofani's in the Piazza di Spagna, and have only to chuse what we will see and talk on first among this galaxy of rarities which dazzles, diverts, confounds, and nearly fatigues one. I will speak of the oldest things first, as I was earnest to see something of Rome in its very early days, if possible: for example the Sublician Bridge, defended by Cocles when the infant republic, like their favourite Hercules in his cradle, strangled the serpent despotism: and of this bridge some portion may yet be seen when the water is very low.

The prison is more ancient still however; it was built by the kings; and by the solidity of its walls, and depth of its dungeon, seems built for eternity. Was it not this place to which Juvenal alludes, when he says,

Felicia dicas

Tempora quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Roman.

And it is in this horrible spot they shew you the miraculous mark of St. Peter's head struck against the wall in going down, with the fountain which burst out of the ground for his refreshment. Antiquaries, however, assure us, that he could not have ever been confined there, as it was a place for state prisoners only, and those of the highest rank: they likewise tell us that Jugurtha passed seven months there, which is as difficult to believe as any miracle ever wrought; for the world was at least somewhat civilized in those days, and how it should be contented with looking quietly on whilst a Prince of Jugurtha's consequence should be so kept, appears incredible at the distance of 1900 years. That Christians should be treated still worse, if worse could be found for them, is less strange, when every step one treads is upon the bones of martyrs; and who dares say that the surrounding campagna, so often drenched in innocent blood, may not have been cursed with pestilence and sterility to all succeeding ages? I have examined the place where Sylla massacred 8000 fellow-citizens at once, and find that it produces no herb but thistles, a weed almost unknown in any other part of Italy; and one of the first punishments bestowed on sinful man.

Marcellus's Theatre, an old fountain erected by Camillus when Dictator, and the Tarpeian rock, attract attention powerfully: the last particularly,

Where brave Manilius stood,
And hurl'd indignant decads down,
And redden'd Tyber's flood.

G R E A T H E E D .

People have never done contradicting Burnet, who says, in his travels, that a man might jump down it now and not do himself much harm: the truth is, its present appearance is not formidable; but I believe it is not less than forty feet high at this moment, though the ground is greatly raised.

Of all things at Rome the Cloaca is acknowledged most ancient; a very great and a very useful work it is, of Ancus

Martius, fourth king of Rome. The just and zealous detestation of Christians towards Pontius Pilate, is here comically expressed by their placing his palace just at its exit into the Tyber; and one who pretended to doubt of its being his residence, would be thought the worse of among them.

I recollect nothing else built before the days of the Emperors, who, for the most part, were such disgracers of human nature and human reason, that one would almost wish their names expunged, and all their deeds obliterated from the face of the globe, which could ever tamely submit to such truly wretched rulers.

The Capitol, built by Tarquin, stood till the days of Marius and Sylla it seems; that last-named Dictator erected a new one, which was overthrown in the contests about Vitellius; Vespasian set it up again, but his performance was burned soon after its author's death; and this we contemplate now, is one of the works of Domitian, and celebrated by Martial of course. Adrian however added one room to it, dedicated to Egyptian deities alone: as a matter of mere taste I fancy, like our introducing Chinese temples into the garden; but many hold that it was very serious and superstitious regard, inspired by the victory Canopus won over the Persian divinity of fire, by the subtlety of the Egyptian priests, who, to defend their idol from that all-subduing element, wisely set upon his head a vessel filled with water, and having previously made the figure of Terra Cotta hollow, and full of water, with holes bored at the bottom stopped only by wax to keep it in, a seeming miracle extinguished the flames, as soon as approached by Canopus; whose triumph was of course proclaimed, and he respected accordingly. The figure was a monkey, whose sitting attitude favoured the imposture: our antiquaries tell us the story after *Suidas*.

As cruelty is more detestable than fraud, one feels greater disgust at the sight of captive monarchs without hands and arms, than even these idolatrous brutalities inspire; and no greater proof can be obtained of Roman barbarity, than the statues one is shewn here of kings and generals over whom they triumphed; being made on purpose for them without hands and arms, of which they were deprived immediately on their arrival at Rome.

Enormous heads and feet, to which the other parts are wanting, let one see, or at least guess, what colossal figures were once belonging to them; yet somehow these celebrated artists seem to me to have a little confounded the ideas of *big* and *great* like my countryman Fluellin in Shakespear's play: while the two famous demi-gods Castor and Pollux, each his horse in his hand, stand one on each side the stairs which lead to the Capitol, and are of a prodigious size—fifteen feet, as I remember. The knowing people tell us they are portraits, and bid us observe that one has pupils to his eyes, the other *not*; but our *laquais de place*, who was a very sensible fellow too, as he saw me stand looking at them, cried out, “Why now to be sure here are a vast many miracles in this holy city—that there are:” and I heard one of our own folks telling an Englishman the other day, how these two monstrous statues, horses and all I believe, *came out of an egg*: a very extraordinary thing certainly; but it is our business to believe, not to enquire. He saw my countenance express something he did not like, and continued, “*Eh basta! sarà stato un uovo strepitoso, e così finisce l'istoria* ¹.”

In this repository of wonders, this glorious *campidoglio*, one is first shewn as the most valuable curiosity, the two pigeons mentioned by Pliny in old mosaic; and of prodigious nicety is the workmanship, though done at such a distant period: and here is the very wolf which bears the very mark of the lightning mentioned by Cicero:—and here is the beautiful Antinous again; *he* meets one at every turn, I think, and always hangs his head as if ashamed: here too is the dying gladiator; wonderfully fine! savage valour! mean extraction! horrible anguish! all marking, all strongly characteristical expressions—*all there*; yet all swallowed up, in that which does inevitably and certainly swallow up all things—approaching death.

The collection of pictures here would put any thing but these statues out of one's head: Guido's Fortune flying over the globe, scattering her gifts; of which she gave him *one*, the most precious, the most desirable. How elegantly gay and airy is this picture! But St. Sebastian stands opposite, to shew that he could likewise excel in the pathetic. Titian's famous Magdalen, of which the King of France boasts one copy, a noble

¹ Well, well! it was a famous egg we'll say, and there's an end.

family at Venice another, is protested by the Roman connoisseurs to reside here only; but why should not the artist be fond of repeating so fine an idea? Guercino's Sybil however, intelligently pensive, and sweetly sensible, is the single figure I should prefer to them all.

Before we quit the Capitol, it is pity not to name Marforio; broken, old, and now almost forgotten: though once companion, or rather respondent to Pasquin, and once, a thousand years before those days, a statue of the river *Nar*, as his recumbent posture testifies; not *Mars in the forum*, as has been by some supposed. The late Pope moved him from the street, and shut him up with his betters in the Capitol.

Of Trajan and Antonine's Pillars what can one say? That St. Peter and St. Paul stand on the tops of each, setting forth that uncertainty of human affairs which they preached in their lifetime, and shewing that *they*, who were once the objects of contempt and abhorrence, are now become literally *the head stones of the corner*; being but too profoundly venerated in that very city, which once cruelly persecuted, and unjustly put them to death. Let us then who look on them recollect their advice, and set our affections on a place of greater stability. The columns are of very unequal excellence, that of Trajan's confessedly the best; one grieves to think he never saw it himself, as few princes were less puffed up by well-deserved praise than he; but dying at Seleucia of a dysenteric fever, his ashes were brought home, and kept on the top of his own pillar in a gilt vase; which Sextus Quintus with more zeal than taste took down, I fear destroyed, and placed St. Peter there. Apollodorus was the architect of the elegant structure, on which, says Ammianus Marcellinus, the Gods themselves gazed with wonder, seeing that nothing but heaven itself was finer. "*Singularem sub omni cælo structuram etiam numinum assensione mirabilem.*"

I know not whether this is the proper place to mention that the good Pope Gregory, who added to the possession of every cardinal virtue the exertion of every Christian one, having looked one day with peculiar steadfastness at this column, and being naturally led to reflect on his character to whose honour it was erected, felt just admiration of a mind so noble; and

retiring to his devotions in a church not far off, began praying earnestly for Trajan's soul: till a preternatural voice, accompanied with rays of light round the altar he knelt at, commanded his forbearance of further solicitation; assuring him that Trajan's soul was secure in the care of his Creator. Strange! that those who record, and give credit to such a story, can yet continue as a duty their intercessions for the dead!

But I have seen the Coliseo, which would swallow that of pretty Verona; it is four times as large I am told, and would hold fourscore thousand spectators. After all the depredations of all the Goths, and afterwards of the Farnese family, the ruin is gloriously beautiful; possibly more beautiful than when it was quite whole; there is enough left now for Truth to repose upon, and a perch for Fancy beside, to fly out from, and fetch in more.

The orders of its architecture are easily discerned, though the height of the upper story is truly tremendous; I climbed it once, not to the top indeed, but till I was afraid to look down from the place I was in, and penetrated many of its recesses. The modern Italians have not lost their taste of a prodigious theatre; were they once more a single nation, they would rebuild *this* I fancy; for here are all the conveniencies in *grande*, as they call it, that amaze one even in *piccolo* at Milan and Turin: Here were supper-rooms, and taverns, and shops, and I believe baths; certainly long galleries big enough to drive a coach round, and places where slaves waited to receive the commands of masters and ladies, who perhaps if they did not wait to please them, would scarcely scruple to detain them in the cage of offenders, and keep them to make sport upon a future day.

The cruelties then exercised on servants at Rome were truly dreadful; and we all remember reading that in Augustus's time, when he did a private friend the honour to dine with him, one of the waiters broke a glass he was about to present full of liquor to the King; at which offence the master being enraged, suddenly caused him to be seized by the rest, and thrown instantly out of the window to feed his lampreys, which lived in a pond on which the apartment looked. Augustus said

nothing at the moment; to punish the nobleman's inhumanity however, he sent his officers next morning to break every glass in the house: A curious chastisement enough, and worthy of a nation who, being powerful to erect, populous to fill, and elegantly-skilful to adorn such a fabric as this Coliseum which I have just been contemplating, were yet contented and even happy to view from its well-arranged seats, exhibitions capable of giving nothing but disgust and horror;—lions rending unarmed wretches in pieces; or, to the still deeper disgrace of poor Humanity, those wretches armed unwillingly against each other, and dying to divert a brutal populace.

These reflections upon Pagan days and classical cruelties do not disturb however the peace of an old hermit, who has chosen one of these close-concealed recesses for his habitation, and accordingly dwells, dismally enough, in a hole seldom visited by travellers, and certainly never enquired about by the natives. I stumbled on his strange apartment by mere chance, and asked him why he had chosen it? He had been led in early youth, he said, to reflect upon the miseries suffered by the original professors of Christianity; the tortures inflicted on them in this horrible amphitheatre, and the various vicissitudes of Rome since: that he had dedicated himself to these meditations: that he had left the world seventeen years, never stirring from his cell but to buy food, which he eat alone and sparingly, and to pay his devotions in the *Via Crucis*, for so the old Arena is now called; a simple plain wooden cross occupying the middle of it, and round the Circus twelve neat, not splendid chapels; a picture to each, representing the various stages of our Saviour's passion. Such are the meek triumphs of our meek religion! And that such substitutes should have replaced the African savages, tigers, hyænas, &c. and Roman gladiators, not less ferocious than their four-legged antagonists, I am quite as willing to rejoice at as the hermit: They must be better antiquarians too than I am, who regret that a nunnery now covers the spot where ambitious Tullia drove over the bleeding body of her murdered parent,

Pressit et inductis membra paterna rotis:

That nunnery, supported by the arch of Nerva, which is all that is now left standing of that Emperor's Forum.

I must not however quit the Coliseum, without repeating what passed between the King of Sweden and his Roman *laquais de place* when he was here; and the fellow, in the true cant of his Ciceroneship, exclaimed as they looked up, "*Ab Maestà!* what cursed Goths those were that tore away so many fine things here, and pulled down such magnificent pillars, &c." "Hold, hold friend," replies the King of Sweden; "I am one of those cursed Goths myself you know: but what were your Roman nobles a-doing, I would ask, when they laboured to destroy an edifice like this, and build their palaces with its materials?"

The baths of Livia are still elegantly designed round her small apartments; and one has copies sold of them upon fans: the curiosity of the original is to see how well the gilding stands; in many places it appears just finished. These baths are difficult of access somehow; I never could quite understand how we got in or out of them, but they did belong to the Imperial palace, which covered this whole Palatine hill, and here was Nero's golden house, by what I could gather, but of that I thank Heaven there is no trace left, except some little portion of the wall, which was 120 feet high, and some marbles in shades like women's worsted work upon canvass, very curious, and very wonderful; as all are natural marbles, and no dye used: the expence must have surpassed credibility.

The Temple of Vesta, supposed to be the *very* temple to which Horace alludes in his second Ode, is a pretty rotunda, and has twenty pillars fluted of Parian marble: it is now a church, as are most of the heathen temples.

Such adaptations do not please one, but then it must be allowed and recollected that one is very hard to please: finding fault is so easy, and doing right so difficult!

The good Pope Gregory, who feared (by sacred inspiration one would think) all which should come to pass, broke many beautiful antique statues, "lest," said he, "induced by change of dress or name perhaps our Christians may be tempted to adore them:" and we say he was a blockhead, and burned Livy's decads, and so he did; but he refused all titles of earthly dignity; he censured the Oriental Patriarchs for substituting temporal splendours in the place of primitive simplicity; which he said ought *alone* to distinguish the followers of Jesus Christ.

He required a strict attention to morality from all his inferior clergy; observed that those who strove to be first, would end in being last; and took himself the title of servant to the servants of God.

Well! Sabinian, his successor, once his favourite Nuncio, flung his books in the fire as soon as he was dead; so his injunctions were obeyed but while he lived to enforce them; and every day now shews us how necessary they were: when, even in these enlightened times, there stands an old figure that every Abate in the town knows to have been originally made for the fabulous God of Physic, Esculapius, is prayed to by many old women and devotees of all ages indeed, just at the Via Sacra's entrance, and called St. Bartolomeo.

A beautiful Diana too, with her trussed-up robes, the crescent alone wanting, stands on the high altar to receive homage in the character of St. Agnes, in a pretty church dedicated to her *fuor delle Porte*, where it is supposed she suffered martyrdom; and why? Why for not venerating that *very Goddess Diana*, and for refusing to walk in her procession at the *New Moon*, like a good Christian girl. "*Such contradictions put one from one's self*," as Shakespear says.

We are this moment returned home from Tivoli; have walked round Adrian's Villa, and viewed his Hippodrome, which would yet make an admirable open Manège. I have seen the Cascatelle, so sweetly elegant, so rural, so romantic; and I have looked with due respect on the places once inhabited, and ever justly celebrated by genius, wit, and learning; have shuddered at revisiting the spot I hastened down to examine, while curiosity was yet keen enough to make me venture a very dangerous and scarcely-trodden path to Neptune's Grotto; where, as you descend, the Cicerone shews you a wheel of some coarse carriage visibly stuck fast in the rock till it is become a part of it; distinguished from every other stone only by its shape, its projecting forward, and its shewing the hollow places in its fellies, where nails were originally driven. This truly-curious, though little venerable piece of antiquity, serves to assist the wise men in puzzling out the world's age, by computing how many centuries go to the petrifying a cart wheel. A violent roar of dashing waters at the bottom, and a

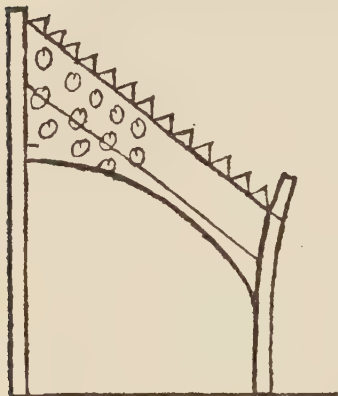
fall of the river at this place from the height of 150 feet, were however by no means favourable to my arithmetical studies; and I returned perfectly disposed to think the world's age a less profitable, a less diverting contemplation, than its folly.

We looked at the temple of the old goddess that cured coughs, now a Christian church, dedicated to *la Madonna della Tosse*; it is exactly all it ever was, I believe; and we dined in the temple of Sibylla Tiburtina, a beautiful edifice, of which Mr. Jenkins has sent the model to London in cork, which gives a more exact representation after all than the best-chosen words in the world. I would rather make use of *them* to praise Mr. Jenkins's general kindness and hospitality to all his country-folks, who find a certain friend in him; and if they please, a very competent instructor.

In order however to understand the meaning of some spherical *pots* observed in the Circus of Caracalla, I chose above all men to consult Mr. Greatheed, whose correct taste, deep research, and knowledge of architecture, led me to prefer his account to every other, of their use and necessity: it shall be given in his own words, which I am proud of his permission to copy.

“Of those *pots* you mention, there are not any remaining in the Circus Maximus, as the walls, seats and apodium of that have entirely disappeared. They are to be seen in the Circus of Caracalla, on the Appian way; of this, and of this alone, enough still exists to ascertain the form, structure, and parts of a Roman course. It was surrounded by two parallel walls which supported the seats of the spectators. The exterior wall rose to the summit of the gallery; the interior one was much lower, terminated with the lowest rows, and formed the apodium. This rough section may serve to elucidate my description. From wall to wall an arch was turned which formed a quadrant, and on this the seats immediately rested: but as the upper rows were considerably distant from the crown of the arch, it was necessary to fill the intermediate space with materials sufficiently strong to support the upper stone benches and the multitude. Had these been of solid substance, they would have pressed prodigious and disproportionate weight on the summit of the arch, a place least able to endure

it from its horizontal position. To remedy this defect, the architect caused *spherical pots* to be baked; of these each formed of itself an arch sufficiently powerful to sustain its share of the incumbent weight, and the whole was rendered much less ponderous by the innumerable vacuities.



“A similar expedient was likewise used to diminish the pressure of their domes, by employing the scoriæ of lava brought for that purpose from the Lipari Islands. The numberless bubbles of this volcanic substance give it the appearance of a honeycomb, and answer the same purpose as the pots in Caracalla’s Circus, so much so, that though very hard, it is of less specific gravity than wood, and consequently floats in water.”

Before I quit the Circus of Caracalla, I must not forbear mentioning his bust, which so perfectly resembles Hogarth’s idle ‘Prentice; but why should they not be alike?

For black-guards are black-guards in every degree, I suppose, and the people here who shew one things, always take delight to souce an Englishman’s hat upon his head, as if they thought so too.

This morning’s ramble led us to see the old grotto, sacred to Numa’s famous nymph, *Ægeria*, not far from Rome even now. I wonder that it should escape being built round when Rome was so extensive as to contain the crowds which we are told were lodged in it. That the city spread chiefly the other way, is scarce an answer. London spreads chiefly the Marybone way perhaps, yet is much nearer to Rumford than it was fifty or sixty years ago.

The same remark may be made of the Temple of Mars without the walls, near the *Porta Capena*: a rotunda it was on the road side *then*: it is on the road side *now*, and a very little way from the gate.

Caius Cestius's sepulchre however, without the walls, on the other side, is one of the most perfect remains of antiquity we have here. Aurelian made use of that as a boundary we know: it stands at present half without and half within the limit that Emperor set to the city; and is a very beautiful pyramid a hundred and ten feet high, admirably represented in Piranesi's prints, with an inscription on the white marble of which it is composed, importing the name and office and condition of its wealthy proprietor: *C. Cestius, septem vir epulonum*. He must have lived therefore since Julius Cæsar's time it is plain, as he first increased the number of epulones to seven, from three their original institution. It was probably a very lucrative office for a man to be Jupiter's caterer; who, as he never troubled himself with looking over the bills, they were such commonly, I doubt not, as made ample profits result to him who went to market; and Caius Cestius was one of the rich contractors of those days, who neglected no opportunity of acquiring wealth for himself, while he consulted the honour of Jupiter in providing for his master's table very plentiful and elegant banquets.

That such officers were in use too among the Persians during the time their monarchy lasted, is plain from the apocryphal story of Bel and the Dragon in our Bibles, where, to the joy of every child that reads it, Daniel detects the fraud of the priests by scattering ashes or saw-dust in the temple.

But I fear the critics will reprove me for saying that Julius Cæsar only increased the number to seven, while many are of opinion he added three more, and made them a decemvirate: mean time Livy tells us the institution began in the year of Rome 553, during the consulate of Fulvius Purpurio and Marcellus, upon a motion of Romuleius if I remember. They had the privilege granted afterwards of edging the gown with purple like the pontiffs, when increased to seven in number; and they were always known by the name *Septemviratus*, or *Septemviri Epulonum*, to the latest hours of Paganism.

The tomb of Caius Cestius is supposed to have cost twelve thousand pounds sterling of our money in those days; and little did he dream that it should be made in the course of time a repository for the bones of *divisos orbe Britannos*: for such it

is now appointed to be by government. All of us who die at Rome, sleep with this purveyor of the gods; and from his monument shall at the last day rise the reanimated body of our learned and incomparable Sir James Macdonald: whose numerous and splendid acquirements, though by the time he had reached twenty-four years old astonished all who knew him, never overwhelmed one little domestic virtue. His filial piety however, his hereditary courage, his extensive knowledge, his complicated excellencies, have now, I fear, no other register to record their worth, than a low stone near the stately pyramid of Jupiter's caterer.

The tomb of Cæcilia Metella, wife of the rich and famous Crassus, claims our next attention; it is a beautiful structure, and still called *Capo di Bove* by the Italians, on account of its being ornamented with the *oxhead and flowers* which now flourish over every door in the new-built streets of London; but the original of which, as Livy tells us, and I believe Plutarch too, was this. That Coratius, a Sabine farmer, who possessed a particularly fine cow, was advised by a soothsayer to sacrifice her to Diana upon the Aventine Hill; telling him, that the city where *she* now presided—*Diana*—should become mistress of the world, and he who presented her with that cow should become master over that city. The poor Sabine went away to wash in the Tyber, and purify himself for these approaching honours²; but in the mean time, a boy having heard the discourse, and reported it to *Servius Tullius*, he hastened to the spot, killed Coratius's cow for him, sacrificed her to Diana, and hung her head with the horns on, and the garland just as she died, upon the temple door as an ornament. From that time, it seems, the ornament called *Caput Bovis* was in a manner consecrated to Diana, and her particular votaries used it on their tombs. Nor could one easily account for the decorations of many Roman sarcophagi, till one recollects that they were probably adapted to that divinity in whose temple they were to be placed, rather than to the particular person occupying the tomb, or than to our general ideas of death, time, and eternity. It is probably for this reason that the immense sarcophagus lately dug up from under the temple of Bacchus with-

² A circumstance alluded to and parodied by Ben Jonson in his *Alchemist*. See the conduct of Dapper, &c.

out the walls, cut out of one solid piece of red porphyry, has such gay ornaments round it, relative to the sacrifices of Bacchus, &c.; and I fancy these stone coffins, if we may call them so, were often made ready and sold to any person who wished to bury their friend, and who chose some story representing the triumph of whatever deity they devoted themselves to. Were the modern inhabitants of Rome who venerate St. Lorenzo, St. Sebastiano, &c. to place, not uncharacteristically at all—a gridiron, or an arrow on their tombstone, it might puzzle succeeding antiquarians, and yet be nothing out of the way in the least.

Of the Egyptian obelisks at Rome I will not strive to give any account, or even any idea. They are too numerous, too wonderful, too learned for me to talk about; but I must not forbear to mention the broken thing which lies down somewhere in a heap of rubbish, and is said to be the greatest rarity in Rome, column, or *obelisk*, and the greatest antiquity surely, if 1630 years before the birth of Christ be its date; as that was but two centuries after the invention of letters by *Memnon*, and just about the time that Joseph the favourite of Pharaoh died. There is a sphinx upon it, however, mighty clearly expressed; and some one said, how strange it was, if the world was no older than we think it, that they should, in so early a stage of existence, represent, or even imagine to themselves a compound animal³: though the chimæra came in play when the world was pretty young too, and the Prophet Isaiah speaks of centaurs; but that was long after even Hesiod's time.

A modern traveller has however, with much ingenuity of conjecture, given us an excellent reason why the Sphinx was peculiar to Egypt, as the Nile was observed to overflow when the sun was in those signs of the Zodiack:

The lion virgin Sphinx, which shows
What time the rich Nile overflows.

³ The ornaments of the ark and tabernacle exhibit much improvement in the arts of engraving, carving, &c. Nor did it seem to cost Aaron any trouble to make a cast of Apis in the Wilderness for the Israelites' amusement, 1491 years before Christ; while the dog Anubis was probably another figure with which Moses was not unacquainted, and that was certainly composite: a cynocephalus I believe.

And sure I think, as people lived longer then than they do now; as Moses was contemporary with Cecrops, so that monarchy and a settled form of government had begun to obtain footing in Greece, and apparently migrated a little westward even then; that this column might have employed the artists of those days, without any such exceeding stretch of probability as our modern Aristotelians study to make out, from their zeal to establish his doctrine of the world's eternity. While, if conjecture were once as liberally permitted to believers as it is generously afforded to scepticks, I know not whether a hint concerning Sphinx's original might not be deduced from old Israel's last blessing to his sons; *The lion of Judah*, with the *head of a virgin*, in whose offspring that lion was one day to sink and be lost, except his hinder parts; might naturally enough grow into a favourite emblem among the inhabitants of a nation who owed their existence to one of the family; and who would be still more inclined to commemorate the mystical blessing, if they observed the fructifying inundation to happen regularly, as Mr. Savary says, when the Sun left Leo for Virgo.

The broken pillar has however carried me too far perhaps, though every day passed in the Pope's Musæum confirms my belief, nay certainty, that they did mingle the veneration of Joseph with that of their own gods: The bushel or measure of corn on the Egyptian Jupiter's head is a proof of it, and the name *Serapis*, a further corroboration: the dream which he explained for Pharaoh relative to the event that fixed his favour in that country, was expressed by *cattle*; and *sor apis*, the *ox's head*, was perfectly applicable to him for every reason.

But we will quit mythology for the Corso. This is the first town in Italy I have arrived at yet, where the ladies fairly drive up and down a long street by way of shewing their dress, equipages, &c. without even a pretence of taking fresh air. At Turin the view from the place destined to this amusement, would tempt one out merely for its own sake; and at Milan they drive along a planted walk, at least a stone's throw beyond the gates. Bologna calls its serious inhabitants to a little rising ground, whence the prospect is luxuriantly verdant and

smiling. The Lucca bastions are beyond all in a peculiar style of miniature beauty; and even the Florentines, though lazy enough, creep out to Porto St. Gallo. But here at Roma la Santa, the street is all our Corso; a fine one doubtless, and called the *Strada del Popolo*, with infinite propriety, for except in that strada there is little populousness enough God knows. Twelve men to a woman even there, and as many ecclesiastics to a lay-man: all this however is fair, when celibacy is once enjoined as a duty in one profession, encouraged as a virtue in all. Where females are superfluous, and half prohibited, it were as foolish to complain of the decay of population, as it was comical in Omai the South American savage, when he lamented that no cattle bred upon their island; and one of our people replying, That they left some beasts on purpose to furnish them; he answered, "Yes, but the idol worshipped at Bola-bola, another of the islands, insisted on the males and females living separate: so they had sent *him* the cows, and kept only the bulls at home."

Au reste, as the French say, we must not be too sure that all who dress like Abates are such. Many gentlemen wear black as the court garb; many because it is not costly, and many for reasons of mere convenience and dislike of change.

I see not here the attractive beauty which caught my eye at Venice; but the women at Rome have a most Juno-like carriage, and fill up one's idea of Livia and Agrippina well enough. The men have rounder faces than one sees in other towns I think; bright, black, and somewhat prominent eyes, with the finest teeth in Europe. A story told me this morning struck my fancy much; of an herb-woman, who kept a stall here in the market, and who, when the people ran out flocking to see the Queen of Naples as she passed, began exclaiming to her neighbours—"Ah, povera Roma! tempo fù quando passò qui prigioniera la regina Zenobia; altra cosa amica, robba tutta diversa di questa reginuccia ⁴!" A characteristic speech enough; but in this town, unlike to every other, the *things* take my attention all away from the *people*; while, in every other,

⁴ "Ah, poor degraded Rome! time was, my dear, when the great Zenobia passed through these streets in chains; another guess figure from this little Queeney, in good time!"

the people have had much more of my mind employed upon them, than the things.

The arch of Constantine, however, must be spoken of; the sooner, because there is a contrivance at the top of it to conceal musicians, which added, as it passed, to the noise and gaiety of the triumph. Lord Scarsdale's back front at Keddlestone exhibits an imitation of this structure; a motto, expressive of hospitality, filling up the part which, in the original, is adorned with the siege of Verona, that to me seems well done; but Michael Angelo carried off Trajan's head they tell us, which had before been carried thither from the arch of Trajan himself. The arch of Titus Vespasian struck me more than all the others we have named though; less for its being the first building in which the Composite order of architecture is made use of, among the numberless fabrics that surround one, than for the evident completion of the prophecies which it exhibits. Nothing can appear less injured by time than the bas-reliefs, on one side representing the ark, and golden candlesticks; on the other, Titus himself, delight of human kind, drawn by four horses, his look at once serene and sublime. The Jews cannot endure, I am told, to pass under this arch, so lively is the *annihilation* of their government, and utter *extinction* of their religion, carved upon it. When reflecting on the continued captivity they have suffered ever since this arch was erected here at Rome, and which they still suffer, being strictly confined to their own miserable Ghetto, which they dare not leave without a mark upon their hat to distinguish them, and are never permitted to stir without the walls, except in custody of some one whose business it is to bring them back; when reflecting, I say, on their sorrows and punishments, one's heart half inclines to pity their wretchedness; the dreadful recollection immediately crosses one, that these are the direct and lineal progeny of those very Jews who cried out aloud—*"Let his blood be upon us, and upon our children!"*—Unhappy race! how sweetly does St. Austin say of them—*"Librarii nostri facti sunt, quemadmodum solent libros post dominos ferre."*

The *Arco degli orefici* is a curious thing too, and worth observing: the goldsmiths set it up in honour of Caracalla and

Geta; but one plainly discerns where poor Geta's head has been carried off in one place, his figure broken in another, apparently by Caracalla's order. The building is of itself of little consequence, but as a confirmation of historical truth.

The fountains of Rome should have been spoken of long ago; the number of them is known to all though, and of their magnificence words can give no idea. One print of the Trevi is worth all the words of all the describers together. Moses striking the rock, at another fountain, where water in torrents tumbles forth at the touch of the rod, has a glorious effect, from the happiness of the thought, and an expression so suitable to the subject. When I was told the story of Queen Christina admiring the two prodigious fountains before St. Peter's church, and begging that they might leave off playing, because she thought them occasional, and in honour of her arrival, not constant and perpetual; who could help recollecting a similar tale told about the Prince of Monaco, who was said to have expressed his concern, when he saw the roads lighted up round London, that our king should put himself to so great an expence on his account—in good time!—thinking it a temporary illumination made to receive him with distinguished splendour. These anecdotes are very pretty now, if they are strictly true; because they shew the mind's petty but natural disposition, of reducing and attributing all *to self*: but if they are only inventions, to raise the reputation of London lamps, or Roman cascades, one scorns them;—I really do hope, and half believe, that they are true.

But I have been to see the two Auroras of Guido and Guercino. Villa Ludovisi contains the last, of which I will speak first for forty reasons—the true one because I like it best. It is so sensible, so poetical, so beautiful. The light increases, and the figure advances to the fancy: one expects Night to be waked before one looks at her again, if ever one can be prevailed upon to take one's eyes away. The bat and owl are going soon to rest, and the lamp burns more faintly as when day begins to approach. The personification of Night is wonderfully hit off. But Guercino is *such* a painter! We were driving last night to look at the Colisseo by moon-light—there were a few clouds just to break the expanse of azure and shew

the gilding. I thought how like a sky of Guercino's it was; other painters remind one of nature, but nature when most lovely makes one think of Guercino and his works. The Ruspigliosi palace boasts the Aurora of Guido—both are ceilings, but this is not rightly named sure. We should call it the Phœbus, for Aurora holds the second place at best: the sun is driving over her almost; it is a more luminous, a more graceful, a more showy picture than the other, more universal too, exciting louder and oftener repeated praises; yet the other is so discriminated, so tasteful, so classical! We must go see what Domenichino has done with the same subject.

I forget the name of the palace where it is to be admired: but had we not seen the others, one should have said this was divine. It is a Phœbus again, *this* is; not a bit of an Aurora: and Truth is springing up from the arms of Time to rejoice in the sun's broad light. Her expression of transport at being set free from obscurity, is happy in an eminent degree; but there are faults in her form, and the Apollo has scarcely dignity enough in *his*. The horses are best in Guido's picture: Aurora at the Villa Ludovisi has but two; they are very spirited, but it is the spirit of three, not six o'clock in a summer morning. Surely Thomson had been living under these two roofs when he wrote such descriptions as seem to have been made on purpose for them; could any one give a more perfect account of Guercino's performance than these words afford?

The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East
Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow,
And from before the lustre of her face
White break the clouds away: with quicken'd step
Brown Night retires, young Day pours in apace
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.

As for the Ruspigliosi palace I left these lines in the room, written by the same author, and think them more capable than any description I could make, of giving some idea of Guido's Phœbus.

While yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the East; the lessening cloud,

The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad; lo, now apparent all
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day.

So charming Thomson wrote from his lodgings at a milliner's in Bond-street, whence he seldom rose early enough to see the sun do more than glisten on the opposing windows of the street: but genius, like truth, cannot be kept down. So he wrote, and so they painted! *Ut pictura poesis*.

The music is not in a state so capital as we left it in the north of Italy; we regret Nardini of Florence, Alessandri of Venice, and Ronzi of Milan; and who that has heard Signior Marchesi sing, could ever hear a successor (for rival he has none), without feeling total indifference to all their best endeavours?

The conversations of Cardinal de Bernis and Madame de Boccapaduli are what my countrywomen talk most of; but the Roman ladies cannot endure perfumes, and faint away even at an artificial rose. I went but once among them, when Memmo the Venetian ambassador did me the honour to introduce me *somewhere*, but the conversation was soon over, not so my shame; when I perceived all the company shrink from me very oddly, and stop their noses with rue, which a servant brought to their assistance on open salvers. I was by this time more like to faint away than they—from confusion and distress; my kind protector informed me of the cause; said I had some grains of *marechale* powder in my hair perhaps, and led me out of the assembly; to which no intreaties could prevail on me ever to return, or make further attempts to associate with a delicacy so very susceptible of offence.

Mean time the weather is exceedingly bad, heavy, thick, and foggy as our own, for aught I see; but so it was at Milan too I well remember: one's eye would not reach many mornings across the Naviglio that ran directly under our windows. For fine bright Novembers we must go to Constantinople I fancy; certain it is that Rome will not supply them.

What however can make these Roman ladies fly from *odori* so, that a drop of lavender-water in one's handkerchief, or a

carnation in one's stomacher, is to throw them all into convulsions thus? Sure this is the only instance in which they forbear to *fabbricare su l'antico* ⁵, in their own phrase: the dames, of whom Juvenal delights to tell, liked perfumes well enough if I remember; and Horace and Martial cry "*Carpe rosas*" perpetually. Are the modern inhabitants still more refined than *they* in their researches after pleasure? and are the present race of ladies capable of increasing, beyond that of their ancestors, the keenness of any corporeal sense? I should think not. Here are however amusements enough at Rome without trying for their conversations.

The Barberini palace, whither I carried a distracting tooth-ach, amused even that torture by the variety of its wonders. The sleeping faun, praised on from century to century, and never yet praised enough; so drunk, so fast asleep, so like a human body! Modesty reproving Vanity, by Leonardo da Vinci, so totally beyond my expectation or comprehension, great! wise! and fine! Raphael's Mistress, painted by himself, and copied by Julio Romano; this picture gives little satisfaction though except from curiosity gratified, the woman is too coarse. Guido's Magdalen up stairs, the famous Magdalen, effacing every beauty, of softness mingled with distress. A St. John too, by dear Guercino, transcendent! but such was my anguish the very rooms turned round: I must come again when less ill I believe.

Nothing can equal the nastiness at one's entrance to this magazine of perfection: but the Roman nobles are not disgusted with *all sorts* of scents it is plain; these are not what we should call perfumes indeed, but certainly *odori*: of the same nature as those one is obliged to wade through before Trajan's Pillar can be climbed.

That the general appearance of a city which contains such treasures should be mean and disgusting, while one literally often walks upon granite, and tramples red porphyry under one's feet, is one of the greatest wonders to me, in a town of which the wonders seem innumerable: that it should be nasty beyond all telling, all endurance, with such perennial streams

⁵ Build upon the old foundations.

of the purest water liberally dispersed, and triumphantly scattered all over it, is another unfathomable wonder: that so many poor should be suffered to beg in the streets, when not a hand can be got to work in the fields, and that those poor should be permitted to exhibit sights of deformity and degradations of our species to me unseen till now, at the most solemn moments, and in churches where silver and gold, and richly-arrayed priests, scarcely suffice to call off attention from their squalid miseries, I do not try to comprehend. That the palaces which taste and expence combine to decorate should look quietly on, while common passengers use their noble vestibules, nay stairs, for every nauseous purpose; that princes whose incomes equal those of our Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough, should suffer their servants to dress other men's dinners for hire, or lend out their equipages for a day's pleasuring, and hang wet rags out of their palace windows to dry, as at the mean habitation of a pauper; while looking in at those very windows, nothing is to be seen but proofs of opulence, and scenes of splendour, I will not undertake to explain; sure I am, that whoever knows Rome, will not condemn this *ébauche* of it.

When I spoke of their beggars, many not unlike Salvator Rosa's Job at the Santa Croce palace, I ought not to have omitted their eloquence, and various talents. We talked to a lame man one day at our own door, whose account of his illness would not have disgraced a medical professor; so judicious were his sentiments, so scientific was his discourse. The accent here too is perfectly pleasing, intelligible, and expressive; and I like their *cantilena* vastly.

The excessive lenity of all Italian states makes it dangerous to live among them; a seeming paradox, yet certainly most true: and whatever is evil in this way at any other town, is worst at Rome; where those who deserve hanging, enjoy almost a moral certainty of never being hanged; so unwilling is every body to detect the offender, and so numerous the churches to afford him protection if found out.

A man asked importunately in our anti-chamber this morning for the *padrone*, naming no names, and our servants turned him out. He went however only five doors further, found a

sick old gentleman sitting in his lodging attended by a feeble servant, whom he bound, stuck a knife in the master, rifled the apartments, and walked coolly out again at noon-day: nor should we have ever heard of *such a trifle*, but that it happened just by so; for here are no newspapers to tell who is murdered, and nobody's pity is excited, unless for the malefactor when they hear he is caught.

But the Palazzo Farnese is a more pleasing speculation; the Hercules faces us entering; Guglielmo della Porta made his legs I hear, and when the real ones were found, *his were better*: and Michael Angelo said, it was not worth risking the statue to try at restoring the old ones. There is another Hercules stands near, as a foil to Glycon's, I suppose; and the Italians tell you of our Mr. Sharp's acuteness in finding some fault till then undiscovered, a very slight one though, with some of the neck muscles: they tell it approvingly however, and make one admire their candour, even beyond their Flora, who carries that in her countenance which they possess in their hearts. Under a shed on the right hand you find the famous groupe called Toro Farnese. It has been touched and repaired, they tell you, till much of the spirit is lost; but I did not miss it. The Bull and the Brothers are greatness itself; but Dirce draws no compassion by her looks somehow, and the lady who comes to her relief, seems too cold a spectatress of the scene.

There were several broken statues in the place, and while my companions were examining the groupe after I had done, the wench's conversation who shewed it made my amusement: as we looked together at an Egyptian *Isis*, or, as many call her, *the Ephesian Diana*, with a hundred breasts, very hideous, and swathed about the legs like a mummy at Cairo, or a baby at Rome, I said to the girl, "*They worshipped these filthy things formerly before Jesus Christ came; but he taught us better,*" added I, "*and we are wiser now: how foolish was not it, to pray to this ugly stone?*"—"The people were *wickeder* then, very likely;" replied my friend the wench, "but I do not see that it *was foolish at all.*"

Who says the modern Romans are degenerated? I swear I think them so like their ancestors, that it is my delight to

contemplate the resemblance. A statue of a peasant carrying game at this very palace, is habited precisely in the modern dress, and shews how very little change has yet been made. The shoes of the low fellows too particularly attract my notice: they exactly resemble the ancient ones, and when Persius mentions his ploughman *peronatus arator*, one sees he would say so to-day.

The Dorian palace calls however, and people must give way to things where the miraculous powers of Benvenuto Garofalo are concerned; where Lodovico Caracci exhibits a *testa del Redentore* beyond all praise, uniting every excellence, and expressing every perfection; where, in the deluge represented by Bonati, one sees the eagle drooping from a weight of rain, majestic in his distress, and looking up to discover some ray of that sun he never shall see again. How characteristic! how tasteful is the expression! The famous Virgin and Child too, so often engraved and copied.

I will run away from this Doria; it is too full of beauty—it dazzles: and I will let them shew the pale green Gaspar Poussins, so valuable, so curious, to whom they please, while Nature and Claude content my fancy and fill up every idea.

At the Colonna palace what have I remarked? That it possesses the gayest gallery belonging to any subject upon earth: one hundred and thirty-nine feet long, thirty-four broad, and seventy high: profusely ornamented with pillars, pictures, statues, to a degree of magnificence difficult to express. The Herodias here by Guido, is the perfection of dancing grace. No Frenchman enters the room that does not bear testimony to its peculiar excellence. But here's Guercino's sweet returning Prodigal, and here is a *Madonna disperata* bursting as from a cavern to embrace the body of her dead son and saviour.—Such a sky too! But it is treating too theatrically a subject which impresses one more at last in the simple *Pietà*⁶ d'Annibale Caracci at Palazzo Doria.

One wonderfully-imagined picture by Andrea Sacchi, of Cain flying from the sight of his murdered brother, shall alone

⁶ The Christ in his mother's lap, after crucifixion, is always called in Italy a *Pietà*.

detain me from mentioning here at Rome what certainly would never have been thought on by Englishmen had it remained at Windsor; no other than our old King Charles's cabinet, sold to the Colonna family by Cromwell, and set about in the old-fashioned way with gems, cameos, &c. one of which has been stolen.

And now to the Borghese, which I am told is for a time to finish my fatigues, as after three days more we go to Naples. News perfectly agreeable to me, who never have been well here for two hours together.

All the great churches remain yet unvisited: they are to be taken at our return in spring; mean while I will go see Mons Sacer in spite of connoisseurship, though the place it seems is nothing, and the prospect from it dull; but it produces thoughts, or what is next to thought,—recollection of books read, and events related in one's early youth, when names and stories make impression on a mind not yet hardened by age, or contracted by necessary duty, so as no longer to receive with equal relish the *tales of other times*. The lake too, with the floating islands, should be mentioned; the colour of which is even blue with venom, and left a brassy taste in my mouth for a whole day, after only observing how it boiled with rage on dropping in a stone, and incrusting a stick with its tartar in two minutes. One of our companions indeed leaped upon the little spots of ground which float in it, and deserved to feel some effect of his rashness; but it is sufficient to stand near, I think; one scarcely can escape contagion. The sudden and violent powers observable in this lake should at least check the computists from thinking they can gather the world's age from its petrefactions.

But we are called to the Vatican, where the Apollo, Laocoon, Antinous, and Meleager, with others of less distinguished merit, suffer one to think on nothing but themselves, and of the artists who framed such models of perfection. Laocoon's agonies torment one. I was forced to recollect the observation Dr. Moore says was first made by Mr. Locke, in order to harden my heart against him who appears to feel only for himself, when two such youths are expiring close beside him. But though painting can do much, and sculpture perhaps

more, at least one learns to think so here at Rome, the comfort is, that poetry beats them both. Virgil knew, and Shakespeare would have known, how to heighten even this distress, by adding paternal anguish:—here is distress enough however.

Let us once more acknowledge the modesty and candour of Italians, when we repeat what has been so often recorded, that Michael Angelo refused adding the arm that was wanting to this chef d'œuvre: and when Bernini undertook the task, he begged it might remain always a different colour, that he might not be suspected of hoping that his work could ever lie confounded with that of the Greek artist.

Such is not the spirit of the French: they have been always adding to Don Quixote! a personage whose adventures were little likely to cross one's fancy in the Vatican; but perfection is perfection.

Here stands the Apollo though, in whom alone no fault has yet been found. They tell you, he has just killed the serpent Python. "Let us beg of him," says one of the company, "just to turn round and demolish those cursed snakes which are devouring the poor old man and his boys yonder." This was like the speech of *Marchez donc* to the fine bronze horse under the heavenly statue of Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol, and made me hope that story might be true. It is the fashion for every body to go see Apollo by torch light: he looks like Phœbus then, the Sun's bright deity, and seems to say to his admirers, as that Divinity does to the presumptuous hero in Homer,

Oh son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see
How vast the difference 'twixt the gods and thee.

Indeed every body finds the remark obvious, that this statue is of beauty and dignity beyond what human nature now can boast; and the Meleager just at hand, with the Antinous, confirm it; for all elegance and all expression, unpossessed by the Apollo, *they have*, while none can miss the inferiority of their general appearance to his.

The Musæum Clementinum is altogether such though, that these singularly excellent productions of art are only proper and well-adapted ornaments of a gallery, so stately as, on the

other hand, that noble edifice seems but the due repository of such inhabitants. Never were place and decorations so adapted: never perhaps was so refined a taste engaged on subjects so worthy its exertion. The statues are disposed with a propriety that charms one; the situation of the pillars so contrived, the colours of them so chosen to carry the eye forward—not fatigue it; the rooms so illuminated: Hagley park is not laid out with more judicious attention to diversify, and relieve with various objects a mind delighting in the contemplation of ornamented nature; than is the Pope's Musæum calculated to enchain admiration, and fix it in those apartments where sublimity and beauty have established their residence; and those would be worse than Goths, who could think of moving even an old torso from the place where Pius Sextus has commanded it to remain.

The other parts of this prodigious structure would take up one's life almost to see completely, to remember distinctly, and to describe accurately. When the reader recollects that St. Peter's, with all its appurtenances, palace, library, musæum, every thing that we include in the word *Vatican*, is said by the Romans to occupy an equal quantity of space, to that covered by the city of Turin: the assertion need not any longer be thought hyperbolic.

I will say no more about it till at our return from Naples we visit all the churches.

Vopiscus said, that the statues in his time at Rome outnumbered the people; and I trust the remark is now almost doubly true, as every day and hour digs up dead worthies, and the unwholesome weather must surely send many of the living ones to their ancestors: upon the whole, the men and women of Porphyry, &c. please me best, as they do not handle long knives to so good an effect as the others do, "*qui aiment bien à s'égorger encore*," says a French gentleman of them the other day. There is however an air of cheerfulness in the streets at a night among the poor, who fry fish, and eat roots, sausages, &c. as they walk about gaily enough, and though they quarrel too often, never get drunk at least.

The two houses belonging to the Borghese family shall

⁷ Who have still a taste to be cut-throats.

conclude my first journey to Rome, and with that the first volume of my observations and reflections.

Their town palace is a suite of rooms constructed like those at Wanstead exactly; and where you turn at the end to come back by another suite, you find two alabaster fountains of superior beauty, and two glass lustres made in London, but never wiped since they left Fleet-street certainly. They do not however *want* cleaning as the fountains do; which, by the extraordinary use made of them, give the whole palace an offensive smell.

Among the pictures here, the entombing our blessed Saviour by Raffaele is most praised: it is supposed indeed wholly inestimable, and I believe is so, while Venus, binding Cupid's eyes, by Titian, engraved by Strange, is possibly one of the pleasantest pictures in Rome. The Christ disputing with the Doctors is inimitable, one of the wonderful works of Leonardo da Vinci: but here is Domenichino's Diana among her nymphs, very laboured, and very learned. Why did it put me in mind of Hogarth's strolling actresses dressing in a barn?

Villa Borghese presents more to one's mind at once than it will bear, from the bas relief of Curtius over the door that faces you going in, to the last gate of the garden you drive out at;—large as the saloon is however, the figure of Curtius seems too near you; and the horse's hind quarters are heavy, and ill-suited to the forehand; but here are men and women enough, and odd things that are neither, at this house; so we may let the horse of Curtius alone.

Nothing can be gayer or more happily expressed in its way than the Centaur, which Dr. Moore, like Dr. Young, finds *not* fabulous; while the brute runs away with the man, and Cupid keeps urging him forward. The fawn nursing Bacchus when a baby, is another semi-human figure of just and high estimation; and that very famous composition for which Cavalier Bernini has executed a mattress infinitely softer to the eye than any real one I ever found in *his* country, has here an apartment appropriated to itself.

From monsters the eye turns of its own accord towards Nero, and here is an incomparable one of about ten years old, in whose face I vainly looked for the seeds of parricide, and

murderous tyranny; but saw only a sturdy boy, who might have been made an honest man perhaps, had not the rod been spared by his old tutor, whose lenity is repaid by death here in the next room. It is a relief to look upon the smiling Zingara; her lively character is exquisitely touched, her face the only one perhaps where Bernini could not go beyond the proper idea of arch waggery and roguish cunning, adorned with beauty that must have rendered its possessor, while living, irresistible. His David is scarcely young enough for a ruddy shepherd swain; he seems too muscular, and confident of his own strength: *this* fellow could have worn Saul's armour well enough. Æneas carrying his father, I understand, is by the other Bernini; but the famous groupe of Apollo and Daphne is the work of our Chevalier himself.

There is a Miss Hillisberg, a dancer on the stage, who reminds every body of this graceful statue, when theatrical distress drives her to force expression: I mean the stage in Germany, not Rome, whence females are excluded. But the vases in this Borghese villa! the tables! the walls! the cameos stuck in the walls! the frames of the doors, all agate, porphyry, onyx, or verd antique! the enormous riches contained in every chamber, actually takes away my breath and leaves me stunned. Nor are the gardens unbecoming or inadequate to the house, where on the outside appear such bas-reliefs as would be treasured up by the sovereigns of France or England, and shewn as valuable rarities. The rape of Europa first; it is a beautiful antique. Up stairs you see the rooms constantly inhabited; in the princess's apartment, her chimney-piece is one elegant but solid amethyst: over the prince's bed, which changes with the seasons, hangs a Ganymede painted by Titian, to which the connoisseurs tell you no rival has yet been found. The furniture is suitably magnificent in every part of the house, and our English friends assured me, that they met the lady of it last night, when one gentleman observing how pretty she was, another replied he could not see her face for the dazzling lustre of her innumerable diamonds, that actually by their sparkling confounded his sight, and surrounded her countenance so that he could not find it.

Among all the curiosities however belonging to this wealthy and illustrious family, the single one most prized is a well-

known statue, called in Catalogues by the name of the Fighting Gladiator, but considered here at Rome as deserving of a higher appellation. They now dispute only what hero it can be, as every limb and feature is expressive of a loftier character than the ancients ever bestowed in sculpture upon those degraded mortals whom Pliny contemptuously calls *Hordiarij*, and says they were kept on barley bread, with ashes given in their drink to strengthen them. Indeed the statue of the expiring Gladiator at the Capitol, his rope about his neck, and his unpitied fate, marked strongly in his vulgar features, exhibits quite a separate class in the variety of human beings; and though Faustina's favourite found in the same collection was probably the showiest fellow then among them, we see no marks of intelligent beauty or heroic courage in his form or face, where an undaunted steadiness and rustic strength make up the little merit of the figure.

This charming statue of the prince Borghese is on the other hand the first in Rome perhaps, for the distinguished excellencies of animated grace and active manliness: his head raised, the body's attitude, not studied surely, but the apparent and seemingly sudden effect of patriotic daring. Such one's fancy forms young Isadas the Spartan; who hearing the enemy's approach while at the baths, starts off unmindful of his own defenceless state, snatches a spear and shield from one he meets, flies at the foe, performs prodigies of valour, is looked on by both armies as a descended God, and returns home at last unhurt, to be fined by the Ephori for breach of discipline, at the same time that a statue was ordered to commemorate his exploits, and erected at the state's expence. Monsignor Ennio Visconti, who saw that the figure reminded me of this story, half persuaded himself for a moment that this was the very Isadas; and that Jason, for whom he had long thought it intended, was not young enough, and less likely to fight undefended by armour against bulls, of whose fury he had been well apprised. Mr. Jenkins recollected an antique ring which confirmed our new hypothesis, and I remained flattered, whether they were convinced or no.

NAPLES

On the tenth day of this month we arrived early at Naples, for I think it was about two o'clock in the morning; and sure the providence of God preserved us, for never was such weather seen by me since I came into the world; thunder, lightning, storm at sea, rain and wind, contending for mastery, and combining to extinguish the torches bought to light us the last stage: Vesuvius, vomiting fire, and pouring torrents of red hot lava down its sides, was the only object visible; and *that* we saw plainly in the afternoon thirty miles off, where I asked a Franciscan friar, If it was the famous volcano? "Yes," replied he, "that's our mountain, which throws up money for us, by calling foreigners to see the extraordinary effects of so surprising a phænomenon." The weather was quiet then, and we had no notion of passing such a horrible night; but an hour after dark, a storm came on, which was really dreadful to endure; or even look upon: the blue lightning, whose colour shewed the nature of the original minerals from which she drew her existence, shone round us in a broad expanse from time to time, and sudden darkness followed in an instant: no object then but the fiery river could be seen, till another flash discovered the waves tossing and breaking, at a height I never saw before.

Nothing sure was ever more sublime or awful than our entrance into Naples at the dead hour we arrived, when not a

whisper was to be heard in the streets, and not a glimpse of light was left to guide us, except the small lamp hung now and then at a high window before a favourite image of the Virgin.

My poor maid had by this time nearly lost her wits with terror, and the French valet, crushed with fatigue, and covered with rain and sea-spray, had just life enough left to exclaim—*“Ah, Madame! il me semble que nous sommes venus icy exprès pour voir la fin du monde”*¹.

The Ville de Londres inn was full, and could not accommodate our family; but calling up the people of the Crocelle, we obtained a noble apartment, the windows of which look full upon the celebrated bay which washes the wall at our door. Caprea lies opposite the drawing-room or gallery, which is magnificent; and my bed-chamber commands a complete view of the mountain, which I value more, and which called me the first night twenty times away from sleep and supper, though never so in want of both as at that moment surely.

Such were my first impressions of this wonderful metropolis, of which I had been always reading summer descriptions, and had regarded somehow as an Hesperian garden, an earthly paradise, where delicacy and softness subdued every danger, and general sweetness captivated every sense;—nor have I any reason yet to say it will not still prove so, for though wet, and weary, and hungry, we wanted no fire, and found only inconvenience from that they lighted on our arrival. It was the fashion at Florence to struggle for a Terreno, but here we are all perched up one hundred and forty two steps from the level of the land or sea; large balconies, apparently well secured, give me every enjoyment of a prospect, which no repetition can render tedious: and here we have agreed to stay till Spring, which, I trust, will come out in this country as soon as the new year calls it.

Our eagerness to see sights has been repressed at Naples only by finding every thing a sight; one need not stir out to look for wonders sure, while this amazing mountain continues to exhibit such various scenes of sublimity and beauty at exactly

¹ Lord, Madam! why we came here on purpose sure to see the end of the world.

the distance one would chuse to observe it from; a distance which almost admits examination, and certainly excludes immediate fear. When in the silent night, however, one listens to its groaning; while hollow sighs, as of gigantic sorrow, are often heard distinctly in my apartment; nothing can surpass one's sensations of amazement, except the consciousness that custom will abate their keenness: I have not, however, yet learned to lie quiet, when columns of flame, high as the mountain's self, shoot from its crater into the clear atmosphere with a loud and violent noise; nor shall I ever forget the scene it presented one day to my astonished eyes, while a thick cloud, charged heavily with electric matter, passing over, met the fiery explosion by mere chance, and went off in such a manner as effectually baffles all verbal description, and lasted too short a time for a painter to seize the moment, and imitate its very strange effect. Monsieur de Vollaire, however, a native of France, long resident in this city, has obtained, by perpetual observation, a power of representing Vesuvius without that black shadow, which others have thought necessary to increase the contrast, but which greatly takes away all resemblance of its original. Upon reflection it appears to me, that the men most famous at London and Paris for performing tricks with fire have been always Italians in my time, and commonly Neapolitans; no wonder, I should think, Naples would produce prodigious connoisseurs in this way; we have almost perpetual lightning of various colours, according to the soil from whence the vapours are exhaled; sometimes of a pale straw or lemon colour, often white like artificial flame produced by camphor, but oftenest blue, bright as the rays emitted through the coloured liquors set in the window of a chemist's shop in London—and with such thunder!!—"For God's sake, Sir," said I to some of them, "is there no danger of the ships in the harbour here catching fire? why we should all fly up in the air directly, if once these flashes should communicate to the room where any of the vessels keep their powder."—"Gunpowder, Madam!" replies the man, amazed; "why if St. Peter and St. Paul came here with gunpowder on board, we should soon drive them out again: don't you know," added he, "that every ship discharges her contents at such a

place (naming it), and never comes into our port with a grain on board?"

The palaces and churches have no share in one's admiration at Naples, who scorns to depend on man, however mighty, however skilful, for *her* ornaments; while Heaven has bestowed on her and her *contorni* all that can excite astonishment, all that can impress awe. We have spent three or four days upon Pozzuoli and its environs; its cavern scooped originally by nature's hand, assisted by the armies of Cocceius Nerva—ever tremendous, ever gloomy grotto!—which leads to the road that shews you Ischia, an old volcano, now an island apparently rent asunder by an earthquake, the division too plain to beg assistance from philosophy: this is commonly called the *Grotto di Posilippo* though; you pass through it to go to every place; not without flambeaux, if you would go safely, and avoid the necessity the poor are under, who, driving their carts through the subterranean passage, cry as they meet each other, to avoid jostling, *alla montagna*, or *alla marina*, *keep to the rock side*, or *keep to the sea side*. It is at the right hand, awhile before you enter this cavern, that climbing up among a heap of bushes, you find a hollow place, and there go down again—it is the tomb of Virgil; and, for other antiquities, I recollect nothing shewed me when at Rome that gave me as complete an idea how things were really carried on in former days, as does the temple of *Shor Apis* at Pozzuoli, where the area is exactly all it ever was; the ring remains where the victim was fastened to; the priests apartments, lavatories, &c. the drains for carrying the beast's blood away, all yet remains as perfect as it is possible. The end of Caligula's bridge too, but that they say is not his bridge, but a mole built by some succeeding emperor—a madder or a wickeder it could not be—though here Nero bathed, and here he buried his mother Agrippina. Here are the *centum camerae*, the prisons employed by that prince for the cruellest of purposes; and here are his country palaces reserved for the most odious ones: here effeminacy learned to subsist without delicacy or shame, hence honour was excluded by rapacity, and conscience stupefied by constant inebriation: here brainsick folly put nature and common sense upon the rack—Caligula in

madness courted the moon to his embraces—and Sylla, satiated with blood, retired, and gave a premature banquet to those worms he had so often fed with the flesh of innocence: here dwelt depravity in various shapes, and here Pandora's chambers left scarcely a *Hope* at the bottom that better times should come:—who can write prose however in such places!—let the impossibility of expressing my thoughts any other way excuse the following

V E R S E S

I.

First of Achelous' blood,
 Fairest daughter of the flood,
 Queen of the Sicilian sea,
 Beauteous, bright Parthenope!
 Syren sweet, whose magic force
 Stops the swiftest in his course;
 Wisdom's self, when most severe,
 Longs to lend a list'ning ear,
 Gently dips the fearful oar,
 Trembling eyes the tempting shore,
 And sighing quits th' enervate coast,
 With only half his virtue lost.

II.

Let thy warm, thy wond'rous clime,
 Animate my artless rhyme,
 Whilst alternate round me rise
 Terror, pleasure, and surprise.—
 Here th' astonish'd soul surveys
 Dread Vesuvius' awful blaze,
 Smoke that to the sky aspires,
 Heavy hail of solid fires,
 Flames the fruitful fields o'erflowing,
 Ocean with the reflex glowing;
 Thunder, whose redoubled sound
 Echoes o'er the vaulted ground!—
 Such thy glories, such the gloom
 That conceals thy secret tomb,
 Sov'reign of this enchanted sea,
 Where sunk thy charms, Parthenope.

III.

Now by the glimm'ring torch's ray
 I tread Pozzuoli's cavern'd way—
 Hollow grot! that might besem
 Th' Ætnean cyclop, Polypheme:
 And here the bat at noonday 'bides,
 And here the houseless beggar hides,
 While the holy hermit's voice
 Glads me with accustom'd noise.
 Now I trace, or trav'lers err,
 Modest Maro's sepulchre,
 Where nature, sure of his intent,
 Is studious to conceal
 That eminence he always meant
 We should not see but feel.
 While Sannazarius from the steep
 Views, well pleas'd, the fertile deep
 Give life to them that seize the scaly fry,
 And to their poet—*immortality*.

IV.

Next beauteous Baia's warm remains invite
 To Nero's stoves my wond'ring sight;
 Where palaces and domes destroy'd
 Leave a flat unwholesome void:
 Where underneath the cooling wave,
 Ordain'd pollution's fav'rite spot to lave,
 Now hardly heaves the stifled sigh
 Hot, hydropic luxury.
 Yet, chas'd by Heav'n's correcting hand,
 Tho' various crimes have fled the land;
 Tho' brutish vice, tyrannic pow'r,
 No longer tread the trembling shore,
 Or taint the ambient air;
 By destiny's kind care arrang'd,
 Th' inhabitants are scarcely chang'd;
 For birds obscene, and beasts of prey,
 That seek the night and shun the day,
 Still find a dwelling there.

V.

If then beneath the deep profound
 Retires unseen the slipp'ry ground;

If melted metals pour'd from high
 A verdant mountain grows by time,
 Where frisking kids can browse and climb,
 And softer scenes supply:
 Let us who view the varying scene,
 And tread th' instructive paths between,
 See famish'd Time his fav'rite sons devour,
 Fix'd for an age—then swallow'd in an hour;
 Let us at least be early wise,
 And forward walk with heav'n-fix'd eyes,
 Each flow'ry isle avoid, each precipice despise;
 Till, spite of pleasure, fear, or pain,
 Eternity's firm coast we gain,
 Whence looking back with alter'd eye,
 These fleeting phantoms we'll descry,
 And find alike the song and theme
 Was but—an empty, airy dream.

When one has exhausted all the ideas presented to the mind by the sight of Monte Nuovo, made in one night by the eruption of Solfa Terra, now sunk into itself and almost extinguished; by the lake Avernus; by the Phlegræan fields, where Jupiter killed the giants, with such thunderbolts as fell about our ears the other night I trust, and buried one of them alive under mount Ætna; when one has seen the Sybil's grott, and the Elysian plains, and every seat of fable and of verse; when one has run about repeating Virgil's verses and Claudian's by turns, and handled the hot sand under the cool waves of Baia; when one has seen Cicero's villa and Diana's temple, and talked about antiquities till one is afraid of one's own pedantry, and tired of every one's else; it is almost time to recollect realities of more near interest to such of us as are not ashamed of being Christians, and to remember that it was at Pozzuoli St. Paul arrived after the storms he met with in these seas. The wind is still called here *Sieuroc*, o sia *lo vento Greco*; and their manner of pronouncing it led me to think it might possibly be that called in Scripture *Euroclydon*, abbreviated by that grammatical figure, which lops off the concluding syllables. The old Pastor Patrobas too, who received and entertained the Apostle here, lies interred under the altar of an old church at Pozzuoli, made out of the remains of a temple to Jupiter, whose pillars are in

good preservation: I was earnest to see the place at least, as every thing named in the New Testament is of true importance, but one meets few people of the same taste: for Romanists take most delight in venerating traditionary heroes, and Calvinists, perhaps too easily disgusted, desire to venerate no heroes at all.

Some curious inscriptions here, to me not legible, shew how this poor country has been overwhelmed by tyrants, earthquakes, Saracens! not to mention the Goths and Vandals, who however left no traces *but* desolation: while, as the prophet Joel says, "*The ground was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.*"

These Mahometan invaders, less savage, but not less cruel, afforded at least an unwilling shelter in that which is now their capital, for the wretched remains of literature. To their misty envelopement of science, fatigued with struggling against perpetual suffocation, succeeded imposture, barbarism, and credulity; with superstition at their head, who still keeps her footing in this country: and inspires such veneration for St. Januarius, his name, his blood, his statue, &c. that the Neapolitans, who are famous for blasphemous oaths, and a facility of taking the most sacred words into their mouths on every, and I may say, on *no* occasion, are never heard to repeat *his* name without pulling off their hat, or making some reverential sign of worship at the moment. And I have seen Italians from other states greatly shocked at the grossness of these their unenlightened neighbours, particularly the half-Indian custom of burning figures upon their skins with gunpowder: these figures, large, and oddly displayed too, according to the coarse notions of the wearer.

As the weather is exceedingly warm, and there is little need of clothing for comfort, our Lazaroni have small care about appearances, and go with a vast deal of their persons uncovered, except by these strange ornaments. The man who rows you about this lovely bay, has perhaps the angel Raphael, or the blessed Virgin Mary, delineated on one brawny sunburnt leg, the saint of the town upon the other: his arms represent the Glory, or the seven spirits of God, or some strange things, while a brass medal hangs from his neck, expressive of

his favourite martyr: who they confidently affirm is so madly venerated by these poor uninstructed mortals, that when the mountain burns, or any great disaster threatens them, they beg of our Saviour to speak to St. Januarius in their behalf, and intreat him not to refuse them his assistance. Now though all this was told me by friends of the Romish persuasion; and told me too with a just horror of the superstitious folly; I think my remarks and inferences were not agreeable to them, when expressing my notion that it was only a relick of the adoration originally paid to Janus in Italy, where the ground yielding up its frost to the soft breath of the new year, is not ill-typified by the liquefaction of the blood; a ceremony which has succeeded to various Pagan ones celebrated by Ovid in the first book of his *Fasti*. We know from history too, that perfumes were offered in *January* always, to signify the renovation of *sweets*; and this was so necessary, that I think Tacitus tells us Thræsea was first impeached for absence at the time of the new year, when in *Janus's* presence, &c. good wishes were formed for the Emperor's felicity; and no word of ill omen was to be pronounced.—*Cautum erat apud Romanos ne quod mali ominis verbum calendis Januariis efferretur*; says Pliny: and the *strenæ*, or new-year's gifts, called now by the French "*les étrennes*," and practised by Lutherans as well as Romanists, is the self-same veneration of old *Janus*, if fairly traced up to Tatius King of the Sabines, who sought a laurel bough plucked from the grove of the goddess *Strenia*, or *Strenua*, and presented it to his favourites on the first of *January*, from whence the custom arose; and Symmachus, in his tenth book, twenty-eighth epistle, mentions it clearly when writing to the Emperors Theodosius and Arcadius—"Strenuarum usus adolevit auctoritate Tatii regis, qui verbenas felicitis arboris ex luco *Strenuæ anni*."

Octavius Cæsar took the name of Augustus on the first of January in Janus's temple, by Plancus's advice, as a lucky day; and I suppose our new-year's ode, sung before the King of England, may be derived from the same source. The old Fathers of the Church declaimed aloud against the custom of new-year's gifts, because they considered them as of Pagan original. So much for *Les Etrennes*.

As to *St. Januarius*, there certainly was a martyr of that

name at Naples, and to him was transferred much of the veneration originally bestowed on the deity from whom he was probably named. One need not however wander round the world with Banks and Solander, or stare so at the accounts given us in Cook's *Voyages of tattooed Indians*, when Naples will shew one the effects of a like operation, very *very* little better executed, on the broad shoulders of numberless Lazaroni; and of this there is no need to examine books for information, he who runs over the Chiaja may read in large characters the gross superstition of the Napolitani, who have no inclination to lose their old classical character for laziness—

Et in otia natam
Parthenopen;

says Ovid. I wonder however whether our people would work much surrounded by similar circumstances; I fancy not: Englishmen, poor fellows! must either work or starve; these folks want for nothing: a house would be an inconvenience to them; they like to sleep out of doors, and it is plain they have small care for clothing, as many who possess decent habiliments enough, I speak of the Lazaroni, throw almost all off till some holiday, or time of gala, and sit by the seaside playing at moro with their fingers.

A Florentine nobleman told me once, that he asked one of these fellows to carry his portmanteau for him, and offered him a *carline*, no small sum certainly to a Neapolitan, and rather more in proportion than an English shilling; he had not twenty yards to go with it: "*Are you hungry, Master?*" cries the fellow. "*No,*" replied Count Manucci, "but what of that?"—"Why then no more am I:" was the answer, "*and it is too hot weather to carry burthens:*" so turned about upon the other side, and lay still.

This class of people, amounting to a number that terrifies one but to think on, some say sixty thousand souls, and experience confirms no less, give the city an air of gaiety and cheerfulness, and one cannot help honestly rejoicing in [it]. The Strada del Toledo is one continual crowd: nothing can exceed the confusion to a walker, and here are little gigs drawn by one horse, which, without any bit in his mouth, but a string

tied round his nose, tears along with inconceivable rapidity a small narrow gilt chair, set between the two wheels, and no spring to it, nor any thing else which can add to the weight; and this flying car is a kind of *fiacre* you pay so much for a drive in, I forget the sum.

Horses are particularly handsome in this town, not so large as at Milan, but very beautiful and spirited; the cream-coloured creatures, such as draw our king's state coach, are a common breed here, and shine like sattin: here are some too of a shining silver white, wonderfully elegant; and the ladies upon the Corso exhibit a variety scarcely credible in the colour of their cattle which draw them: but the coaches, harness, trappings, &c. are vastly inferior to the Milanese, whose liveries are often splendid; whereas the four or five ill-dressed strange-looking fellows that disgrace the Neapolitan equipages seem to be valued only for their number, and have very often much the air of Sir John Falstaff's recruits.

Yesterday however shewed me what I knew not had existed—a skew-ball or pye-balled ass, eminently well-proportioned, coated like a racer in an English stud, sixteen hands and a half high, his colour bay and white in large patches, and his temper, as the proprietor told me, singularly docile and gentle. I have longed perhaps to purchase few things in my life more earnestly than this beautiful and useful animal, which I might have had too for two pounds fifteen shillings English, but dared not, lest like Dogberry I should have been written down for an ass by my merry country folks, who, I remember, could not let the Queen of England herself possess in peace a creature of the same kind, but handsomer still, and from a still hotter climate, called the Zebra.

Apropos to quadrupeds, when Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, enumerates her lovers, she names the Neapolitan prince first; who, she says, does nothing, for his part, but talk of his horse, and makes it his greatest boast that he can shoe him himself. This is almost literally true of a nobleman here; and they really do not throw their pains away; for it is surprising to see what command they have their cattle in, though bits are scarcely used among them.

The coat armour of Naples consists of an unbridled horse;

and by what I can make out of their character, they much resemble him;

Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinclis
Tandem liber æquus, &c. &c. &c.²;

generous and gay; headstrong and violent in their disposition; easy to turn, but difficult to stop. No authority is respected by them when some strong passion animates them to fury: yet lazily quiet, and unwilling to stir till accident rouses them to terror, or rage urges them forward to incredible exertions of suddenly-bestowed strength. In the eruption of 1779, their fears and superstitions rose to such a height, that they seized the French ambassador upon the bridge, tore him almost out of his carriage as he fled from Portici, and was met by them upon the Ponte della Maddalena, where they threatened him with instant death if he did not get out of his carriage, and prostrating himself before the statue of St. Januarius, which stands there, intreat his protection for the city. All this, however, Mons. le Comte de Clermont D'Amboise did not comprehend a word of; but taking all the money out of his pocket, threw it down, happily for him, at the feet of the figure, and pacified them at once, gaining time by those means to escape their vengeance.

It was, I think, upon some other occasion that Sir William Hamilton's book relates their unworthy treatment of the venerable Archbishop, who refused them the relicks with which they had no doubt of saving the menaced town; but every time Vesuvius burns with danger to the city, they scruple not to insult their Sovereign as he flies from it; throwing large stones after his chariot, guards, &c.; making the insurrection, it is sure to occasion, more perilous, if possible, than the volcano itself. And last night when *La Montagna fu cattiva* ³, as their expression was, our Laquais de Place observed that it might possibly be because so many hereticks and unbelievers had been up it the day before. "Oh! let us," as

² Freed from his keepers thus with broken reins

The wanton courser prances o'er the plains.

DRYDEN.

³ When the mountain was in *ill-humour*.

King David wisely chose, "fall into the hands of God—not into those of man."

I wished exceedingly to purchase here the genuine account of Massaniello's far-famed sedition and revolt, more dreadful in a certain way than any of the earthquakes which have at different times shaken this hollow-founded country. But my friends here tell me it was suppressed, and burned by the hands of the common executioner, with many chastisements beside bestowed upon the writer, who tried to escape, but found it more prudent to submit to justice.

Thomas Agnello was the unluckily-adapted name of the mad fisherman who headed the mob on that truly memorable occasion: but it is not an unusual thing here to cut off the first syllable, and by the figure aphæresis alter the appellation entirely. By that device of dropping the *to*, he has been called Massaniello; and this is one of their methods to render the patois of Naples as unintelligible to us, as if we had never seen Italy till now; and one is above all things tormented with their way of pronouncing names. Here are Don and Donna again at this town as at Milan however, because the King of Spain, or *Re Cattolico*, as these people always call him, has still much influence; and they seem to think nearly as respectfully of him as of their own immediate sovereign, who is however greatly beloved among them; and so he ought to be, for he is the representative of them all. He rides and rows, and hunts the wild boar, and catches fish in the bay, and sells it in the market, as dear as he can too, but gives away the money they pay him for it, and that directly: so that no suspicion of meanness, or of any thing worse than a little rough merriment can be ever attached to his truly-honest, open, undesigning character.

Stories of monarchs seldom give me pleasure, who seldom am persuaded to give credit to tales told of persons few people have any access to, and whose behaviour towards those few is circumscribed within the laws of insipid and dull routine; but this prince lives among his subjects with the old Roman idea of a window before his bosom I believe. They know the worst of him is that he shoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni, and helps himself to it with his fingers, and rows

against the watermen in the bay, till one of them burst out o'bleeding at the nose last week, with his uncourtly efforts to outdo the King, who won the trifling wager by this accident: conquered, laughed, and leaped on shore amidst the acclamations of the populace, who huzzaed him home to the palace, from whence he sent double the sum he had won to the waterman's wife and children, with other tokens of kindness. Mean time, while he resolves to be happy himself, he is equally determined to make no man miserable.

When the Emperor and the Grand Duke talked to him of their new projects for reformation in the church, he told them he saw little advantage they brought into *their* states by these new-fangled notions; that when he was at Florence and Milan, the deuce a Neapolitan could he find in either, while his capital was crowded with refugees from thence; that in short they might do *their* way, but he would do his; that he had not now an enemy in the world, public or private; and that he would not make himself any for the sake of propagating doctrines he did not understand, and would not take the trouble to study: that he should say his prayers as he used to do, and had no doubt of their being heard, while he only begged blessings on his beloved people. So if these wise brothers-in-law would learn of him to enjoy life, instead of shortening it by unnecessary cares, he invited them to see him the next morning play a great match at tennis.

The truth is, the jolly Neapolitans lead a coarse life, but it is an unoppressed one. Never sure was there in any town a greater shew of abundance: no settled market in any given place, I think, but every third shop full of what the French call so properly *ammunition de bouche*, while whole boars, kids and small calves dangle from a sort of neat scaffolding, all with their skins on, and make a pretty appearance. Poulterers hang up their animals in the feathers too, not lay them on boards plucked, as at London or Venice.

The Strada del Toledo is at least as long as Oxford Road, and straight as Bond-street, very wide too, the houses all of stone, and at least eight stories high. Over the shops live people of fashion I am told, but the persons of particularly high quality have their palaces in other parts of the town; which

town at last is not a large one, but full as an egg: and Mr. Clarke, the antiquarian, who resides here always, informed me that the late distresses in Calabria had driven many families to Naples this year, beside single wanderers innumerable; which wonderfully increased the daily throng one sees passing and repassing. To hear the Lazaroni shout and bawl about the streets night and day, one would really fancy one's self in a semi-barbarous nation; and a Milanese officer, who has lived long among them, protested that the manners of the great corresponded in every respect with the idea given of them by the little. His account of female conduct, and that even in the very high ranks, was such as reminded me of Queen Oberea's sincerity, when Sir Joseph Banks joked her about Otoroo. It is however observable, and surely very praiseworthy, that if the Italians are not ashamed of their crimes, neither are they ashamed of their contrition. I saw this very morning an odd scene at church, which, though new to *me*, appeared, perhaps from its frequent repetition, to strike no one but myself.

A lady with a long white dress, and veiled, came in her carriage, which waited for her at the door, with her own arms upon it, and three servants better dressed than is common here, followed and put a lighted taper in her hand. *En cet état*, as the French say, she moved slowly up the church, looking like Jane Shore in the last act, but not so feeble; and being arrived at the steps of the high altar, threw herself quite upon her face before it, remaining prostrate there at least five minutes, in the face of the whole congregation, who, equally to my amazement, neither stared nor sneered, neither laughed nor lamented, but minded their own private devotions—no mass was saying—till the lady rose, kissed the steps, and bathed them with her tears, mingled with sobs of no affected or hypocritical penitence I am sure. Retiring afterwards to her own seat, where she waited with others the commencement of the sacred office, having extinguished her candle, and apparently lighted her heart; I felt mine quite penetrated by her behaviour, and fancied her like our first parent described by Milton in the same manner:

To confess

Humbly her faults, and pardon beg; with tears

Watering the ground, and with her sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from heart contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Let not this story, however, mislead any one to think that more general decorum or true devotion can be found in churches of the Romish persuasion than in ours—quite the reverse. This burst of penitential piety was in itself an indecorous thing; but it is the nature and genius of the people not to mind small matters. Dogs are suffered to run about and dirty the churches all the time divine service is performing; while the crying of babies, and the most indecent methods taken by the women to pacify them, give one still juster offence. There is no treading for spittle and nastiness of one sort or another, in all the churches of Italy, whose inhabitants allow the filthiness of Naples, but endeavour to justify the disorders of other cities; though I do believe nothing ever equalled the Chiesa dei Cavalieri at Pisa, in any Christian land. Santa Giustina at Padua, the Redentore at Venice, St. Peter's at Rome, and some of the least frequented churches at Milan, are exceptions; they are kept very clean, and do not, by the scandalous neglect of those appointed to keep them, disgrace the beauty of their buildings.

Here has, however, been a dreadful accident which puts such slight considerations out of one's head. A Friar has killed a woman in the church just by the Crocelle inn, for having refused him favours he suspected she had granted to another. No step is taken though towards punishing the murderer, because he is *religioso, e di più cavaliere*. What a miracle that more such outrages are not daily committed in a country where profession of sanctity, and real high birth, are protections from law and justice! Surely nothing but perfect sobriety and great goodness of disposition can be alleged as a reason why worse is not done every day. I said so to a gentleman just now, who assured me the criminal would not escape very severe castigation; and that perhaps the convent would inflict such severities upon that gentleman as would amply supply the want of activity in the exertion of civil power.

It is a stupid thing not to mention the common dress of the ordinary women here, which ladies likewise adopt, if they

venture out on foot, desiring not to be known. Two black silk petticoats then serve entirely to conceal their whole figure; as when both are tied round their waist, one is suddenly turned up, and as they pull it quick over their heads, a loose trimming of narrow black gauze drops over the face, while a hook and eye fastens all close under the chin, and gives them an air not unlike our country wenches, who throw the gown tail over their heads, to protect them from a summer's shower. The holiday dresses mean time of the peasants round Naples, are very rich and cumbersome. One often sees a great coarse raw-boned fellow on a Sunday, panting for heat under a thick blue velvet coat comically enough; the females in a scarlet cloth petticoat, with a broad gold lace at the bottom, a jacket open before, but charged with heavy ornaments, and the head not unbecomingly dressed with an embroidered handkerchief from Turkey, exactly as one sees them represented here in prints, which they sell dear enough, God knows; and ask as I am informed by the purchasers, not twice or thrice, but four or five times more than at last they take, as indeed for every thing one buys here: One portrait is better, however, than a thousand words, when single figures are to be delineated; but of the Grotta del Cane, description gives a completer idea than drawing. Both are perhaps nearly unnecessary indeed, when speaking of a place so often and so accurately described. What surprised me most among the ceremonies of this extraordinary place was, that the pent up vapour shut in an excavation of the rock, should, upon opening the door, gradually move forwards a few yards, but not rise up above a foot from the surface, nor, by what I could observe, ever dissipate in air; I think we left it hovering over the favourite spot, when the poor cur's nose had been forcibly held in it for a minute or two, but he took care after his recovery to keep a very judicious distance. Sporting with animal life is always highly offensive; and the fellow's account that his dog was used to the operation, and had already gone through it eight times, that it did him no harm, &c. I considered as words used merely to quiet our impatience of the experiment, which is infinitely more amusing when tried upon a lighted flambeau, extinguishing it most completely in a moment. What connection there is between flame

and vitality, those who know more of the matter than I do, must expound. Certain it is, that many sorts of vapour are equally fatal to both; and where fermentation is either going forward, or has lately been, people accustomed to such matters always try with a candle whether the cask is approachable by man or not; and I once saw a terrifying accident arise in a great brewhouse, from the headstrong stupidity of a workman who would go down into a vat, the contents of which had lately been drawn off, without sending his proper præcursor the candle, to enquire if all was safe. The consequence was half expected by his companions, who hearing him drop off the steps, and fall flat to the bottom, began instantly hooking him up again, but there were no signs of life; some ran for their master, others for a surgeon, but we were nearest at hand, and recollecting what one had read of the recovery of dogs at Naples, by tossing them suddenly into the lake Agnano, we made the men carry their patient to the cooler, and plunging him over head and ears, restored his life, exactly in the manner of the Grotta del Cane experiment, which succeeded so completely in this fellow's case, I remember, that waking after the temporary suspension, we had much ado to impress so insensible a mortal with a due sense of the danger his rashness had incurred.

But it is time to tell of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Portici; of a theatre, the scene of gaiety and pleasure, overwhelmed by torrents of liquid fire! the inhabitants of a whole town surprised by immediate and unavoidable destruction! Where that very town indeed was built with the lava produced by former eruptions, one would think it scarce possible that such calamities could be totally unexpected;—but no matter, life must go on, though we all know death is coming;—so the bread was baking in their ovens, the meat was smoking on their dishes, some of their wine already decanted for use, the rest in large jars (*amphora*), now petrified with their contents inside, and fixed to the walls of the cellars in which they stand.—How dreadful are the thoughts which such a sight suggests! how *very* horrible the certainty, that such a scene may be all acted over again to-morrow; and that we, who to-day are spectators, may become spectacles to travellers of a succeeding century,

who mistaking our bones for those of the Neapolitans, may carry some of them to their native country back again perhaps; as it came into my head that a French gentleman was doing, when I saw him put a human bone into his pocket this morning, and told him I hoped he had got the jaw of a Gaulish officer, instead of a Roman soldier, for future reflections to energize upon. Of all single objects offered here to one's contemplation, none are more striking than a woman's foot, the *print* of her foot I mean, taken apparently in the very act of running from the river of melted minerals that surrounded her, and which now serves as an intaglio to commemorate the misery it caused. Another melancholy proof of what needs no confirmation, is the impression of a sick female, known to be so from the *stole* she wore, a drapery peculiar to the sex; her bed, converted into a substance like plaster of Paris, still retains the form and covering of her who perished quietly upon it, without ever making even an effort to escape.

That one of these towns is crushed, or rather buried, under loads of heavy lava, and is therefore difficult to disentangle, all have heard; that Pompeia is only lightly covered with pumice-stones and ashes, is new to nobody; it is in the power, as a Venetian gentleman said angrily, of an English hen and chickens to scratch it open in a week, though these lazy Neapolitans will leave it not half dislodged, before a new eruption swallows all again.

Our visit to Portici was more than equally provoking in the same way; to see deposited there all the antiques which are so curious in themselves, so *very* valuable when considered as specimens of ancient art, and of the mode of living practiced in ancient Rome, kept at a place where I do sincerely believe they will be again overwhelmed and confounded among the king of Naples's furniture, to the great torture of future antiquarians, and to the disgrace of present insensibility.

The *triclinia* and *stibadia* used at supper by the old Romans prove the verses which our critics have been working at so long, to have been at least well explained by them, and do infinite honour to those who, without the advantage of seeing how the utensils were constructed, knew perfectly well their way of carrying on life, from their acquaintance with a

language long since *dead*, and I am sure *buried* under a heap of rubbish heavier and more difficult to remove than all the lava heaped on Herculaneum; but it is a source of perpetual wonder, and let me add perpetual pleasure too, to know that Cicero, and Virgil, and Horace, if alive, would find their writings as well understood, ay and as perfectly tasted, by the scholars of Paris and London, as they had ever been by their own old literary acquaintance.

The sight of the curule chair was charming, and one thought of old Papyrius, his long white beard, and ivory stick with which he reprov'd the insolence of a Gaulish soldier, who, when Brennus entered the city, seeing all those venerable senators sitting in a row, took them for inanimate figures, and stroked Papyrius's beard, to feel whether he was alive or no. The *curule* chair was so called from *currus* a chariot, and this we examined had holes bored in it, where it had been fixed to the car: I do think there is just such a one in the British Museum, but that did not much engage my attention, so great is the influence of locality upon the mind. The way in which they decypher the old MSS. here likewise is pretty and curious, and requires infinite patience, which as far as they have gone has not been well repaid; the operation *laboriosius est quam Sibyllæ folia colligere* ⁴, to use the words of Politian, whose right name I learned at Florence to be *Messer Angelo di Monte Pulciano*.

May not, however, a more important consequence than any yet mentioned be found deducible from what we have seen this day? for if *Jesus Christ* condescended to use the Roman, or commonly adopted custom of supping on a *triclinium* (as it is plain he did by the recumbent posture of St. John), when eating the Passover for the last time with his disciples at Jerusalem; that sect of Christians called Romanists ought sure to be the *last*, not *first*, to exclude from salvation all such of their brethren as do not receive the Lord's Supper precisely in *their way*; when nothing can be clearer, from our blessed Saviour's example, than that he thought old forms, if laudable, not necessary or essential to the well-performing a devotional rite; seeing that to eat the Passover according to original

⁴ More laborious than gathering up the Sibyl's leaves.

institution, those who communicated were bound to take it *standing*, and with a staff in their hands beside as expressive of more haste.

The Christmas season here at Naples is very pleasingly observed; the Italians are peculiarly ingenious in adorning their shops I think, and setting out their wares; every grocer, fruiterer, &c. now mingles orange, and lemon, and myrtle leaves, among the goods exposed at his door, as we do greens in the churches of England, but with infinitely more taste; and this device produces a very fine effect upon the whole, as one drives along *la Strada del Toledo*, which all morning looks showy from these decorations, and all evening splendid from the profusion of torches, flambeaux, &c. that shine with less regularity indeed, but with more lustre and greater appearance of expensive gaiety, than our neat, clean, steady London lamps. Some odd, pretty, moveable coffee-houses too, or lemonade-shops, set on wheels, and adorned, according to the possessor's taste, with gilding, painting, &c. and covered with ices, orgeats, and other refreshments, as in emulation each of the other, and in a strange variety of shapes and forms too, exquisitely well imagined for the most part,—help forward the finery of Naples exceedingly: I have counted thirty of these *galante* shops on each side the street, which, with their necessary illuminations, make a brilliant figure by candlelight, till twelve o'clock, when all the show is over, and every body put out their lights and quietly lie down to rest. Till that hour, however, few things can exceed the tumultuous merriment of Naples, while *volantes*, or running footmen, dressed like tumblers before a show, precede all carriages of distinction, and endeavour to keep the people from being run over; yet whilst they are listening to Policinello's jokes, or to some such street orator as Dr. Moore describes with equal truth and humour, they often get crushed and killed; yet, as Pope says,

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend:—

The *Lazarone* who has his child run over by the coach of a man of quality, has a regular claim upon him for no less than twelve *carlines* (about five shillings English); if it is his wife that meets with the accident, he gets two *ducats*, live or die;

and for the master of the family (house he has none) three is the regular compensation; and no words pass here about *trifles*. Truth is, human life is lower rated in all parts of Italy than with us; they think nothing of an individual, but see him perish (excepting by the hand of justice) as a cat or dog. A young man fell from our carriage at Milan one evening; he was not a servant of ours, but a friend which, after we were gone home, the coachman had picked up to go with him to the fireworks which were exhibited that night near the *Corso*: there was a crowd and an *embarras*, and the fellow tumbled off and died upon the spot, and nobody even spoke, or I believe *thought* about the matter, except one woman, who supposed that he had neglected to cross himself when he got up behind.

The works of art here at Naples are neither very numerous nor very excellent: I have seen the vaunted present of porcelain intended for the king of England, in return for some cannon presented by him to this court; and think it more entertaining in its design than admirable as a manufacture. Every dish and plate, however, being the portrait as one may say of some famous Etruscan vase, or other antique, dug out of the ruins of these newly-discovered cities, with an account of its supposed story engraved neatly round the figure, makes it interesting and elegant, and worthy enough of one prince to accept, and another to bestow.

There is a work of art, however, peculiar to this city, and attempted in no other; on which surprising sums of money are lavished by many of the inhabitants, who connect or associate to this amusement ideas of piety and devotion: the thing when finished is called a *presepio*, and is composed in honour of this sacred season, after which all is taken to pieces, and arranged after a different manner next year. In many houses a room, in some a whole suite of apartments, in others the terrace upon the house-top, is dedicated to this very uncommon show; consisting of a miniature representation in sycamore wood, properly coloured, of the house at Bethlehem, with the blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and our Saviour in the manger, with attendant angels, &c. as in pictures of the nativity; the figures are about six inches high, and dressed with the most exact propriety. This however, though the principal thing intended to attract spectators' notice, is kept back, so that sometimes I

scarcely saw it at all; while a general and excellent landscape, with figures of men at work, women dressing dinner, a long road in real gravel, with rocks, hills, rivers, cattle, camels, every thing that can be imagined, fill the other rooms, so happily disposed too for the most part, the light introduced so artfully, the perspective kept so surprisingly!—one wonders and cries out, it is certainly but a baby-house at best; yet managed by people whose heads naturally turned towards architecture and design, give them power thus to defy a traveller not to feel delighted with the general effect; while if every single figure is not capitally executed, and nicely expressed beside, the proprietor is truly miserable, and will cut a new cow, or vary the horse's attitude, against next Christmas *coûte que coûte*: and perhaps I should not have said so much about the matter, if there had not been shewn me within this last week, *presepios* which have cost their possessors fifteen hundred or two thousand English pounds; and, rather than relinquish or sell them, many families have gone to ruin: I have wrote the sums down in letters, not figures, for fear of the possibility of a mistake. One of these playthings had the journey of the three kings represented in it, and the presents were all of real gold and silver finely worked; nothing could be better or more livelily finished.—“But, Sir,” said I, “why do you dress up one of the Wise Men with a turban and *crescent*, six hundred years before the birth of Mahomet, who first put that mark in the forehead of his followers? The eastern Magi were not *Turks*; this is a breach of *costume*.” My gentleman paused, and thanked me; said he would enquire if there was nothing heretical in the objection; and if all was right, it should be changed next year without fail.

A young lady here of English parents, just ten years old, asked me, very pertinently, “Why this pretty sight was called a *Presepio*?” but said she suddenly, answering herself, “I suppose it is because it is *preceptive*.” such a mistake was more valuable than knowledge, and gave me great esteem of her understanding; the little girl's name was Zaffory.

The King's *ménagerie* is neither rich in animals, nor particularly well kept: I wonder a man of his character and disposition should not delight in possessing a very fine one. The bears

however were as tame as lapdogs; there was a wolf too, larger than ever I saw a wolf, and an elephant that played a hundred tricks at the command of his keeper, little less a beast than he; but as Pope says, after Horace,

Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people sure, the people are the sight.

Let us then tell about the two assemblies, *o sia conversazioni*, where one goes in search of amusement as to the rooms of Bath or Tunbridge exactly; only that one of these places is devoted to the *nobiltà*, the other is called *de' buoni amici*; and such is the state of subordination in this country, that though the great people may come among the little ones, and be sure of the grossest adulation, a merchant's wife, shining in diamonds, being obliged to stand up reverentially before the chair of a countess, who does her the honour to speak to her; the poor *amici* are totally excluded from the subscription of the nobles, nor dare even to return the salutation of a superior, should a good-natured person of that rank be tempted, from frequently seeing them at the rooms, to give them a kind nod in the street or elsewhere. All this seems comical enough to us, and I had much ado to look grave, while a beautiful and well-educated wife of a rich banker here, confessed herself not fit company for an ignorant mean-looking woman of quality. But though such unintelligible doctrines make one for a moment ashamed both of one's sex and species, that lady's knowledge of various languages, her numerous accomplishments in a thousand methods of passing time away with innocent elegance, and a sort of studied address never observed in Italy before, gave me infinite delight in her society, and daily increased my suspicion that she was a foreigner, till nearer intimacy discovered her a German Lutheran, with a singular head of thick blonde hair, so unlike those I see around me. We grew daily better acquainted, and she shewed me—but not indignantly at all—some ladies from the higher assembly sitting among *these*, very low dressed indeed, a knotting-bag and counters in their lap, to shew their contempt of the company; while such as spoke to them stood before their seat, like chil-

dren before a governess in England, as long as the conversation lasted.

I inquired if the men confined their addresses wholly to their own rank? She said, beauty often broke the barrier, and when a pretty woman of the second rank got a *cavalier servente* of the first, much happiness and much distinction was the consequence: but alas! he will not even *try* to push her up among the people of fashion, and when he meets any is sure to look ashamed of his mistress; so that her felicity can consist only in triumphing over equals, for to rival a superior is here an impossibility.

Our Duke and Dutchess of Cumberland have made all Naples adore them though, by going richly dressed, and behaving with infinite courtesy and good-humour, at an assembly or ball given in the *lower rooms*, as the English comically call them. A young Palermitan prince applauded them for it exceedingly; so I took the liberty to express my wonder. "Oh," replied he, "we are not ignorant how much English manners differ from our own: I have already, though but just eighteen years old, as sovereign of my own state, under the King of both Sicilies, condemned a man to death *because he was a rascal*, but the law and the people govern in England I know." My desire of hearing about Sicily, which we could not contrive to visit, made me happy to cultivate Prince Ventimiglia's acquaintance; he was very studious, very learned of his age, and uncommonly clever: told me of the antiquities his island had to boast, with great intelligence, and a surprising knowledge of ancient history.

We wished to have made a party to go in the same company to Pæstum, but my cowardice kept me at home, so bad was the account of the roads and accommodation; though Abate Bianconi of Milan, for whom I have so much esteem, bid me remember to look at the buildings there attentively; adding, that they were better worth our observation than all the boasted antiquities at Rome; "as they had seen (said he) the original foundation of her empire, and outlived its decay: that they had seen her second birth too, and power under some of her pontiffs over all Europe about six or seven centuries ago; and that they would now probably remain till all *that* was

likewise abolished, with only slight traces left behind to shew that *fuimus*, &c.”

How mortifying it is to go home and never see this Pæstum! Prince Ventimiglia went there with Mr. Cox; he professes his intention soon to visit England, concerning the manners and customs of which he is very inquisitive, and not ill-versed in the language; but books drop oddly into people's hands: This gentleman commended Ambrose Philips's Pastorals, and I remember the Florentines seemed strangely impressed with the merit of the other Philips as a poet. Bonducci has translated his Cyder, and calls him *emulous of Milton*, in good time! but it is difficult to distinguish jest from earnest in a foreign language.

I will not, if I can help it, lose sight of our Sicilian however, till I have made him tell me something about Dionysius's Ear, about the eruptions of Ætna, and the *Castagno a cento cavalli*, which, he protests, is not magnified by Brydone.

It is wonderfully mortifying to think how little information after all can be obtained of any thing new or any thing strange, though so far from one's own country. What I picked up most curious and diverting from our conversation, was his expression of surprise, when at our house one day he read a letter from his mother, telling him that such a lady, naming her, remained still unmarried, and even unbetrothed, though now past ten years old. “She will,” said I, “perhaps break through old customs, and chuse for herself, as she is an orphan, and has no one whom she need consult.”—“Impossible, Madam!” was the reply.—“But tell me, Prince, for information's sake, if such a lady, this girl for example, should venture to assert the rights of humanity, and make a choice somewhat unusual, *what would come of it?*”—“Why nothing in the world would come of it,” answered he; “the lass would be immediately at liberty again, for no man so circumstanced could be permitted to leave the country *alive* you know, nor would her folly benefit his family at all, as her estate would be immediately adjudged to the next heir. No person of inferior rank in our country would therefore, unless absolutely mad, set his life to hazard for the sake of a frolic, the event of which is so well known beforehand;—less still, because, if *love* be in the case, all *personal attachment* may be fully gratified, only

let her but be once legally married to a man every way her equal." Could one help recollecting Fielding's song in the *Virgin unmasked*? who says,

For now I've found out that as Michaelmas day
Is still the forerunner of Lammas;
So wedding another is just the right way
To get at my dear Mr. Thomas.

I will mention another talk I had with a Sicilian lady. We met at the house of the Swedish minister, Monsieur André, uncle to the lamented officer who perished in our sovereign's service in America; and while the rest of the company were entertaining themselves with cards and music, I began laughing in myself at hearing the gentleman and lady who sat next *me*, called by others *Don Raphael* and *Donna Camilla*, because those two names bring Gil Blas into one's head. Their agreeable and interesting conversation however soon gave my mind a more serious turn when discoursing on the liberal premiums now offered by the King of Naples to those who are willing to rebuild and repeople Messina. Donna Camilla politely introduced me to a very sick but pleasing-looking lady, who she said was going to return thither: at which *she*, starting, cried, "Oh God forbid, my dear friend!" in an accent that made me think she had already suffered something from the concussions that overwhelmed that city in the year 1783. Her inviting manner, her soft and interesting eyes, whose languid glances seemed to shew beauty sunk in sorrow, and spirit oppressed by calamity, engaged my utmost attention, while Don Raphael pressed her to indulge the foreigner's curiosity with some particulars of the distresses she had shared. Her own feelings were all she could relate she said—and those confusedly. "You see that girl there," pointing to a child about seven or eight years old, who stood listening to the harpsichord: "she escaped! I cannot, for my soul, guess how, for we were not together at the time."—"Where were *you*, madam, at the moment of the fatal accident?"—"Who? *me*?" and her eyes lighted up with recollected terror: "I was in the nursery with my maid, employed in taking stains out of some Brussels lace upon a brazier; two babies, neither of them four years old,

playing in the room. The eldest boy, dear lad! had just left us, and was in his father's country-house. The day grew *so* dark all on a sudden, and the brazier—Oh, Lord Jesus! I felt the brazier slide from me, and saw it run down the long room on its three legs. The maid screamed, and I shut my eyes and knelt at a chair. We thought all over; but my husband came, and snatching me up, cried, *run, run*.—I know not how nor where, but all amongst falling houses it was, and people shrieked so, and there was *such* a noise! My poor son! he was fifteen years old; he tried to hold me fast in the crowd. I remember kissing *him*: Dear lad, dear lad! I said. I could speak *just then*: but the throng at the gate! Oh that gate! Thousands at once! ay, thousands! thousands at once: and my poor old confessor too! I knew him: I threw my arms about his aged neck. *Padre mio!* said I—*Padre mio!* Down he dropt, a great stone struck his shoulder; I saw it coming, and my boy pulled me: he saved my life, dear, dear lad! But the crash of the gate, the screams of the people, the heat—Oh such a heat! I felt no more on't though; I saw no more on't; I waked in bed, this girl by me, and her father giving me cordials. We were on ship-board, they told me, coming to Naples to my brother's house here; and do you think I'll ever go back *there* again? No, no; that's a curst place; I lost my son in it. *Never, never* will I see it more! All my friends try to persuade me, but the sight of it would do my business. If my poor boy were alive indeed! but *he!* ah, poor dear lad! he loved his mother; he held *me* fast—No, no, I'll never see that place again: God has cursed it *now*; I am sure he has."

A narrative so melancholy, so tender, and so true, could not fail of its effect. I ran for refuge to the harpsichord, where a lady was singing divinely. I could not listen though: *her* grateful sweetness who told the dismal story, followed me thither: she had seen my ill-suppressed tears, and followed to embrace me. The tale she had told saddened my heart, and the news we heard returning to the Crocelle did not contribute to lighten its weight, while an amiable young Englishman, who had long lain ill there, was now breathing his last, far from his friends, his country, or their customs; all easily dispensed with, perhaps derided, during the bustle of a journey, and in the

madness of superfluous health; but sure to be sighed after, when life's last twilight shuts in precipitately closer and closer round a man, and leaves him only the nearer objects to repose and dwell on.

Such was Captain ——'s situation! he had none but a foreign servant with him. We thought it might soothe him to hear "*Can I do any thing for you, Sir?*" in an English voice: so I sent my maid: he had no commands he said; he could not eat the jelly she had made him; he wished some clergyman could be found that he might speak to: such a one was vainly enquired for, till it was discovered that ill-health had driven Mr. Mentze to Naples, who kindly administered the last consolation a Christian can receive; and heard the next day, when confined himself to bed, of his countryman's being properly thrust by the banker into the *Buco Protestante*; so they contemptuously call a dirty garden one drives by in this town, where not less than a hundred people, small and great, from our island, annually resort, leaving fifty or sixty thousand pounds behind them at a moderate computation; though if their bodies are obliged to take *perpetual* apartments here, no better place has been hitherto provided for them than this kitchen ground; on which grow cabbages, cauliflowers, &c. sold to their country folks for double price I trow, the remaining part of the season.

Well! well! if the Neapolitans do bury Christians like dogs, they make some singular compensations we will confess, by nursing dogs like Christians. A very veracious man informed me yester morning, that his poor wife was half broken-hearted at hearing such a Countess's dog was run over; "for," said he, "having suckled the pretty creature herself, she loved it like one of her children." I bid him repeat the circumstance, that no mistake might be made: he did so; but seeing me look shocked, or ashamed, or something he did not like,—“Why, madam,” said the fellow, “it is a common thing enough for ordinary men's wives to suckle the lapdogs of ladies of quality:” adding, that they were paid for their milk, and he saw no harm in gratifying one's *superiors*. As I was disposed to see nothing *but* harm in disputing with such a competitor, our conference finished soon; but the fact is certain.

Indeed few things can be foolisher than to debate the

propriety of customs one is not bound to observe or comply with. If you dislike them, the remedy is easy; turn yours and your horses heads the other way.

* * *

20th January 1786

Here are the most excellent, the most incomparable fish I ever eat; red mullets, large as our maycril, and of singularly high flavour; besides the calamaro, or ink-fish, a dainty worthy of imperial luxury; almond and even apple trees in blossom, to delight those who can be paid for coarse manners and confined notions by the beauties of a brilliant climate. Here are all the hedges in blow as you drive towards Pozzuoli, and a snow of white May-flowers clustering round Virgil's tomb. So strong was the sun's heat this morning, even before eleven o'clock, that I carried an umbrella to defend me from his rays, as we sauntered about the walks, which are spacious and elegant, laid out much in the style of St. James's Park, but with the sea on one side of you, the broad street, called Chiaja, on the other. What trees are planted there however, either do not grow up so as to afford shade, or else they cut them, and trim them about to make them in pretty shapes forsooth, as we did in England half a century ago.

Be this as it will, the vaunted view from the castle of St. Elmo, though much more deeply *interesting*, is in consequence of this defect less *naturally* pleasing than the prospect from Lomellino's villa near Genoa, or Lord Clifford's park, called King's Weston, in Somersetshire; those two places being, in point of mere situation, possessed of beauties hitherto unrivalled by anything I have seen. Nor does the steady regularity of this Mediterranean sea make me inclined to prefer it to our more capricious or rather active channel. Sea views have at best too little variety, and when the flux and reflux of the tide are taken away from one, there remains only rough and smooth: whereas the hope which its ebb and flow keep constantly renovating, serves to animate, and a little change the course of one's ideas, just as its swelling and sinking is of use, to purify in some degree, and keep the whole from stagnation.

I made inquiry after the old story of Nicola Pesce, told by

Kircher, and sweetly brought back to all our memories by Goldsmith, who, as Dr. Johnson said of him, touched nothing that he did not likewise adorn; but I could gain no addition to what we have already heard. That there was such a man is certain, who, though become nearly amphibious by living constantly in the water, only coming sometimes on shore for sleep and refreshment, suffered avarice to be his ruin, leaping voluntarily into the Gulph of Charybdis to fetch out a gold cup thrown in thither to tempt him—what could a gold cup have done one would wonder for Nicola Pesce?—yet knowing the dangers of the place, he braved them all it seems for this bright reward; and was supposed to be devoured by one of the polypus fish, who, sticking close to the rocks, extend their arms for prey. When I expressed my indignation that he should so perish; “He forgot perhaps,” said one present, “to recommend himself to Santo Gennaro.”

The castle on this hill, called the Castel St. Elmo, would be much my comfort did I fix at Naples; for here are eight thousand soldiers constantly kept, to secure the city from sudden insurrection; his majesty most wisely trusting their command only to Spanish or German officers, or some few gentlemen from the northern states of Italy, that no personal tenderness for any in the town below may intervene, if occasion for sudden severity should arise. We went to-day and saw their garrison, comfortably and even elegantly kept; and I was wicked enough to rejoice that the soldiers were never, but with the very utmost difficulty, permitted to go among the townsmen for a moment.

To-morrow we mount the Volcano, whose present peaceful disposition has tempted us to inspect it more nearly. Though it appears little less than presumption thus to profane with eyes of examination the favourite alembic of nature, while the great work of projection is carrying on; guarded as all its secret caverns are too with every contradiction; snow and flame! solid bodies heated into liquefaction, and rolling gently down one of its sides; while fluids congeal and harden into ice on the other; nothing can exceed the curiosity of its appearance, now the lava is less rapid, and stiffens as it flows; stiffens too in ridges very surprisingly, and gains an odd aspect, not unlike

the pasteboard waves representing sea at a theatre, but black, because this year's eruption has been mingled with coal. The connoisseurs here know the different degrees, dates, and shades of lava to a perfection that amazes one; and Sir William Hamilton's courage, learning, and perfect skill in these matters, is more people's theme here than the Volcano itself. Bartolomeo, the Cyclop of Vesuvius as he is called, studies its effects and operations too with much attention and philosophical exactness, relating the adventures he has had with our minister on the mountain to every Englishman that goes up, with great success. The way one climbs is by tying a broad sash with long ends round this Bartolomeo, letting him walk before one, and holding it fast. As far as the Hermitage there is no great difficulty, and to that place some chuse to ride an ass, but I thought walking safer; and there you are sure of welcome and refreshment from the poor good old man, who sets up a little cross wherever the fire has stopt near his cell; shews you the place with a sort of polite solemnity that impresses, spreads his scanty provisions before you kindly, and tells the past and present state of the eruption accurately, inviting you to partake of

His rushy couch, his frugal fare,
His blessing and repose.

GOLDSMITH.

This Hermit is a Frenchman. *J'ai dansé dans mon lit tant de fois* ⁵, said he: the expression was not sublime when speaking of an earthquake, to be sure; I looked among his books, however, and found Bruyère. "Would not the Duc de Rochefoucault have done better?" said I. "Did I never see you before, Madam?" said he; "yes, sure I have, and dressed you too, when I was a hair-dresser in London, and lived with Mons. Martinant, and I dressed pretty Miss Wynne too in the same street. *Vit-elle encore? Vit-elle encore* ⁶? Ah I am old now," continued he; "I remember when black pins first came up." This was charming, and in such an unexpected way, I could hardly prevail upon myself ever to leave the spot; but Mrs. Greatheed having been quite to the crater's edge with her

⁵ I have danced in my bed so often this year.

⁶ Is she yet alive? Is she yet alive?

only son, a baby of four years old; shame rather than inclination urged me forward; I asked the little boy what he had seen; I saw the chimney, replied he, and it was on fire, but I liked the elephant better.

That the situation of the crater changed in this last eruption is of little consequence; it will change and change again I suppose. The wonder is, that nobody gets killed by venturing so near, while red-hot stones are flying about them so. The Bishop of Derry did very near get his arm broke; and the Italians are always recounting the exploits of these rash Britons who look into the crater, and carry their wives and children up to the top; while we are, with equal justice, amazed at the courageous Neapolitans, who build little snug villages and dwell with as much confidence at the foot of Vesuvius, as our people do in Paddington or Hornsey. When I enquired of an inhabitant of these houses how she managed, and whether she was not frightened when the Volcano raged, lest it should carry away her pretty little habitation: "Let it go," said she, "we don't mind now if it goes to-morrow, so as we can make it answer by raising our vines, oranges, &c. against it for three years, our fortune is made before the fourth arrives; and then if the red river comes we can always run away, *scappar via*, ourselves, and hang the property. We only desire three years use of the mountain as a hot wall or forcing-house, and then we are above the world, thanks be to God and St. Januarius," who always comes in for a large share of their veneration; and this morning having heard that the Neapolitans still present each other with a cake upon New-year's day, I began to hug my favourite hypothesis closer, recollecting the old ceremony of the wheaten cake seasoned with salt, and called *Janualis* in the Heathen days. All this however must still end in mere conjecture; for though the weather here favours one's idea of Janus, who loosened the furrow and liquefied the frost, to which the melting our martyr's blood might, without much straining of the matter, be made to allude; yet it must be recollected after all, that the miracle is not performed in this month but that of May, and that St. Januarius did certainly exist and give his life as testimony to the truth of our religion, in the third century. Can one wonder, however, if corruptions

and mistakes should have crept in since? And would it not have been equal to a miracle had no tares sprung up in the field of religion, when our Saviour himself informs us that there is an enemy ever watching his opportunity to plant them?

These dear people too at Rome and Naples do live so in the very hulk of ship-wrecked or rather foundered Paganism, have their habitation so at the very bottom of the cask, can it fail to retain the scent when the lees are scarce yet dried up, clean or evaporated? That an odd jumble of past and present days, past and present ideas of dignity, events, and even manner of portioning out their time, still confuse their heads, may be observed in every conversation with them; and when a few weeks ago we revisited, in company of some newly-arrived English friends, the old baths of Baia, Locrine lake, &c.[,] Tobias, who rowed us over, bid us observe the Appian way under the water, where indeed it appears quite clearly, even to the tracks of wheels on its old pavement made of very large stones; and seeing me perhaps particularly attentive, "Yes, Madam," said he, "I do assure you, that *Don* Horace and *Don* Virgil, of whom we hear such a deal, used to come from Rome to their country-seats here in a day, over this very road, which is now overflowed as you see it, by repeated earthquakes, but which was then so good and so unbroken, that if they rose early in the morning they could easily gallop hither against the *Ave Maria*."

It was very observable in our second visit paid to the Stufe San Germano, that they had increased prodigiously in heat since mount Vesuvius had ceased throwing out fire, though at least fourteen miles from it, and a vast portion of the sea between them; it vexed me to have no thermometer again, but by what one's immediate feelings could inform us, there were many degrees of difference. I could not now bear my hand on any part of them for a moment. The same luckless dog was again produced, and again restored to life, like the lady in Dryden's Fables, who is condemned to be hunted, killed, recovered, and set on foot again for the amusement of her tormentors; a story borrowed from the Italian.

Solfaterra burned my fingers as I plucked an incrustation off, which allured me by the beauty of its colours, and roared

with more violence than when I was there before. This horrible volcano is by no means extinguished yet, but seems pregnant with wonders, principally combustible, and likely to break with one at every step, all the earth round it being hollow as a drum, and I should think of no great thickness neither; so plainly does one hear the sighings underneath, which some of the country people imagine to be tortured spirits howling with agony.

It is supposed that Lake Agnano, where the dog is flung in, if the dewy grass do not suffice to recover him, with its humidity and freshness, as it often does; is but another crater of another volcano, long ago self-destroyed by scorpion-like suicide; and it is like enough it may be so. There are not wanting however those that think, or say at least, how a subterraneous or subaqueous city remains even now under that lake, but lies too deep for inspection.

*Sia come sia*⁷, as the Italians express themselves, these environs are beyond all power of comprehension, much more beyond all effort of words to describe; and as Sannazarius says of Venice, so I am sure it may be said of this place, "That man built Rome, but God created Naples:" for surely, surely he has honoured no other spot with such an accumulation of his wonders: nor can any thing more completely bring the description of the devoted cities mentioned in Genesis before one's eyes, than these concealed fires, which there I trust burst up unexpectedly, and, attended by such lightning as only hot countries can exhibit, devoured all at once, nor spared the too incredulous inquirer, who turned her head back with contempt of expected judgments, but entangling her feet in the pursuing stream of lava, fixed her fast, a monument of bituminous salt.

Though surrounded by such terrifying objects, the Neapolitans are not, I think, disposed to cowardly, though easily persuaded to devotional superstitions; they are not afraid of spectres or supernatural apparitions, but sleep contentedly and soundly in small rooms, made for the ancient dead, and now actually in the occupation of old Roman bodies, the catacombs belonging to whom are still very impressive to the fancy; and I

⁷ Be it as it may.

have known many an English gentleman, who would not endure to have his courage impeached by *living wight*, whose imagination would notwithstanding have disturbed his slumbers not a little, had he been obliged to pass one night where these poor women sleep securely, wishing only for that money which travellers are not unwilling to bestow; and perhaps a walk among these hollow caves of death, these sad repositories of what was once animated by valour and illuminated by science, strike one much more than all the urns and lachrymatories of Portici.

How judicious is Mr. Addison's remark, "That *Siste Viator!* which has a striking effect among the Roman tombs placed by the road side, loses all its power over the mind when placed in the body of a church:" I think he might have said the same, had he lived to see funereal urns used as decorations of hackney-coach pannels, and *Caput Bovis* over the doors in New Tavistock-street.

It is worth recollecting however, that the Dictator Sylla is supposed to be the first man of consequence who ordered his body to be burned at Rome; as till then, burial was apparently the fashion: his death, occasioned by the *morbis pedicularis*, made his interment difficult, and what necessity suggested to be done for him, grew up into a custom, and the sycophants of power, ever hasty to follow their superiors, now shewed their zeal even in *post obit* imitation. But while I am writing, more modern and less tyrannic claimants for respect agreeably disturb one's meditations on the cruelty and oppression used by these wicked possessors of immortal though ill-gotten fame.

The Queen of Naples is delivered, and we are all to make merry: the *Castello d' Uovo*, just under our windows, is to be illuminated: and from the Carthusian convent on the hill, to my poor solitary old acquaintance the hermit and hair-dresser, who inhabits a cleft in mount Vesuvius, all resolve to be happy, and to rejoice in the felicity of a prince that loves them.—Shouting, and candles, and torches, and coloured lamps, and Polichinello above all the rest, did their best to drive forward the general joy, and make known the birth of the royal baby for many miles round the capital; and there was

a splendid opera the next night, in this finest of all fine theatres, though that of Milan pleases me better; as I prefer the elegant curtains which festoon it over the boxes there, to our heavy gilt ornaments here at Naples; and their boasted looking-glasses, never cleaned, have no effect as I perceive towards helping forward the enchantment. A *festa di ballo*, or masquerade, given here however, was exceedingly gay, and the dresses surprisingly rich: *our* party, a very large one, all Italians, retired at one in the morning to quite the finest supper of its size I ever saw. Fish of various sorts, incomparable in their kinds, composed eight dishes of the first course; we had thirty-eight set on the table in that course, forty-nine in the second, with wines and dessert truly magnificent, for all which Mr. Piozzi protested to me that we paid only three shillings and six-pence a head English money; but for the truth of that he must answer: we sate down twenty-two persons to supper, and I observed there were numbers of these parties made in different taverns, or apartments adjoining to the theatre, whither after refreshment we returned, and danced till daylight.

The theatre is a vast building, even when not inhabited or set off by lights and company: all of stone too, like that of Milan; but particularly defended from fire by St. Anthony, who has an altar and chapel erected to his honour, and showily decorated at the door; and on Sunday night, January the twenty-second, there were fireworks exhibited in honour of himself and his *pig*, which was placed on the top, and illuminated with no small ingenuity: the fire catching hold of his tail first—*con rispetto*—as said our Cicerone. But *il Re Lear e le sue tre Figlie* are advertised, and I am sick to-night and cannot go.

Oh what a time have I chose out, &c.

To wear a kerchief—would I were not sick!

My loss however is somewhat compensated; for though I could not see our own Shakespear's play acted at Naples, I went some days after to one of the charming theatres this town is entertained by every evening, and saw a play which struck me exceedingly: the plot was simply this—An English-

man appears, dressed precisely as a Quaker, his hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, and with a very pensive air says he will take that pistol, producing one, and shoot himself; "for," says he, "the politics go wrong at home now, and I hate the ministerial party, so England does not please me; I tried France, but the people there laughed so about nothing, and sung so much out of tune, I could not bear France; so I went over to Holland; those Dutch dogs are so covetous and hard-hearted, they think of nothing but their money; I could not endure a place where one heard no sound in the whole country but frogs croaking and ducats chinking. *Maledetti!* so I went to Spain, where I narrowly escaped a sun-stroke for the sake of seeing those idle beggarly dons, that if they do condescend to cobble a man's shoe, think they must do it with a sword by their side. I came here to Naples therefore, but ne'er a woman will afford one a chase, all are too easily caught to divert *me*, who like something in prospect; and though it is so fine a country, one can get no fox-hunting, only running after a wild pig. Yes, yes, I *must* shoot myself, the world is so *very* dull I am tired on't."—He then coolly prepares matters for the operation, when a young woman bursts into his apartment, bewails her fate a moment, and then faints away. Our countryman lays by his pistol, brings the lady to life, and having heard part of her story, sets her in a place of safety. More confusion follows; a gentleman enters storming with rage at a treacherous friend he hints at, and a false mistress; the Englishman gravely advises him to shoot himself: "No, no," replies the warm Italian, "I will shoot *them* though, if I can catch them; but want of money hinders me from prosecuting the search." *That* however is now instantly supplied by the generous Briton, who enters into their affairs, detects and punishes the rogue who had betrayed them all, settles the marriage and reconciliation of his new friends, adds himself something to the good girl's fortune, and concludes the piece with saying that he has altered his intentions, and will think no more of shooting himself, while life may in all countries be rendered pleasant to him who will employ it in the service of his fellow-creatures; and finishes with these words, that *such are the sentiments of an Englishman.*

Were this pretty story in the hands of one of our elegant dramatic writers, how charming an entertainment would it make us! Mr. Andrews shall have it certainly, for though very flattering in its intentions towards our countrymen, and the *ground-plot*, as a *surveyor* would call it, well imagined; the play itself was scarcely written I believe, and very little esteemed by the Italians; who made excuses for its grossness, and said that their theatre was at a very low ebb; and so I believe it is. Yet their genius is restless, and for ever fermenting; and although, like their volcano, of which every individual has a spark, it naturally throws out of its mouth more rubbish than marble; like that too, from some occasional eruptions we may gather gems stuck fast among substances of an inferior nature, which want only disentangling, and a new polish, to make them valued, even beyond those that reward the toil of an expecting miner.

The word gems reminds one of *Capo di Monte*, where the king's *cameos* are taken care of, and where the medallist may find perpetual entertainment; for I do believe nothing can exceed the riches of this collection; though it requires good eyes, great experience, and long study, to examine their merits with accurate skill, and praise them with intelligent rapture: of these three requisites I boast none, so cannot enjoy this regale as much as many others; but I have a mortal aversion to those who encumber the general progress of science by reciprocating contempt upon its various branches: the politician however, who weighs the interests of contending powers, or endeavours at the happiness of regulating some particular state; who studies to prevent the encroachments of prerogative, or impede advances to anarchy; hears with faint approbation, at best, of the discoveries made in the moon by modern astronomers—discoveries of a country where he can obtain no power, and settle no system of government—discoveries too, which can only be procured by peeping through glasses which few can purchase, at a place which no man can desire to approach. While the musical composer equally laments the fate of the fossilist, who literally buries his talent in the ground, and equally dead to all the charms of taste, the transports of true expression, and the delights of harmony, rises

with the sun only to shun his beams, and seek in the dripping caverns of the earth the effects of his diminished influence. The medallist has had much of this scorn to contend with; yet he that makes it his study to register great events, is perhaps next to him who has contributed to their birth: and this palace displays a degree of riches *en ce genre*, difficult to conceive.

I was, however, better entertained by admiring the incomparable Schidonis, which are to be found only here: he was a scholar, or rather an imitator, of Corregio; and what he has done seems more the result of genius animated by observation, than of profound thought or minute nicety; he painted such ragged folks as he found upon the *Chiaja*; yet his pictures differ no less from the Dutch school, than do those which flow from the majestic pencil of the demi-divine Caracci and their followers, and for the same reason; their minds reflected dignity and grace, his eyes looked upon forms finely proportioned, though covered with tatters, or perhaps scarcely covered at all; no smugness, no plumpness, no *vulgar* character, ever crossed the fancy of Schidone; for a *Lazarone* at Naples, like a sailor at Portsmouth, is no mean character, though he is a coarse one; it is in the low Parisian, and the true-bred London blackguard, we must look for innate baseness, and near approaches to brutality; nor are the Hollanders wanting in originals I trust, when one has seen so many copies of the human form from their hands, divested of soul as I may say, and, like Prior's Emma when she resolves to ramble with her outlawed lover,

And mingle with the people's wretched lee—
Oh line extreme of human infamy!—
Lest by her look or colour be exprest
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better drest.

Here is a beautiful performance too of the Venetian school—a resurrection of Lazarus, by Leandro Bassano, esteemed the best performance of that family, and full of merit—the merit of *character* I mean; while Mary's eyes are wholly employed, and her mind apparently engrossed by the Saviour's benignity, and almighty power; Martha thinks merely on the present exertion of them, and only watches the deliverance of her

beloved brother from the tomb: the restored Lazarus too—an apparent corpse, re-awakened suddenly to a thousand sensations at once, wonder, gratitude, and affectionate delight!—How can one coldly sit to hear the connoisseurs *admire the folds of the drapery*? Lanfranc's St. Michael too is a very noble picture; and though his angel is infinitely less angelic than that of Guido, his devil is a less ordinary and vulgar devil than that of his fellow-student, which somewhat too much resembles the common peeping satyr in a landscape; whereas Lanfranc's Lucifer seems embued with more intellectual vices—rage, revenge, and ambition.

But I am called from my observations and reflexions, to see what the Neapolitans call *il trionfo di Policinello*, a person for whom they profess peculiar value. Harlequin and Brighella here scarcely share the fondness of an audience, while at Venice, Milan, &c. much pleasantry is always cast into *their* characters.

The triumph was a pageant of prodigious size, set on four broad wheels like our waggon, but larger; it consisted of a pyramid of men, twenty-eight in number, placed with wonderful ingenuity all of one size, something like what one has seen exhibited at Sadler's Wells, the Royal Circus, &c.; dressed in one uniform, viz. the white habit and puce-coloured mask of *caro* Policinello; disposed too with that skill which tumblers alone can either display or describe; a single figure, still in the same dress, crowning the whole, and forming a point at the top, by standing fixed on the shoulders of his companions, and playing merrily on the fiddle; while twelve oxen of a beautiful white colour, and trapped with many shining ornaments, drew the whole slowly over the city, amidst the acclamations of innumerable spectators, that followed and applauded the performance with shouts.

What I have learned from this show, and many others of the same kind, is of no greater value than the derivation of *his name* who is so much the favourite of Naples: but from the mask he appears in, cut and coloured so as exactly to resemble a *flea*, with hook nose and wrinkles, like the body of that animal; his employment too, being ever ready to hop, and skip, and jump about, with affectation of uncommon elasticity,

giving his neighbours a sly pinch from time to time: all these circumstances, added to the very intimate acquaintance and connection all the Neapolitans have with this, the least offensive of all the innumerable insects that infest them; and, last of all, *his name*, which, corrupt it how we please, was originally *Pulicinello*; leaves me persuaded that the appellation is merely *little flea*.

A drive to Caserta, the king's great palace, not yet quite finished, carries me away from this important study, and leaves me little time to enjoy the praises due to a discovery of so much consequence.

The drive perhaps pleased us better than the palace, which is a prodigious mass of building indeed, and to my eye appears to cover more space than proud Versailles itself; court within court, and quadrangle within quadrangle; it is an enormous bulk to be sure—not pile—for it is not high in proportion to the surrounding objects somehow; and being composed all of brick, presents ideas rather of squat solidity, than of princely magnificence. Ostentation is expected always to strike, as elegance is known to charm, the beholder; and space seldom fails in its immediate effect upon the mind; but here the *valley* (I might say *hole*) this house is set in, looks too little for it; and offends one in the same manner as the more beautiful buildings do at Buxton, where from every hill one expects to tumble down upon the new Crescent below. The stair-case is such, however, as I am persuaded no other palace can shew; vastly wider than any the French king can boast, and infinitely more precious with regard to the marbles which compose its sides. The immensity of it, however, though it enhances the value, does not do much honour to the taste of him who contrived it. No apartments can answer the expectations raised by such an approach; and in fact the chapel alone is worthy an ascent so fit for a triumphal procession, instead of a pair of stairs. That chapel is I confess of exquisite beauty and elegance; and there is a picture, by Mengs, of the blessed Virgin Mary's presentation when a girl, that is really *pétrie de grâces*; it scarcely can be admired or commended enough and one can scarcely prevail on one's self ever to quit it. Her marriage, a picture on the other side, is not so happily imagined;

but it seems as if the painter thought that joke too good to part with, that there never was a particularly excellent picture of a wedding; and that Poussin himself failed, when having represented all the six other sacraments so admirably, that of marriage has been found fault with by the connoisseurs of every succeeding generation.

Well! if the palace at Caserta must be deemed more heavy than handsome, I fear the gardens must likewise be avowed to be laid out in a manner one would rather term savage than natural: all artifice is banished however: the king of Naples scorns petty tricks for the amusement of petty minds;—he turns a whole river down his cascade,—*a real one*; and if its formation is not of the first rate for assuming an appearance of nature, it has the merit of being sincerely that which others only pretend to be: while I am told that his architects are now employed in connecting the great stones awkwardly disposed in two rows down each side the torrent, with the very rocks and mountains among which the spring rises; if they effect this, their cascade will, so far as ever I have read or heard, be single in its kind.

Van Vittelli's aqueduct is a prodigiously beautiful, magnificent, and what is more, a useful performance: having the finest models of antiquity, he is said to have surpassed them all. Why such superb and expensive methods should be still used to conduct water up and down Italy, any more than other nations, or why they are not equally necessary in France and England, nobody informs me. Madame de Bocages enquired long ago, when she was taken to see the fountain Trevi at Rome, why they had no water at Paris but the Seine? I think the question so natural, that one wishes to repeat it; and one great reason, little urged by others, incites me to look with envy on the delicious and almost innumerable gushes of water that cool the air of Naples and of Rome, and pour their pellucid tides through almost every street of those luxurious cities: *it is this*, that I consider them as a preservative against that dreadfulest of all maladies, canine madness; a distemper which, notwithstanding the excessive heat, has here scarcely a name. Sure it is the plenty of drink the dogs meet at every turn, that must be the sole cause of a blessing so desirable.

My stay has been always much shorter than I wished it, in every great town of Italy; but *here!* where numberless wonders strike the sense without fatiguing it, I do feel double pleasure; and among all the new ideas I have acquired since England lessened to my sight upon the sea, those gained at Naples will be the last to quit me. The works of art may be found great and lovely, but the drunken Faun and the dying Gladiator will fade from one's remembrance, and leave the glow of Solfaterra and the gloom of Posilippo indelibly impressed. Vesuvius too! that terrified me so when first we drove into this amazing town, what future images can ever obliterate the thrilling sensations it at first occasioned? Surely the sight of old friends after a tedious absence can alone supply the vacancy that a mind must feel which quits such sublime, such animated scenery, and experiences a sudden deprivation of delight, finding the bosom all at once unfurnished of what has yielded it for three swiftly-flown months, perpetual change of undecaying pleasures.

To-morrow I shall take my last look at the Bay, and driving forward, hope at night to lodge at Terracina.

JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO ROME

The morning of the day we left our fair Parthenope was passed in recollecting her various charms: every one who leaves her carries off the same sensations. I have asked several inhabitants of other Italian States what they liked best in Italy except home; it was Naples always, dear delightful Naples! When I say this, I mean always to exclude those whose particular pursuits lead them to cities which contain the prize they press for. English people when unprejudiced express the like preference. Attachments formed by love or friendship, though they give charms to every place, cannot be admitted as a reason for commending any one above the rest. A traveller without candour it is vain to read; one might as well hope to get a just view of nature by looking through a coloured glass, as to gain a true account of foreign countries, by turning over pages dictated by prejudice.

With the nobility of Naples I had no acquaintance, and can of course say nothing of their manners. Those of the middling

people seem to be behind-hand with their neighbours; it is so odd that they should never yet have arrived at calling their money by other names than those of the weights, an *ounce* and a *grain*; the coins however are not ugly.

The evening of the day we left this surprising city was spent out of its king's dominions, at Terracina, which now affords one of the best inns in Italy; it is kept by a Frenchman, whose price, though high, is regulated, whose behaviour is agreeable, and whose suppers and beds are delightful. Near the spot where his house now stands, there was in ancient Pagan days a temple, erected to the memory of the beardless Jupiter called Anxurus, of which Pausanias, and I believe Scaliger too, take notice; though the medal of Pansa is *imago barbata, sed intonsa*, they tell me; and Statius extends himself in describing the innocence of Jupiter and Juno's conversation and connection in their early youth. Both of them had statues of particular magnificence venerated with very peculiar ceremonies, erected for them in this town, however, *ut Anxur fuit quæ nunc Terracinae sunt* ¹. The tenth Thebaid too speaks much *de templo sacro et Junoni puellæ, Jovis Axuro* ²; and who knows after all whether these odd circumstances might not be the original reason of Anxur's grammatical peculiarity, well known to all from the line in old *Propria quæ maribus*,

Et genus Anxur quod dat utrumque?

This place was founded and colonised by Æmilius Mamercus and Lucius Plautus, Anno Mundi 3725 I think; they took the town of Priverna, and sent each three hundred citizens to settle this new city, where Jupiter Anxurus was worshipped, as Virgil among so many other writers bears testimony:

Circeumque jugum, queis Jupiter Anxuris arvis
Præsidet ³. 7th Æneid.

Æmilius Mamercus was a very pious consul, and when he served before with Genutius his colleague, made himself fa-

¹ Which was once Anxur, and now is Terracina.

² The temple sacred to the maiden Juno and unrazored Jove.

³ And the steep hills of Circe stretch around,
Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove.

mous for driving the nail into Minerva's temple to stop the progress of the plague; he was therefore likely enough to encourage this superstitious worship of the beardless Jupiter.

Some books of geography, very old ones, had given me reason to make enquiry after a poisonous fountain in the rocks near Terracina. My enquiries were not vain. The fountain still exists, and whoever drinks it dies; though Martial says,

Sive salutiferis candidus Anxur acquis ⁴.

The place is now cruelly unwholesome however; so much so, that our French landlord protests he is obliged to leave it all the summer months, at least the very hot season, and retire with his family to Molo di Gaeta. He told us with rational delight enough of a visit the Pope had made to those places some few years ago; and that he had been heard to say to some of his attendants how there was no *mal aria* at all thereabouts in past days: an observation which had much amazed them. It was equally their wonder how his Holiness went o'walking about with a book in his hand or pocket, repeating verses by the seaside. One of them had asked the name of the book, but nobody could remember it. "Was it *Virgil*?" said one of our company. "*Eh mon Dieu, Madame, vous l'avez deviné* ⁵," replied the man. But, O dear (thought I), how would these poor people have stared, if their amiable sovereign, enlightened and elegant as his mind is, had happened to talk more in their presence of what he had been reading on the sea shore, *Virgil* or *Homer*; had he chanced to mention that *Molo di Gaeta* was in ancient times the seat of the Lestrygones, and inhabited by canibals, men who eat one another! and surely it is scarcely less comical than curious, to recollect how Ulysses expresses his sensations on first landing just by this now lovely and highly-cultivated spot, when he pathetically exclaims,

—Upon what coast,
On what *new* region is Ulysses tost?
Possess by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men whose bosoms tender pity warms?

POPE'S ODYSSEY.

⁴ White Anxur's salutary waters roll.

⁵ Why, Madam, you have hit on it sure enough.

Poor Cicero might indeed have asked the question seven or eight centuries after, in days falsely said to be civilized to a state of perfection; when his most inhuman murder near this town, completed the measure of their crimes; who to their country's fate added that of its philosopher, its orator, its acknowledged father and preserver.—Cruel, ungrateful Rome! ever crimson with the blood of its own best citizens—theatre of civil discord and proscriptions, unheard of in any history but hers; who, next to Jerusalem in sins, has been next in sufferings too; though twice so highly favoured by Heaven—from the dreadful moment when all her power was at once crushed by barbarism, and even her language rendered *dead* among mankind—to the present hour, when even her second splendours, like the last gleams of an *aurora borealis*, fade gradually from the view, and sink almost imperceptibly into decay. Nor can the exemplary virtues and admirable conduct of *this*, and of her four last princes, redeem her from ruin long threatened to her past tyrannical offences; any more than could the merits of Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus Pius compensate for the crimes of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero.—Let the death of Cicero, which inspired this rhapsody, contribute to excuse it; and let me turn my eyes to the bewitching spot—

Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day.

That such enchantresses should inhabit such regions could have been scarce a wonder in Homer's time I trow; the same country still retains the same power of producing singers, to whom our English may with propriety enough cry out;

—Hail, *foreign* wonder!

Whom certes our rough shades did never breed.

MILTON.

That she should be the offspring of Phœbus too, in a place where the sun's rays have so much power, was a well-imagined fable one may *feel*; and her instructions to Ulysses for his succeeding voyage, just, apt, and proper: enjoining him a prayer to Crateis the mother of Scylla to pacify her rapacious daughter's fury, is the least intelligible of all Circe's advice, to

me. But when I saw the nasty trick they had at Naples, of spreading out the oxhides to dry upon the sea shore, as one drives to Portici; the Sicilian herds, mentioned in the *Odyssey*, and their crawling skins, came into my head in a moment.

We have left these scenes of fabulous wonder and real pleasure however; left the warm vestiges of classic story, and places which have produced the noblest efforts of the human mind; places which have served as no ignoble themes for truly immortal song; all quitted now! all left for recollection to muse on, and for fancy to combine: but these eyes I fear will never more survey them. Well! no matter—

When like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like some unsubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a wreck behind.

R O M E

We are come here just in time to see the three last days of the carnival, and very droll it is to walk or drive, and see the people run about the streets, all in some gay disguise or other, and masked, and patched, and painted to make sport. The Corso is now quite a scene of distraction; the coachmen on the boxes pretending to be drunk, and throwing sugar-plumbs at the women, which it grows hard to find out in the crowd and confusion, as the evening, which shuts in early, is the festive hour: and there is some little hazard in parading the streets, lest an accident might happen; though a temporary rail and *trottoir* are erected, to keep the carriages off. Our high joke, however, seems to consist in the men putting on girls clothes: a woman is somewhat a rarity at Rome, and strangely superfluous as it should appear by the extraordinary substitutes found for them on the stage: it is more than wonderful to see great strong fellows dancing the women's parts in these fashionable dramas, pastoral and heroic ballets as they call them. *Soprano* singers did not so surprise me with their feminine appearance in the Opera; but these clumsy *figurantes*! all stout, coarse-looking men, kicking about in hooped petti-

coats, were to me irresistibly ridiculous: the gentlemen with me however, both Italians and English, were too much disgusted to laugh, while *la première danseuse* acted the coquet beauty, or distracted mother, with a black beard which no art could subdue, and destroyed every illusion of the pantomime at a glance. All this struck nobody but us foreigners after all; tumultuous and often *tender* applauses from the pit convinced us of *their heart-felt* approbation! and in the parterre sat gentlemen much celebrated at Rome for their taste and refinement.

As their exhibition did not please our party, notwithstanding its singularity, we went but once to the theatre, except when a Festa di Ballo was advertised to begin at eleven o'clock one night, but detained the company waiting on its stairs for two hours at least beyond the time: for my own part I was better amused *outside* the doors, than *in*. Masquerades can of themselves give very little pleasure except when they are new things. What was most my delight and wonder to observe, was the sight of perhaps two hundred people of different ranks, all in my mind strangely ill-treated by a nobleman; who having a private supper in the room, prevented their entrance who paid for admission; all mortified, all crowded together in an inconvenient place; all suffering much from heat, and more from disappointment; yet all in perfect good humour with each other, and with the gentleman who detained in longing and ardent, but not impatiently-expressed expectation, such a number of *Romans*: who, as I could not avoid remarking, certainly deserve to rule over all the world once more, if, as we often read in history, *command* is to be best learned from the practice of *obedience*.

The masquerade was carried on when we had once begun it, with more taste and elegance here, than either at Naples or Milan; so it was at Florence, I remember; more dresses of contrivance and fancy being produced. We had a very pretty device last night, of a man who pretended to carry statues about as if for sale: the gentlemen and ladies who personated the figures were incomparable from the choice of attitudes, and skill in colouring; but *il carnevale è morto*, as the women of quality told us last night from their coaches, in which they carried little transparent lanthorns of a round form, red, blue,

green, &c. to help forward the shine; and these they throw at each other as they did sugar plums in the other towns, while the millions of small thin bougie candles held in every hand, and stuck up at every balcony, make the *Strada del Popolo* as light as day, and produce a wonderfully pretty effect, gay, natural, and pleasing.

The unstudied hilarity of Italians is very rejoicing to the heart, from one's consciousness that it is the result of cheerfulness really felt, not a mere incentive to happiness hoped for. The death of Carnevale, who was carried to his grave with so many candles suddenly extinguished at twelve o'clock last night, has restored us to a tranquil possession of ourselves, and to an opportunity of examining the beauties of nature and art that surround one.

St. Peter's church is incontestably the first object in this city, so crowded with single figures: that this church should be built in the form of a Latin cross instead of a Greek one may be wrong for ought I know; that columns would have done better than piers inside, I do not think; but that whatever has been done by man might have been done better, if that is all the critics want, I readily allow. This church is, after all their objections, nearer to perfect than any other building in the world; and when Michael Angelo, looking at the Pantheon, said, "Is this the best our vaunted ancestors could do? If so, I will shew the advancement of the art, in suspending a dome of equal size to this up in the air." He made a glorious boast, and was perhaps the only person ever existing who could have performed his promise.

The figures of angels, or rather cherubims, eight feet high, which support the vases holding holy water, as they are made after the form of babies, do perfectly and closely represent infants of eighteen or twenty months old; nor till one comes quite close to them indeed, is it possible to discern that they are colossal. This is brought by some as a proof of the exact proportions kept, and of the prodigious space occupied, by the area of this immense edifice; and urged by others, as a peculiarity of the *human* body to deceive so at a distance, most unjustly: for one is surprised exactly in the same manner by the doves, which ornament the church in various parts of it.

They likewise appear of the natural size, and completely within one's reach upon entering the door, but soon as approached, recede to a considerable height, and prove their magnitude nicely proportioned to that of the angels and other decorations.

The canopied altar, and its appurtenances, are likewise all colossal I think, when they tell me of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight of bronze brought from the Pantheon, and used to form the wreathed pillars which support, and the torses that adorn it. Yet airy lightness and exquisite elegance are the characteristics of the fabric, not gloomy greatness, or heavy solidity. How immense then must be the space it stands on! four hundred and sixty-seven of my steps carried me from the door to the end. Warwick castle would be contained in its middle *aisle*. Here are one hundred and twenty silver lamps, each larger than I could lift, constantly burning round the altar; and one never sees either them, or the light they dispense, till forced upon the observation of them, so completely are they lost in the general grandeur of the whole. In short, with a profusion of wealth that astonishes, and of splendour that dazzles, as soon as you enter on an examination of its secondary parts, every man's *first* impression at entering St. Peter's church, must be surprise at seeing it so clear of superfluous ornament. This is the true character of innate excellence, the *simplex munditiis*, or *freedom from decoration*; the noble simplicity to which no embellishment can add dignity, but seems a mere appendage. Getting on the top of this stupendous edifice, is however the readiest way to fill one's mind with a deserving notion of its extent, capacity, and beauty; nor is any operation easier, so happily contrived is the ascent. Contrivance here is an ill-chosen word too, so luminous so convenient is the walk, so spacious the galleries beside, that all idea of danger is removed, when you perceive that even round the undefended cornice, our king's state coach might be most safely driven.

The monuments, although incomparable, scarcely obtain a share of your admiration for the first ten times of your surveying the place; Guglielmo della Porta's famous figure, supporting that dedicated to the memory of Paul the Third,

was found so happy an imitation of female beauty by some madman here however, that it is said he was inflamed with a Pigmalion-like passion for it, of which the Pontiff hearing, commanded the statue to be draped. The steps at almost the end of this church we have all heard were porphyry, and so they are; how many hundred feet long I have now forgotten:—no matter; what I have not forgotten is, that I thought as I looked at them—why so they *should* be porphyry—and that was all. While the vases and cisterns of the same beautiful substance at Villa Borghese attracted my wonder; and Clement X's urn at St. John de Lateran, appeared to me an urn fitter for the ashes of an Egyptian monarch, Busiris or Sesostris, than for a Christian priest or sovereign, since universal dominion has been abolished. Nothing, however, *can* look very grand in St. Peter's church; and though I saw the general benediction given (I hope partook it) upon Easter day, my constant impression was, that the people were below the place; no pomp, no glare, no dove and glory on the chair of state, but what looked too little for the area that contained them. Sublimity disdains to catch the vulgar eye, she elevates the soul; nor can long-drawn processions, or splendid ceremonies, suffice to content those travellers who seek for images that never tarnish, and for truths that never can decay. Pius Sextus, in his morning dress, paying his private devotions at the altar, without any pageantry, and with very few attendants, struck me more a thousand and a thousand times, than when arrayed in gold, in colours, and diamonds, he was carried to the front of a balcony big enough to have contained the conclave; and there, shaded by two white fans, which, though really enormous, looked no larger than that a girl carries in her pocket, pronounced words which on account of the height they came from were difficult to hear.

All this is known and felt by the managers of these theatrical exhibitions so certainly, that they judiciously confine great part of them to the *Capella Sistina*, which being large enough to impress the mind with its solemnity, and not spacious enough for the priests, congregation, and all, to be lost in it, is well adapted for those various functions that really make Rome a scene of perpetual gala during the holy week; which

an English friend here protested to me he had never spent with so little devotion in his life before. The *miserere* has, however, a strong power over one's mind—the absence of all instrumental music, the steadiness of so many human voices, the gloom of the place, the picture of Michael Angelo's last judgment covering its walls, united with the mourning dress of the spectators—is altogether calculated with great ingenuity to give a sudden stroke to the imagination, and kindle that temporary blaze of devotion it is wisely enough intended to excite: but even this has much of its effect destroyed, from the admission of too many people: crowd and bustle, and struggle for places, leave no room for any ideas to range themselves, and least of all, serious ones: nor would the opening of our sacred music in Westminster Abbey, when nine hundred performers join to celebrate *Messiah's* praises, make that impression which it does upon the mind, were not the king, and court, and all the audience, as still as death, when the first note is taken.

The ceremony of washing the pilgrims' feet is a pleasing one: it is seen in high perfection here at Rome; where all that the pope personally performs is done with infinite grace, and with an air of mingled majesty and sweetness, difficult to hit, but singularly becoming in him, who is both priest of God, and sovereign of his people.

But how, said Cyrus, shall I make men think me more excellent than themselves? *By being really so*, replies Xenophon, putting his words into the mouth of Cambyzes. Pius Sextus takes no deeper method I believe, yet all acknowledge his superiour merit: No prince can less affect state, nor no clergyman can less adopt hypocritical behaviour. The Pope powders his hair like any other of the Cardinals, and is, it seems, the first who has ever done so. When he takes the air it is in a fashionable carriage, with a few, a very few guards on horseback, and is by no means desirous of making himself a shew. Now and then an old woman begs his blessing as he passes; but I almost remember the time when our bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph were followed by the country people in North Wales full as much or more, and with just the same feelings. One man in particular we used to talk of, who came

from a distant part of our mountainous province, with much expence in proportion to his abilities, poor fellow, and terrible fatigue; he was a tenant of my father's, who asked him how he ventured to undertake so troublesome a journey? It was to get my good Lord's blessing, replied the farmer, *I hope it will cure my rheumatism*. Kissing the slipper at Rome will probably, in a hundred years more, be a thing to be thus faintly recollected by a few very old people; and it is strange to me it should have lasted so long. No man better knows than the present learned and pious successor of St. Peter, that St. Peter himself would permit no act of adoration to his own person; and that he severely reprov'd Cornelius for kneeling to him, charging him to rise and stand upon his feet, adding these remarkable words, *seeing I also am a man*¹. Surely it will at last be found out among them that such a ceremony is inconsistent with the Pope's character as a Christian priest, however it may suit state matters to continue it in the character of a sovereign. The road he is now making on every side his capital to facilitate foreigners approach, the money he has laid out on the conveniencies of the Vatican, the desire he feels of reforming a police much in want of reformation, joined to an immaculate character for private virtue and an elegant taste for the fine arts, must make every one wish for a long continuance of his health and dignity; though the wits and jokers, when they see his arms up, as they are often placed in galleries, &c. about the palace, and consist of a zephyr blowing on a flower, a pair of eagle's wings, and a few stars, have invented this Epigram, to say that when the Emperor has got his eagle back, the King of France his fleurs de lys, and the stars are gone to heaven, Braschi will have nothing left him but the *wind*:

Redde aquilam Cæsari, Francorum lilia regi,
Sydera redde polo, cætera Brasche tibi.

These verses were given me by an agreeable Benedictine Friar, member of a convent belonging to St. Paul's *fuor delle mura*; he was a learned man, a native of Ragusa, had been particularly

¹ Surge, et ego ipse homo sum. VULGATE.

intimate with Wortley Montague, whose variety of acquirements had impressed him exceedingly.

He shewed us the curiosities of his church, the finest in Rome next to St. Peter's, and had silver gates; but the plating is worn off and only the brass remains. There is an old Egyptian candlestick above five feet high preserved here, and many other singularities adorn the church. The Pillars are 136 in number, all marble, and each consisting of one unjoined and undivided piece; 40 of these are fluted, and two which did belong to a temple of Mars are seven feet and a half each in diameter. Here is likewise the place where Nero ran for refuge to the house of his freed-man, and in the cloister a stone, with this inscription on it,

*Hoc specus accepit post aurea tecta Neronem*².

Here is an altar supported by four pillars of red porphyry, and here are the pictures of all the popes; St. Peter first, and our present Braschi last. It has given much occasion for chat that there should now be no room left to hang a successor's portrait, and that he who now occupies the chair is painted in powdered hair and a white head-dress, such as he wears every day, to the great affliction of his courtiers, who recommended the usual state diadem; but "No, no," said he, "there have been *red cap Popes* enough, mine shall be only white, and *white it is*."

This beautiful edifice was built by the Emperor Theodosius, and there is an old picture at the top, of our Saviour giving the benediction in the form that all the Greek priests give it now. Apropos, there have been many sects of Oriental Christians dropt into the Church of Rome within these late years; a very venerable old Armenian says Greek mass regularly in St. Peter's church every day before one particular altar; his long black dress and white beard attracted much of my notice; he saw it did, and now whenever we meet in the street by chance he kindly stands still to bless me. But the Syriac or Maronites have a church to themselves just by the *Bocca della Verità*; and extremely curious we thought it to see their ceremonies upon Palm Sunday, when their aged patriarch, not less than

² This hiding-hole received Nero after his golden house.

ninety-three years old, and richly attired with an inconvenient weight of drapery, and a mitre shaped like that of Aaron in our Bibles exactly, was supported by two olive coloured orientals, while he pronounced a benediction on the tree that stood near the altar, and was at least ten feet high. The attendant clergy, habited after their own eastern taste, and very superbly, had broad phylacteries bound on their foreheads after the fashion of the Jews, and carried long strips of parchment up and down the church, with the law written on them in Syriac characters, while they formed themselves into a procession and led their truly reverend principal back to his place. An exhibition so striking, with the view of many monuments round the walls, sacred to the memory of such, and such a bishop of Damascus, gave so strong an impression of Asiatic manners to the mind, that one felt glad to find Europe round one at going out again. One of the treasures much renowned in it we have seen to-day, the transfiguration painted by Rafaele; it was the *first* thing the Emperor *did* visit when he came to Rome, and so a Franciscan Friar who shews it, told us. He saw a gentleman walk into church it seems, and leaving his friends at dinner, went out to converse with him. "*Pull aside the curtain, Sir,*" said the stranger, "*for I am in haste to see this master-piece of your immortal Raphael.*" I was as willing to be in a hurry as *he*, says the Friar, and observed how fortunate it was for us that it could not be moved, otherwise we had lost it long ago; for, Sir, said I, they would have carried it away from poor *Monte Citorio* to some finer *temple* long ago; though, let me tell you, this is an elegant Doric building too, and one of Bramante's best works, much admired by the English in particular. I hope, if it please God now that I should live but a very little longer, I may have the honour of shewing it *the Emperor*. "Is he expected?" enquired the gentleman. "Every day, Sir," replies the Friar. "And *well now,*" cries the foreigner, "what sort of a man do you expect to see? Why, Sir, you seem a traveller, did *you* ever see him?" quoth the Franciscan. "Yes, sure, my good friend, very often indeed, he is as plain a man as myself, has good intentions, and an honest heart; and I think you would like him if you knew him, because he puts nobody out of their way."

This dialogue, natural and simple, had taken such hold of our good *religieux's* fancy, that not a word would he say about the picture, while his imagination was so full of the prince, and of his own amazement at the salutation of his companions, when returning to the refectory;—"Why, Gaetano," cried they, "thou hast been conversing with *Cæsar*:"—I too liked the tale, because it was artless, and because it was true. But the picture surpasses all praise; the woman kneeling on the foreground, her back to the spectators, seems a repetition of the figure in Raphael's famous picture of the Vatican on fire, that is shewn in the chambers called particularly by his name; where the personifications of Justice and Meekness, engraved by Strange, seize one's attention very forcibly: it is observable, that the first is every body's favourite in the painting, the last in the engraving.

Raphael's Bible, as one of the long galleries is comically called by the connoisseurs, breaks one's neck to look at it. The stories, beginning with Adam and Eve, are painted in small compartments; the colouring as vivid now as if it were done last week; and the *arabesques* so gay and pretty, they are very often represented on fans; and we have fine engravings in England of all, yet, though exquisitely done, they give one somehow a false notion of the whole: so did Piranesi's prints too, though invaluable, when considered by themselves as proofs of the artist's merit. His judicious manner, however, of keeping all coarse objects from interfering with the grand ones, though it mightily increases the dignity, and adds to the spirit of his performance, is apt to lead him who wishes for information, into a style of thinking that will at last produce disappointment as to general appearances, which here at Rome is really disproportionate to the astonishing productions of art contained within its walls.

But I must leave this glorious Vatican, with the perpetual regret of having seen scarcely any thing of its invaluable library, except the prodigious size and judicious ornaments of it: neither book nor MS. could I prevail on the librarian to shew me, except some love-letters from Henry the Eighth of England to Anne Boleyn, which he said were most likely to interest *me*: they were very gross and indecent ones to be

sure; so I felt offended, and went away, in a very ill humour, to see Castle St. Angelo; where the emperor Adrian intended perpetually to repose; but the urn containing his ashes is now kept in a garden belonging to one of the courts in the palace, near the Apollo and other Greek statues of peculiar excellence. From his tomb too, some of the pillars of St. Paul's were taken, and this splendid mausolæum converted into a sort of citadel, where Sixtus Quintus deposited three millions of gold, it is said; and Alexander the Sixth retired to shield himself from Charles the Eighth of France, who entered Rome by torch-light in 1494, and forced the Pope to give him what the French historians call *l'investiture du royaume de Naples*; after which he took Capua, and made his conquering entry into Naples the February following, 1495; Ferdinand, son of Alphonso, flying before him. This Pope was the father of the famous Cæsar Borgia; and it was on this occasion, I believe, that the French wits made the well-known distich on his notorious avarice and rapacity:

Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum,
Vendere jure potest, emerat ille prius³.

This Castle St. Angelo went once, I believe, under the name of the Ælian Bridge, when the emperor Adrian first fixed his mind on making a monument for himself there. The soldiers of Belisarius are said to have destroyed numberless statues which then adorned it, by their odd manner of defending the place from the Gothic assaulters. It is now a sort of tower for the confinement of state prisoners; and decorated with many well-painted, but ill-kept pictures of Polydore and Julio Romano.

The fire-works exhibited here on Easter-day are the completest things of their kind in the world; three thousand rockets, all sent up into the air at once, make a wonderful burst indeed, and serve as a pretty imitation of Vesuvius: the lighting up of the building too on a sudden with fire-pots, had a new and beautiful effect; we all liked the entertainment vastly.

I looked here for what some French *recueil*, *Menagiana* if I

³ Our Alexander sells keys, altars, heaven;
When law and right are sold, he'll buy:—that's even.

remember rightly, had taught me to expect; this was some brass cannon belonging to Christina queen of Sweden, who had caused them to be cast, and added an engraving on them with these remarkable words;

Habet sua fulmina Juno ⁴.

No such thing, however, could be found or heard of. Indeed a search after truth requires such patience, such penetration, and such learning, that it is no wonder she is so seldom got a glimpse of; whoever is diligently desirous to find her, is so perplexed by ignorance, so retarded by caution, so confounded by different explications of the same thing recurring at every turn, so sickened with silly credulity on the one hand, and so offended with pertness and pyrrhonism on the other, that it is fairly rendered impossible for one to keep clear of prejudices, while the steady resolution to do so becomes itself a prejudice.—But with regard to little follies, it is better to laugh at than lament them.

We were shewn one morning lately the spot where it is supposed St. Paul suffered decapitation; and our *Cicerone* pointed out to us three fountains, about the warmth of Buxton, Matlock, or Bristol water, which were said to have burst from the ground at the moment of his martyrization. A Dutch gentleman in company, and a steady Calvinist, loudly ridiculed the tradition, called it an idle tale, and triumphantly expressed his certain *conviction*, that such an event *could not possibly* have ever taken place. To this assertion no reply was made; and as we drove home all together, the conversation having taken a wide range and a different turn, he related in the course of it a long Rousseau-like tale of a lady he once knew, who having the strongest possible attachment to one lover, married another upon principles of filial obedience, still retaining inviolate her passion for the object of her choice, who, adorned with every excellence and every grace, continued a correspondence with her across the Atlantic ocean; having instantly changed his hemisphere, not to give the husband disturbance; who on his part admired their letters, many of which were written in *his* praise, who had so cruelly

⁴ Juno too has her thunder.

interrupted their felicity. Seeing some marks of disbelief in my countenance, he begun observing, in an altered tone of voice, that *common* and *vulgar* minds might hold such events to be out of possibility, and such sentiments to be out of nature, but it was only because they were *above* the *comprehension* and beyond the reach of people educated in large and corrupt capitals, Paris, Rome, or London, to think true. Now was not some share of good breeding (best learned in great capitals perhaps) necessary to prevent one from retorting upon such an orator—that it was more likely nature should have been permitted to deviate in favour of Paul the apostle of Jesus Christ, than of a fat inhabitant of North Zealand, no way distinguished from the mass of mankind?

But we have been called to pass some moments on the Cælian hill; and see the *Chiesa di San Gregorio*, interesting above all others to travellers who delight in the vestiges of Pagan Rome: as, having been built upon a Patrician's house, it still to a great degree retains the form of one; while to the scholar who is pleased with anecdotes of ecclesiastical history, the days recur when the stone chair they shew us, contented the meek and venerable bishop of Rome who sate in it, while his gentle spirit sought the welfare of every Christian, and refused to persecute even the benighted and unbelieving Jews; opposing only the arms of piety and prayer, to the few enemies his transcendent excellence had raised him. His picture here is considered as a master-piece of Annibale Caracci; and it is strange to think that the trial-pieces, as they are called, should be erroneously treated of in the *Carpenteriana*: when speaking of the contention between the two scholars, to decide which the master sent for an old woman, Monsieur de *Charpentier* tells us the dispute lay between Domenichino and Albano—a gross mistake; as it was Guido, not Albano, who ventured to paint something in rivalry with Domenichino, relative to St. Andrew and his martyrdom; and these trial-pieces produced from her the same preference given by every spectator who has seen them since; for when Caracci (unwilling to offend either of his scholars, as both were men of the highest rank and talents) enquired of *her* what *she* thought of Guido's performance?—"Indeed," replied the old woman, "I have never yet looked at it, so fully

has my mind been occupied by the powers shewn in that of Domenichino."

The *vecchia* is here at Rome the common phrase when speaking of your only female servant, a person not unlike an Oxford or Cambridge bed-maker in appearance; and much amazed was I two days ago at the answer of *our vecchia*, when curiosity prompted me to ask her age:—"O, Madam, I am a very aged woman," was the reply, "and have two grandchildren married; I am forty-two years old, poveretta me!" I told an Italian gentleman who dined with us what Caterina had said, and begged him to ask the *laquais de place*, who waited on us at table, a similar question. He appeared a large, well-looking, sturdy fellow, about thirty-eight years old; but said he was scarce twenty-two; that he had been married six years, and had five children. How old was your wife when you met?—"Thirteen, Sir," answered Carlo: so all is kept even at least; for if they end life sooner than in colder climates, they begin it earlier it is plain.

Yet such things seem strange to *us*; so do a thousand which occur in these warm countries in the commonest life. Brick floors, for example, with hangings of a dirty printed cotton, affording no bad shelter for spiders, bugs, &c.; a table in the same room, encrusted with *verd antique*, very fine and worthy of Wilton house; with some exceeding good copies of the finest pictures here at Rome; form the furniture of our present lodging: and now we have got the little casement windows clean to look at it, I pass whole hours admiring, even in the copy, our glorious descent from the cross, by Daniel de Volterra; which to say truth loses less than many a great performance of the same kind, because its merits consist in composition and design; and as sentiment, not style, is translatable, so grouping and putting figures finely together can be easier transmitted by a copy, than the meaner excellencies of colouring and finishing. Homer and Cervantes may be enjoyed by those who never learned their language, at least to a great degree; while a true taste of Gray's Odes or Martial's Epigrams has been hitherto found exceedingly difficult to communicate. It would, however, be cruel to deny the merit of colouring to Daniel de Volterra's descent from the cross, only

because being painted in fresco it has suffered so terribly by time and want of care, but it is now kept covered, and they remove the curtain when any body desires to contemplate its various beauties.

The church of Santa Maria Maggiore has been too long unspoken of, rich as it is with the first gold torn from the unfortunate aborigines of America; a present from Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain to the Pope, in return for that permission he had given them to exert and establish their sanguinary sway over those luckless nations. One pillar from the temple of Peace is an ill-adapted ornament to this edifice, built nearly in the form of an ancient *basilica*; and with so expensive a quantity of gilding, that it is said two hundred and fifty thousand pounds were expended on one chapel only, which is at last inferior in fame and beauty to *cappella Corsini*; in riches and magnificence to *cappella Borghese*, where an amethyst frame of immense value surrounds the names, in gold cypher, of our blessed Saviour and his Mother, the ground of which is of transparent jasper, and cannot be matched for elegance or perfection, being at least four feet high (the tablets I mean), and three feet wide. But to this Borghese family, I am well persuaded, it would be a real fatigue to count the wealth which they enjoy.

Villa Pamphili is a lovely place, or might be made so; but laying out pleasure grounds is not the forte of Italian taste. I never saw one of them, except Lomellino of Genoa, who had higher notions of a garden than what an opera scene affords; and that is merely a range of trees in great pots with gilded handles, and rows of tall cypresses planted one between every two pots, all straight over against each other in long lines; with an octangular marble bason to hold water in the middle, covered for the most part with a thick green scum.

At Villa Pamphili is a picture of Sanctorius, who made the weighing balance spoken of by Addison in the Spectator; it was originally contrived for the Pamphili Pope. And here is an old statue of Clodius profaning the mysteries of the Bona Dea, as we read in the Roman history. And here are camels working in the park like horses: we found them playing about at their leisure when we were at Pisa, and at Milan they were shewed

for a show; so little does one state of Italy connect with another. These three cities cannot possibly be much further from each other than London, York, and Exeter; yet the manners differ entirely, and what is done in one place is not known at all in the other. It must be remembered that they are all separate states.

At the Farnesini palace our amusements were of a nature very contrary to this; but every place produces amusement when one is willing to be pleased. After looking over the various and inestimable productions of art contained there, we came at last to the celebrated marriage of Alexander's Roxana; where, say some of the books of description, the world's greatest hero is represented by Europe's greatest painter. Some French gentlemen were in our company, and looking steadily at the picture for a while, one of them exclaimed, "*A la fin voilà ce qui est vraiment noble; cet Alexandre là; il paroît effectivement le roy de France même* ⁵."

The Spada palace boasts Guercino's Dido, so disliked by the critics, who say she looks spitted; but extremely esteemed by those that understand its merit in other respects. There is also the very statue kept at this palace, at the feet of which Cæsar fell when he was assassinated at the capitol: those who shew it never fail to relate his care to die gracefully; which was likewise the last desire that occupied Lucretia's mind: Augustus too, justly considering his life as scenical, desired the *plaudits* of his friends at its conclusion: and even Flavius Vespasian, a plain man as one should think during a pretty large portion of his existence, wished at last to *die like an emperor*. That this statue of Pompey should have been accidentally found with the head lying in one man's ground and the body in another, is curious enough: a rage for appropriation gets the better of all the love of arts; so the contending parties (like the sisters in David Simple, with their fine-worked carpet) fairly severed the statue, and took home each his half; the proprietor of this palace meanwhile purchased the two pieces, stuck them once more together, and here they are.—Pity but the sovereign had carried both off for himself.

⁵ Here's something at last that's truly great however! why this Alexander looks fit to be king of France.

—Pius Sextus however is not so disposed: he has had a legacy left him within these last years, to the prejudice of some nobleman's heirs; who loudly lamented *their fate*, and *his tyranny* who could take advantage, as they expressed it, of their relation's caprice. The Pope did not give it them back, because they behaved so ill, he said; but neither did he seize what was left him, by dint of despotic authority; *he went to law* with the family for it, which I thought a very strange thing; *and lost his cause*, which I thought a still stranger.

We have just been to see his gardens; they are poor things enough; and the device of representing Vulcan's cave with the Cyclops, in *water-works*, was more worthy of Ireland than Rome! Monte Cavallo is however a palace of prodigious dignity; the pictures beyond measure excellent; his collection of china-ware valuable and tasteful, and there are two Mexican jars that can never be equalled.

Villa Albani is the most dazzling of any place yet however; and the caryatid pillars the finest things in it, though replete with wonders, and distracting with objects each worthy a whole day's attention. Here is an antique list of Euripides's plays in marble, as those tell me who can read the Greek inscriptions; I lose infinite pleasure every day, for want of deeper learning. Pillars not only of *giall' antique*, but of *paglia*⁶, which no house but this possesses, amaze and delight *indocti doctique* though; the Vatican itself cannot shew such: a red marble mask here, three feet and a half in diameter, is unrivalled; they tell you it is worth its own weight in louis d'ors: a canopus in basalt too; and cameos by the thousand.

Mengs should have painted a more elegant Apollo for the centre of such a gallery; but his muses make amends; the Viaggiana says they are all portraits, but I could get nobody to tell me whose. The Abbé Winckelman, who if I recollect aright lost his life by his passion for virtù, arranged this stupendous collection, in conjunction with the cardinal, whose taste was by all his contemporaries acknowledged the best in Rome.

⁶ *Paglia* is a straw-coloured marble, wonderfully beautiful, and extremely rare; found only in some northern tracts of Africa, I am told here.

We were carried this morning to a cabinet of natural history belonging to another cardinal, but it did not answer the account given of it by our conductors.

What has most struck me here as a real improvement upon social and civil life, was the school of Abate Sylvester, who, upon the plan of Monsieur L'Epée at Paris, teaches the deaf and dumb people to speak, read, write, and cast accounts; he likewise teaches them the principles of logic, and instructs them in the sacred mysteries of our holy religion. I am not naturally credulous, nor apt to take payment in words for meanings; much of my *life* has been spent, and all my *youth*, in the tuition of babies; I was of course less likely to be deceived; and I can safely say, that they did appear to have learned all he taught them: that appearance too, if it were no more, is so difficult to obtain, the patience required from the master is so very great, and the good he is doing to mankind so extensive, that I did not like offensively to detect the difference between *knowing* a syllogism, and *appearing* to know it. With regard to morality, the pupils have certainly gained many præcognita. While the capital scholars were shewing off to another party, I addressed a girl who sat working in the window, and perceived that she could explain the meaning of the commandments competently well. To prove the truth, I pretended to pick a gentleman's pocket who stood near me; *peccato!* said the wench distinctly; she was about ten years old perhaps: but a little boy of seven was deservedly the master's favourite; he really possessed the most intelligent and interesting countenance I ever saw, and when to explain the major, minor, and consequence, he put the two first together into his hat with an air of triumph, we were enchanted with him. Some one to teize him said he had red hair; he instantly led them to a picture of our Saviour which hung in the room, said it was the same colour of his, and ought to be respected.

Surely it is little to the credit of us English, that this worthy Abbé Sylvester should have a stipend from government; that Monsieur L'Epée de Paris should be encouraged in the same good work; that Mr. Braidwood's Scotch pupils should justly engage every one's notice—while *we sleep!* A friend in company seeing me fret at this, asked me if I, or any one else,

had ever seen or heard of a person really qualified for the common duties of society by any of these professors;—"That a deaf and dumb man should understand how to discourse about the hypostatic union," added he, "I will not desire; but was there ever known in Paris, Edinburgh, or Rome, a deaf and dumb shoemaker, carpenter, or taylor? Or did ever any watchmaker, fishmonger, or wheelwright, ever keep and willingly employ a deaf and dumb journeyman?"—Nobody replied; and we went on our way to see what was easier decided upon and understood—the tomb of Raphael at the Pantheon.

Among the many tours that have been written, a musical tour, an astronomical tour, &c. I wonder we have never had a sepulchral tour, making the tombs of famous men its object of attention. That Raphael, Caracci, with many more people of eminence, sleep at the Pantheon, is however but a secondary consideration; few can think of the monuments in this church, till they have often contemplated its architecture, which is so finely proportioned that on first entering you think it smaller than it really is: the pillars are enormous, the shafts all of one piece, the composition Egyptian granite; these are the sixteen which support the portico built by Agrippa; whose car, adorned with trophies and drawn by brazen horses, once decorated the pediment, where the holes formed by the cramps which fastened it are still visible. Genseric changed the gate, and connoisseurs know not where he placed that which Agrippa made: the present gate is magnificent, but does not fit the place; much of the brass plating was removed by Urban the Eighth, and carried to St. Peter's: he was the Barberini pope; and of him the people said—

Barberini faciunt barbara, &c.

He was a poet however, and could make epigrams himself; there is a very fine edition of his poems printed at Paris under the title of *Maffei Barberini Poemata*; and such was his knowledge of Greek literature, that he was called the Attic bee. The drunken faun asleep at Palazzo Barberini, by some accounted the first statue in Rome, we owe wholly to his care in its preservation.

But the Pantheon must not be quitted till we have men-

tioned its pavement, where the precious stones are not disposed, as in many churches, without taste or care, apparently by chance; here all is inlaid, so as to enchant the eye with its elegance, while it dazzles one with its riches: the black porphyry, in small squares, disposed in compartments, and inscribed as one may call it in pavonazzino perhaps; the red, bounded by serpentine; the granites, in giall antique, have an undescribable effect; no Florence table was ever so beautiful: nor can we here regret the caryatid pillars said by Pliny to have graced this temple in his time; while the four prodigious columns, two of Egyptian granite, two of porphyry, still remain, and replace them so very well. Montiosius, who sought for the pillars said by Pliny to have been placed by Diogenes, an Athenian architect, as supporters of this temple, relates however, that in the year 1580 he saw four of them buried in the ground as high as their shoulders: but it does not seem a tale much attended to; though I confess my own desire of digging, as he points out the place so exactly, on the right hand side of the portico. The best modern caryatids are in the old Louvre at Paris, done by Goujon; but those of Villa Albani are true antiques, perfect in beauty, inestimable in value.

The church that now stands where a temple to Bacchus was built, *fuori delle mura*, engaged our attention this morning. Nothing can be fresher than the old decorations in honour of this jocund deity; the figures of men and women carrying grapes, oxen drawing barrels, &c. all the progress of a gay and plenteous vintage; a sacrifice at the end. I forget to whom the church is now dedicated, but *it is* a church; and from under it has been dug up a sarcophagus, all of one piece of red porphyry, which represents on its sides a Bacchanalian triumph; the coffin is nine feet long, and the Pope intends removing it to the Vatican, as a companion to that of Scipio Æmilianus, found a few months ago; his name engraven on it, and his bones inside. Before the proper precautions could be taken however, *they* were flung away by mistaken zeal and prejudice; but an Englishman, say they, who loves an unbeliever, got possession of a *tooth*: meantime the ashes of the emperor Adrian, who, as Eusebius tells us, set up the figure of a swine on the gates of Bethlehem, built a temple in honour of Venus, on Mount Calvary; another to Jupiter, upon the hill whence our Saviour

ascended into heaven in sight of his disciples;—*his* ashes are kept in a gilt pine-apple, brought from Castle St. Angelo, and preserved among other rarities in the Pope's musæum. So poor Scipio's remains needed not to have been treated worse than *his*, as we know not how good a Christian he might have made, had he lived but 150 years later: we are sure that he was a wise and a warlike man; that he fulfilled the scriptures unwittingly by burning Carthage; and that he protected Polybius, whom he would scarcely suffer out of his sight.

After looking often at the pictures of St. Sebastian, I have now seen his church founded by Constantine: he lies here in white marble, done by Bernini; and here are more marvellous columns.—I am tired of looking out words to express their various merits.

The catacombs attract me more strongly; here, and here alone, can one obtain a just idea of the melancholy lives, and dismal deaths, endured by those who first dared at Rome to profess a religion inoffensive and beneficial to all mankind. San Filippo Neri has his body somewhat distinguished from the rest of these old pious Christians, among whom he lived to a surprising age, making a cave his residence. Relics are now dug up every day from these retreats, and venerated as having once belonged to martyrs murdered for their early attachment to a belief now happily displayed over one quarter of the world, and making daily progress in another not discovered when those heroic mortals died to attest its truth. There is however great danger of deception in digging out the relics, these catacombs having been in Trajan's time made a burial-place for slaves; and such it continued to be during the reign of those Roman emperors who despised rather than persecuted the new religion in its infancy. The consciousness of this fact should cure the passion many here shew for relics, the authenticity of which can never be ascertained. Those shewn to the people in St. Peter's church one evening in the holy week, all came from here it seems; and loudly do our Protestant travellers exclaim at their idolatry who kneel during the exposure; though for my life I cannot see how the custom is *idolatrous*. He who at the moment a dead martyr's robe is shewn him, begs grace of God to follow that great example, is certainly doing no harm, or in any wise contradicting the rules

of our Anglican church, whose collects for every saint's day express a like supplication for power to imitate that saint's good example; if once they worship the relics indeed, it were better they were burned; and to say true, they should not be exposed without a sermon explaining their use, lest vulgar minds might be unhappily misled to mistake the real end of their exposure, and profanely substitute the creature for the Creator. Meanwhile no one has a right to ridicule the love of what once belonged to a favourite character, who has ever felt attachment to a dead friend's snuff-box, or desire of possessing Scipio Æmilianus's tooth.

But the best effort to excite temporary devotion, and commemorate sacred seasons, was the illuminated cross upon Good Friday night, depending from the high dome of St. Peter's church; where its effect upon the architecture is strangely powerful, so large are the masses both of light and shade; whilst the sublime images raised in one's mind by its noble simplicity and solitary light, hover before the fancy, and lead recollection round through a thousand gloomy and mysterious passages, with no unsteady pace however, while she follows the rays which beam from the Redeemer's cross. Being obliged indeed to go with company to these solemnities, takes off from their effect, and turns imagination into another channel, disagreeably enough, but it must be so; where there is a thing to be seen every one will go to see it, and that which was intended to produce sensations of gladness, gratitude, or wonder, ends *in being a show*. The consciousness of this fact only kept me from wishing to see the Duomo di Milano, or the cathedral of Canterbury illuminated just so, with lamps placed in rows upon a plain wooden cross; which surely would have, upon those old Gothic structures, an unequalled effect as to the forming of light and shadow.

But let us wish for any thing now rather than a *fine sight*. I am tired with the very word *a sight*; while the Jesuits church here at Rome, with the figure of St. Ignatius all covered with precious stones, with bronze angels by Bernini, and every decoration that money can purchase and industry collect, rather dazzles than delights one, I think.

The Italians seem to find out, I know not why, that it is a

good thing the Jesuits are gone; though they steadily endeavour to retain those principles of despotism which it was their peculiar province to inspire and confirm, and whilst all men must see that the work of education goes on worse in other hands. Indeed nothing can be wilder than committing youth to the tuition of monks and nuns, unless, like them, they were intended for the cloister. Young people are but too ready to find fault with their teachers, and these are given into the hands of those teachers who have a fault *ready found*. Every Christian, every moral instruction driven into their tender minds weakens with the experience that he or she who inculcated it was a recluse; and that they who are to live in the world forsooth, must have more enlarged notions: whereas, to a Jesuit tutor, no such objection could be made; they were themselves men of the world, their institution not only permitted but obliged them to mingle with mankind, to study characters, to attend to the various transactions passing round them, and take an active part. It was indeed this spirit pushed too far, which undid and destroyed their order, so useful to the church of Rome. Connections with various nations they found best obtained by commerce, and the sweets of commerce once tasted, what body of men has been yet able to relinquish? But the principles of trade are formed in direct opposition to that spirit of subordination by which alone *their* existence could continue; and it is unjust to charge any single event or person with the dissolution of a body, incompatible with that state of openness and freedom to which Europe is hastening. Incorporated societies too carry, like individuals, the seeds of their own destruction in their bosoms;

As man perhaps the moment of his breath
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.

Every warehouse opened in every part of Europe, every settlement obtained abroad, facilitated their undoing, by loosening the band which tied them close together. Extremes can never keep their distance from each other, while human affairs trot but in a circle; and surely no stronger proof of that

position can be found, than the sight of Quakers in Pennsylvania, and Jesuits in Paraguay, who lived with their converted Indian neighbours, alike in harmony, and peace, and love.

We have been led to reflections of this sort by a view of girls portioned here at Rome once a year, some for marriage and others for a nunnery; the last set were handsomest and fewest, and the people I converse with say that every day makes almost visible diminution in the number of monks and nuns. I know not, however, whether Italy will go on much the better for having so few convents; some should surely be left, nay some *must* be left in a country where it is not possible for every man to obtain a decent livelihood by labour as in England: no army, no navy, very little commerce possible to the inland states, and very little need of it in any; little study of the law too, where the prince or baron's lips pronounce on the decision of property; what must people do where so few professions are open? Can they *all* be physicians, priests, or shopkeepers, where little physic is taken, and few goods bought? There are already more clergy than can live, and I saw an *abate* with the *petit collet* at Lucca, playing in the orchestra at the opera for eighteen pence pay. Let us be all contented with the benefits received from heaven, and let us learn better than to set up *self*, whether nation or individual, as a standard to which all others must be reduced; while imitation is at last but meanness, and each may in his own sphere serve God and love his neighbours, while variety renders life more pleasing. *Quod sis esse velis*⁷, is an admirable maxim, and surely no self-denial is necessary to its practice; while God has kindly given to Italians a bright sky, a penetrating intellect, a genius for the polite and liberal arts, and a soil which produces literally, as well as figuratively, almost spontaneous fruits. He has bestowed on Englishmen a mild and wholesome climate, a spirit of application and improvement, a judicious manner of thinking to increase, and commerce to procure, those few comforts their own island fails to produce. The mind of an Italian is commonly like his country, extensive, warm, and

⁷ What you are already, that desire to be for ever.

beautiful from the irregular diversification of its ideas; an ardent character, a glowing landscape. That of an Englishman is cultivated, rich, and regularly disposed; a steady character, a delicious landscape.

I must not quit Rome however without a word of Angelica Kauffman, who, though neither English nor Italian, has contrived to charm both nations, and shew her superior talents both here and there. Beside her paintings, of which the world has been the judge, her conversation attracts all people of taste to her house, which none can bear to leave without difficulty and regret. But a sight of the Santa Croce palace, with its disgusting *Job*, and the man in armour so visibly horror-stricken, puts all painters but Salvator Rosa for a while out of one's head. This master's works are not frequent, though he painted with facility. I suppose he is difficult to imitate or copy, so what we have of him is *original*. There are too many living objects here in *Job's* condition, not to render walking in the streets extremely disagreeable; and though we are told there are seventeen markets in Rome, I can find none, the *forum boarium* being kept alike in all parts of the city for ought I see; butchers standing at their shop doors, which are not shut nor the shop cleaned even on Sundays, while blood is suffered to run along the kennels in a manner very shocking to humanity. Mr. Greatheed made me remark that the knife they use now, is the same employed by the old Romans in cutting up the sacrificed victim; and there are in fact ancient figures in many bas-reliefs of this town, which represent the inferior officers, or *popæ*, with a priest's albe reaching from their arms and tucked up tight, with the sacrificing knife fastened to it, exactly as the modern butcher wears his dress. The apron was called *limus*, and there was a purple welt sewed on it in such a manner as to represent a serpent:

Velati limo, et verbenâ tempora vincti ⁸;

which Servius explains at length, but gives no reason for the serpentine form, by some people exalted, particularly Mr. Hogarth, as nearly allied to the perfection of all possible grace.

⁸ Girt with the *limus*, and as to their temples, *they* were crowned with vervain.

This looks hypothetical, but when the map of both hemispheres displayed before one, shews that the Sun's path forms the same line, called by pre-eminence Ecliptic, we will pardon their predilection in its favour.

But it is time to take leave of this *Roma triumphans*, as she is represented in one statue with a weeping province at her foot, *so* beautiful! it reminded me of Queen Eleanor and fair Rosamond. The Viaggiana sent me to look for many things I should not have found without that instructive guide, particularly the singular inscription on Gaudentius the actor's tomb, importing that Vespasian rewarded him with death, but that *Kristus*, for so Christ is spelt, will reward him with a finer theatre in heaven. He was one of our early martyrs it appears, and an altar to *him* would surely be now more judiciously placed at a playhouse door than one to good St. Anthony, under whose protection the theatre at Naples is built; with no great propriety it must be confessed, when that Saint, disgusted by the levities of life, retired to finish his existence, far from the haunts of man, among the horrors of an unfrequented desert. So has it chanced however, that by many sects of Christians, the player and his profession have been severely reprobated; Calvinists forbid them their walls as destructive to morality, while Romanists, considering them as justly excommunicated, refuse them the common rites of sepulture. Scripture affords no ground for such severity. Dr. Johnson once told me that St. Paul quoted in his epistles a comedy of Menander; and I got the librarian at Venice to shew me the passage marked as a quotation in one of the old editions: it is then a fair inference enough that the apostle could never have prohibited to his followers the sight of plays, when he cited them himself; they were indeed more innocent than any other show of the days he lived in, and if well managed may be always made subservient to the great causes of religion and virtue. The passage cited was this:

Evil communication corrupts good manners.

And now with regard to the present state of morals at Rome, one must not judge from staring stories told one; it is like Heliogabalus's method of computing the number of his

citizens from the weight of their cobwebs. It is wonderful to me the people are no worse, where no methods are taken to keep them from being bad.

As to the society, I speak not from myself, for I saw nothing of it; some English liked it, but more complained. Wanting amusement, however, can be no complaint, even without society, in a city so pregnant with wonders, so productive of reflections; and if the Roman nobles are haughty, who can wonder; when one sees doors of agate, and chimney-pieces of amethyst, one can scarcely be surprised at the possessors pride, should they in contempt turn their backs upon a foreigner, whom they are early taught to consider as the Turks consider women, creatures formed for their *use* only, or at best *amusement*, and devoted to certain destruction at the hour of death. With such principles, the hatred and scorn they naturally feel for a protestant will easily swell into superciliousness, or burst out into arrogance, the moment it is unrestrained by the necessity of forms among the rich, and the desire of pillage in the poor.

But I shall be glad *now* to exchange lapis lazuli for violets, and verd antique for green fields. Here are more amethysts about Rome than lilacs; and the laburnum which at this gay season adorns the environs of London, I look for in vain about the Porta del Popolo. The proud purple tulip which decorates the ground hereabouts, opposed to the British harebell, is *Italy* and *England* again; but the *harebell* by cultivation becomes a *hyacinth*, the tulip remains where it began. We are now at the 16th of April, yet I know not how or why it is, although the oaks, young, small, and straggling as they are, have the leaves come out all broad and full already, though the fig is bursting out every day and hour, and the mulberry tree, so tardy in our climate, that I have often been unable to see scarcely a bud upon them even in May, is here completely furnished. Apple trees are yet in blossom round this city, and the few elms that can be found, are but just unfolding. Common shrubs continue their wintry appearance, and in the general look of spring little is gained. The hedges now of Kent and Surrey are filled with fragrance I am sure, and primroses in the remoter provinces torment the sportsmen with spoiling the drag on a soft scent-

ing morning; while limes, horse-chesnuts, &c. contribute to produce an effect not so inferior to that fostered by Italian sunshine, as I expected to find it.

Why the first breath of far-distant summer should thus affect the oak and fig, yet leave the elm and apple as with us, the botanists must tell; few advances have been made in vegetation since we left Naples, that is certain; the hedges were as forward near Pozzuoli two full months ago. And here are no China oranges to be bought; no, nor a cherry or strawberry to be seen, while every man of fashion's table in London is covered with them; and all the shops of Covent-garden and St. James's-street hang out their luxurious temptations of fruit, to prove the proximity of summer, and the advantages of industrious cultivation. Our eating pleased me more at every town than this; where however a man might live very well I believe for sixpence a-day, and lodge for twenty pounds a-year; and whoever has no attachment to religion, friends, or country, no prejudices to plague his neighbours with, and no dislike to take the world as it goes, for six or seven years of his life, may spend them profitably at Rome, if either his business or his pleasure be made out of the works of art; as an income of two, or indeed one hundred pounds *per annum*, will purchase a man more refined delights of that kind here, than as many thousands in England: nor need he want society at the first houses, palaces one ought to call them, as Italians measure no man's merit by the weight of his purse; they know how to reverence even poverty, and soften all its sorrows with an appearance of respect, when they find it unfortunately connected with noble birth. His own country folk's neglect, as they pass through, would indeed be likely enough to disturb his felicity, and lessen the kindness of his Roman friends, who having no idea of a person's being shunned for *any* other *possible reason* except the want of a pedigree, would conclude that *his* must be essentially deficient, and lament their having laid out so many caresses on an impostor.

The air of this city is unwholesome to foreigners, but if they pass the first year, the remainder goes well enough; many English seem very healthy, who are established here without even the smallest intention of returning home to Great Britain,

for which place we are setting out to-morrow, 19th April 1786, and quit a town that still retains so many just pretences to be styled the first among the cities of the earth; to which almost as many strangers are now attracted by curiosity, as were dragged thither by violence in the first stage of its dominion, impelled by superstitious zeal in the second. The rage for antiquities now seems to have spread its contagion of connoisseurship over all those people whose predecessors tore down, levelled, and destroyed, or buried under ground their statues, pictures, every work of art; Poles, Russians, Swedes, and Germans innumerable, flock daily hither in this age, to admire with rapture the remains of those very fabrics which their own barbarous ancestors pulled down ten centuries ago; and give for the head of a *Livia*, a *Probus*, or *Gallienus*, what emperors and queens could not then use with any efficacy, for the preservation of their own persons, now grown sacred by rust, and valuable from their difficulty to be decyphered. The English were wont to be the only travellers of Europe, the only dupes too in this way; but desire of distinction is diffused among all the northern nations, and our Romans here have it more in their power, with that prudence to assist them which it is said they do not want, if not to *conquer* their neighbours once again, at least to *ruin* them, by dint of digging up their dead heroes, and calling in the assistance of their old Pagan deities, *now* useful to them in a *new* manner, and ever propitious to this city, although

Enlighten'd Europe with disdain
Beholds the reverenc'd heathen train,
Nor names them more in this her clearer day,
Unless with fabled force to aid the poet's lay.

R. MERRY.

From ROME to ANCONA

In our road hither we passed through what remains of Veia, once so esteemed and liked by the Romans, that they had a good mind, after they had driven Brennus back, to change the seat of empire and remove it there; but a belief in augury prevented it, and that event was put off till Constantine, seduced

by beauties of situation, made the fatal change, and broke the last thread which had so long bound tight together the fasces of Roman sway. We did not taste the *Vinum Veientanum* mentioned by Martial and Horace, but trotted on to Civita Castellana, where Camillus rejected the base offer of the schoolmaster of Fescennium; a good picture of his well-judged punishment is still preserved in the Capitol.

The first night of our journey was spent at Otricoli, where I heard the cuckoo sing in a shriller sharper note than he does in England. I had never listened to him before since I left my own country, and his song alone would have convinced me I was no longer in it. Porta di Fuga at Spoleto gates, commemorating poor Hannibal's precipitate retreat after the battle of Thrasymene, may perhaps detain us a while upon this Flaminian way; it was not Titus Flaminius though, whose negotiations ruined Hannibal for ever, that gave name to the road, but Caius of the same family; they had been Flamens formerly, and were therefore called Flaminius, when drawn up by accident or merit into notice; the same custom still obtains with us: we have *Dr. Priestley* and *Mr. Parsons*.

Narni Bridge cost us some trouble in clambering, and more in disputing whether it was originally an aqueduct or a bridge—or both. It is a magnificent structure, irregularly built, the arches of majestic height, but all unequal. There was water enough under it when I was there to take off the impropriety apparent to many of turning so large an arch over so small a stream. Yet notwithstanding that the river was much swelled by long continuance of the violent rains which lately so overflowed the city of Rome, assisted by the Tyber, that people went about the streets in boats, notwithstanding the snows tumbled down from the surrounding mountains, must have much increased the quantity, and lowered the colour of the river:—we found it even *now* yellow with brimstone, and well deserving the epithet of *sulphureous Nar*.

The next day's drive carried us forward to Terni, where a severe concussion of the earth suffered only three nights since, kept all the little town in terrible alarm; the houses were deserted, the churches crowded, supplications and processions in every street, and people singing all night to the Virgin under our window.

Well! the next morning we hired horses for our gentlemen; a little cart, not inconvenient at all, for my maid and me; and scrambled over many rocks to view the far-famed waterfall, through a sweet country, pleasingly intersected with hedges and planted with vines; the ground finely undulated, and rising by gradations of hill till the eye loses itself among the lofty Appenines; surly as they seem, and one would think impervious; but against human art and human ambition, the boundary of rocks and roaring seas lift their proud heads in vain. Man renders them subservient to his imperial will, and forces them to facilitate, not impede his dominion; while ocean's self supports his ships, and the mountain yields marble to decorate his palace.

This is however no moment and no place to begin a panegyric upon the power of man, and of his skill to subjugate the works of nature, where the people are trembling at its past, and dreading its future effects.

The cascade we came to see is formed by the fall of a whole river, which here abruptly drops into the Nar, from a height so prodigious, and by a course so unbroken, that it is difficult to communicate, so as to receive the idea: for no eye can measure the depth of the precipice, such is the tossing up of foam from its bottom; and the terrible noise heard long before one arrives so stunned and confounded all my wits at once, that many minutes passed before I observed the horror in our conductors, who coming with us, then first perceived how the late earthquake had twisted the torrent out of its proper channel, and thrown it down another neighbouring rock, leaving the original bed black and deserted, as a dismal proof of the concussion's force.

One of our English friends who had visited Schaffhausen, made no difficulty to prefer this wonderful cascade to the fall of the Rhine at that place; and what with the fissures made in the ground by recent earthquakes, the sight of propt-up cottages which fright the fancy more than those already fallen, and the roar of dashing waters driven from their destined currents by what the people here emphatically term palpitations of the earth; one feels a thousand sensations of sublimity unexcited by less accidents, and soon obliterated by real danger.

Why the inhabitants will have this tumbling river be *Topino*, I know not; but no suggestions of mine could make them name it *Velino*, as our travellers uniformly call it: for, say they, *quello è il nome del sorgente* ¹; and in fact Virgil's line,

Sulfureâ Nar, albus acqua fontesque Velini,

says no more.

The mountains after Terni grow steep and difficult; no one who wishes to see the Appenines in perfection must miss this road, yet are they not comparable to the Alps at best, which being more lofty, more craggy, and almost universally terminating in points of granite devoid of horizontal strata, give one a more majestic idea of their original and duration. Spoleto is on the top of one of them, and Porta della Fuga meets one at its gates. Here as our coach broke (and who can wonder?) we have time to talk over old stories, and *look for streams immortaliz'd in song*: for being tied together only with ropes, we cannot hurry through a country most delightful of all others to be detained in.

The little temple to the river god Clitumnus afforded matter of discussion amongst our party, whether this was, or was not the very one mentioned by Pliny: *Adjacet templum priscum et religiosum. Stat Clitumnus ipse amictus ornatusque* ².

Mr. Greatheed was angry with me for admiring spiral columns, as he said pillars were always meant to support something, and spiral lines betrayed weakness. Mr. Chappelow quoted every classic author that had ever mentioned the white cattle; and I said that so far as they were whiter than other beasts of the same kind, so far were they worse; for that whiteness in the works of nature shewed feebleness still more than spirals in the works of art perhaps. So chatting on—but on no Flaminian way, we arrived at Foligno; where the people told us that it was the quality of those waters to turn the cloth-

¹ That's the name of the spring.

² There was an old religious temple hard by, where Clitumnus himself was venerated with suitable dress and ornaments.

ing of many animals white, and accordingly all the fowls looked like those of *Dorking*. I had however no taste of their beauty, recollecting that when I kept poultry, some accident poisoned me a very beautiful black hen, the breed of Lord Mansfield at Caen Wood: she recovered her illness; but at the next moulting season, her feathers came as white as the swans. "Let us look," says Mr. Sh——, "if all the women here have got grey hair."

Tolentino and Macerata we will not speak about, while Loretto courts description, and the richest treasures of Europe stand in the most delicious district of it. The number of beggars offended me, because I hold it next to impossibility that they should want in a country so luxuriantly abundant; and their prostrations as they kneel and kiss the ground before you are more calculated to produce disgust from British travellers, than compassion. Nor can I think these vagabonds distressed in earnest at *this* time above all others; when their sovereign provides them with employment on the beautiful new road he is making, and insists on their being well paid, who are found willing to work. But the town itself of Loretto claims my attention; so clear are its streets, so numerous and cheerful and industrious are its inhabitants: one would think they had resolved to rob passengers of the trite remark which the sight of dead wealth always inspires, *that the money might be better bestowed upon the living poor*. For here are very few poor families, and fewer idlers than one expects to see in a place where not business but devotion is the leading characteristic. So quiet too and inoffensive are the folks here, that scarcely any robberies or murders, or any but very petty infringements of the law, are ever committed among them. Yet people grieve to see that wealth collected, which once diffused would certainly make many happy; and those treasures lying dead, which well dispersed might keep thousands alive. This observation, not always made perhaps by those who feel it most, or that would soonest give their share of it away, if once possessed, is now, from being so often repeated, become neither *bright* nor *new*. We will not however be petulantly hasty to censure those who first began the lamentation, remembering that our blessed Saviour's earliest disciples, and those most im-

mediately about him too, could not forbear grudging to see precious ointment poured upon his feet, whom they themselves confessed to be the Son of God. We should likewise recollect his mild but grave reproof of those men who gave so decided a preference to the poor over his sacred person, so soon to be sacrificed *for them*, and his testimony to the woman's earnest love and zeal expressed by giving him the finest thing she had. Such acceptance as she met with, I suppose prompted the hopes of many who have been distinguished by their rich presents to Loretto; and let not those at least mock or molest them, who have been doing nothing better with their money. Upon examination of the jewels it is curious to observe that the intrinsic value of the presents is manifestly greater, the more ancient they are; but taste succeeds to solidity in every thing, and proofs of that position may be found every step one treads. The vestments, all embroidered over with picked pearl, are quite beyond my powers of estimation. The gold baby given at the birth of Louis Quatorze, of size and weight equal to the real infant, has had its value often computed; I forget the sum though. A rock of emeralds in their native bed presented by the Queen of Portugal, though of Occidental growth, is surely inestimable; and our sanguinary Mary's heart of rubies is highly esteemed. I asked if Charles the Ninth of France had sent any thing; for I thought *their* presents should have been placed together: far, far even from the wooden image of *her* who was a model of meekness, and carried in her spotless bosom the Prince of Peace. Many very exquisite pieces of art too have found their way into the Virgin's cabinet; the pearl however is the striking rarity, as it exhibits in the manner of a blot on marble, the figure of our blessed Saviour sitting on a cloud clasped in his mother's arms. Princess Borghese sent an elegantly-set diamond necklace no longer ago than last Christmas-day; it is valued at a thousand pounds sterling English: but the riches of that family appear to me inexhaustible. Whoever sees it will say, she might have spent the money better; but let them reflect that one may say that of *all* expence almost; and it is not from the state of Loretto these treasures are taken at last: they

bring money there; and if any person has a right to complain, it must be the subjects of distant princes, who yet would scarcely have divided among *them* the sapphires, &c. they have sent in presents to Loretto.

It was curious to see the devotees drag themselves round the holy house upon their knees; but the Santa Scala at Rome had shewn me the same operation performed with more difficulty; and a written injunction at bottom, less agreeable for Italians to comply with, than any possible prostration; viz. That no one should spit as he went up or down, except in his pocket-handkerchief. The lamps which burn night and day before the black image here at Loretto are of solid gold, and there is such a crowd of them I scarcely could see the figure for my own part; and that one may see still less, the attendant canons throw a veil over one's face going in.

The confessionals, where all may be heard in their own language, is not peculiar to this church; I met with it somewhere else, but have forgotten where, though I much esteemed the establishment. It is very entertaining here too, to see inscriptions in twelve different tongues, giving an account of the miraculous removal and arrival here of the *Santa Casa*: I was delighted with the Welch one; and our conductor said there came not unfrequently pilgrims from the vale of Llwydd, who in their turns told the wonders of their *holy well*. In Latin then, and Greek, and Hebrew, Syriac, Phœnician, Arabic, French, Spanish, German, Welch, and Tuscan, may you read a story, once believed of equal credit, and more revered I fear, than even the sacred words of God speaking by the scriptures; but which is now certainly upon the wane. I told a learned ecclesiastic at Rome, that we should return home by the way of Loretto:—"There is no need," said he, "to caution a native of your island against credulity; but pray do not believe that we are ourselves satisfied with the tale you will read there; no man of learning but knows, that Adrian destroyed every trace and vestige of Christianity that he could find in the East; and he was acute, and diligent, and powerful. The empress Helena long after him, with piety that equalled even his profaneness, could never hear of this holy house; how then should it have

waited till so many long years after Jesus Christ? Truth is, Pope Boniface the VIIIth, who canonized St. Louis, who instituted the jubilee, who quarrelled with Philippe le Bel about a new crusade, and who at last fretted himself to death, though he had conquered all his enemies, because he feared some loss of power to the church;—desired to give mankind a new object of attention, and encouraged an old visionary, in the year 1296, to propagate the tale he half-believed himself; how the blessed Virgin had appeared to him, and related the story you will read upon the walls, which was then first committed to paper. In consequence of this intelligence, Boniface sent men into the East that he could best depend upon, and they brought back just such particulars as would best please the Pope; and in those days you can scarce think how quick the blaze of superstition caught and communicated itself: no one wished to deny what his neighbour was willing to believe, and what he himself would then have gained no credit by contradicting. Positive evidence of what the house really was, or whence it came, it was in a few years impossible to obtain; nor did Boniface the VIIIth know it himself I suppose, much less the old visionary who first set the matter a-going. Meantime the house itself has *no foundation*, whatever the story may have; it is a very singular house as you may see; it has been venerated by the best and wisest among Christians now for five hundred years: even the Turks (who have the same method of honouring their Prophet with gifts, as we do the Virgin Mary) respect the very name of Loretto:—why then should the place be to any order of thinking beings a just object of insult or mockery?”—Here he ended his discourse, the recollection of which never left me whilst we remained at the place.

What Dr. Moore says of the singing chaplains with *soprano* voices, who say mass at the altars of Loretto, is true enough, and may perhaps have been originally borrowed from the Pagan celebration of the rites of Cybele. When Christianity was young, and weak, and tender, and unsupported by erudition, dreadful mistakes and errors easily crept in: the heathen converts hearing much of *Mater Dei*, confounded her idea

with that of their *Mater Deorum*; and we were shewn, among the rarities of Rome, a *bronze Madonna*, with a tower on her head, exactly as Cybele is represented.

That the jewels are taken out of this treasury and replaced with false stones, is a speech always said over fine things by the vulgar: I have heard the same thing affirmed of the diamonds at St. Denis; and can recollect the common people saying, when our King of England was crowned, that all the real precious stones were locked up, or sold for state expences; while the jewels shewn to *them* were only calculated to dazzle for the day. As there is always infinite falsehood in the world, so there is always wonderful care, however ill applied, to avoid being duped; a terror which hangs heavily over weak minds in particular, and frights them as far from truth on the one side, as credulity tempts them away from it on the other.

But we must visit the apothecary's pots, painted by Raphael, and leave Loretto, to proceed along the side of this lovely sea, hearing the pilgrims sing most sweetly as they go along in troops towards the town, with now and then a female voice peculiarly distinguished from the rest: by this means a new image is presented to one's mind; the sight of such figures too half alarm the fancy, and give an air of distance from England, which nothing has hitherto inspired half so strongly. This charming Adriatic gulph beside, though more than delicious to drive by, does not, like the Mediterranean, convey homeish or familiar ideas; one feels that it belongs exclusively to Venice; one knows that ancient Greece is on the opposite shore, and that with a quick sail one should soon see Macedonia; and descending but a little to the southward, visit Athens, Corinth, Sparta, Thebes—seats of philosophy, freedom, virtue; whence models of excellence and patterns of perfection have been drawn for twenty succeeding centuries!

Here are plenty of nightingales, but they do not sing as well as in Hertfordshire: birds gain in colour as you approach the tropic, but they lose in song; under the torrid zone I have heard they never sing at all; with us in England the latest leave off by midsummer, when the work of incubation goes forward, and the parental duties begin: the nightingale too chuses

the coolest hour; and though I have yet heard her in Italy only early in the mornings, Virgil knew she sung in the night:

Flet noctem, &c.³

To hear birds it is however indispensably necessary that there should be high trees; and except in these parts of Italy, and those about Genoa and Sienna, no timber of any good growth can I find. The *roccolo* too, and other methods taken to catch small birds, which many delight in eating, and more in taking, lessen the quantity of natural music vexatiously enough; while gaudy insects ill supply their place, and sharpen their stings at pleasure when deprived of their greatest enemies. We are here less tormented than usual however, while the prospects are varied so that every look produces a new and beautiful landscape.

Ancona is a town perfectly agreeable to strangers, from the good humour with which every nation is received, and every religion patiently endured: something of all this the scholars say may be found in the derivation of its name, which being Greek I have nothing to do with. Pliny tells us its original, and says;

A Siculis condita est colonia Ancona⁴.

That Dalmatia should be opposite, yet to us at present inaccessible, we all regret; I drank sea water however, so did not leave untasted the waves which Lucan speaks of:

Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon⁵.

The fine turbot did not any of them fall to our share; but here are good fish, and, to say true, every thing eatable as much in perfection as possible: I could never since I arrived at Turin find real cause of complaint—*serious* complaint I mean—except at that savage-looking place called Radicofani; and some other petty town in Tuscany, near Sienna, where I eat too many eggs and grapes, because there was nothing else.

³ Nightly lamenting, &c.

⁴ The colony of Ancona, founded by Sicilians.

⁵ The beauteous gulph which fair Ancona laves,
Ancona wash'd by white Dalmatian waves.

Nice accommodations must not be looked for, and need not be regretted, where so much amusement during the day gives one good disposition to sleep sound at night: the worst is, men and women, servants and masters, must often mess together; but if one frets about such things, it is better stay at home. The Italians like travelling in England no better than the English do travelling in Italy; whilst an exorbitant expence is incurred by the journey, not well repaid to them by the waiters white chitterlins, tambour waistcoats, and independent "*No, Sir,*" echoed round a well-furnished inn or tavern; which puts them but in the place of Socrates at the fair, who cried out—"How many things have these people gathered together that I do not want!"—A noble Florentine complained exceedingly to me once of the English hotels, where he was made to help pay for those good gold watches the fellows who attended him drew from their pockets; so he set up his quarters comically enough at the waggoners full Moon upon the old bridge at Bath, to be quit of the *schiavitù*, as he called it, of living like a gentleman, "where," says he, "I am not known to be one." The truth is, a continental nobleman can have little heart of a country, where, to be treated as a man of fashion, he must absolutely behave as such: his rank is ascertained at *home*, and people's deportment to him regulated by long-established customs; nor can it be supposed flattering to its prejudices, to feel himself jostled in the street, or driven against upon the road by a rich trader, while he is contriving the cheapest method of going to look over his manufactory. Wealth diffused makes all men comfortable, and leaves no man splendid; gives every body two dishes, but nobody two hundred. Objects of show are therefore unfrequent in England, and a foreigner who travels through our country in search of positive sights, will, after much money spent, go home but poorly entertained:—"There is neither *quaresima*," will he say, "nor *carnevale* in any sense of the word, among those insipid islanders."—For he who does not love our government, and taste our manners which result from it, can never be delighted in England; while the inhabitants of our nation may always be amused in theirs, without any esteem of it at all.

I know not how Ancona produced all these tedious re-

flexions: it is a trading place, and a sea-port town. Men working in chains upon the new mole did not please me though, and their insensibility shocks one:—"Give a poor thief something, master," says one impudent fellow;—"Son stato ladro padrone"⁶;—with a grin. That such people should be corrupt or coarse however is no wonder; what surprised me most was, that when one of our company spoke of his conduct to a man of the town—"Why, what would you have, Sir?"—replies the person applied to—"when the poor creature is *castigato*, it is enough sure, no need to make him be melancholy too:"—and added with true Italian good-nature,—"Siamo tutti peccatori"⁷.

The mole is a prodigious work indeed; a warm friend to Venice can scarce wish its speedy conclusion, as the useful and necessary parts of the project are already nearly accomplished, and it would be pity to seduce more commerce away from Venice, which has already lost so much.

The triumphal arch of Trajan, described by every traveller, and justly admired by all; white as his virtue, shining as his character, and durable as his fame; fixed our eyes a long time in admiration, and made us, while we examined the beautiful structure, recollect his incomparable qualities to whom it was dedicated,—"Inter Cæsares optimus"⁸,—"says one of their old writers: nor could either column or arch be so sure a proof that he was thought so, as the wish breathed at the inauguration of succeeding emperors; *Sis tu felicior Augusto, melior Trajano*⁹.

If these Ancona men were not proud of themselves, one should hate them; descended as they are from those Syracusans liberated by Timoleon, who freed them first from the tyranny of Dionysius; fostered afterwards by Trajan, as peculiarly worth *his* notice; and patronised in succeeding times by the good Corsini Pope, Clement XII. whose care for them appears by the useful *lazaretto* he built, "to save," said he, "our best subjects, our subjects of Ancona."

⁶ I am a light-fingered fellow, Master.

⁷ We are all sinners you know.

⁸ The best among the Caesars.

⁹ Mayst thou be happier than Augustus!—better than Trajan!

But we are hastening forward as fast as our broken carriage will permit, to Padua, where we shall leave it: thither to arrive, we pass through Senegallia, built by the Gauls, and still retaining the Gaulish name, but now little remarkable. What struck me most was my own crossing the *Rubicon* in my way back to England, and our comfortable return to

B O L O G N A ,

AFTER admiring the high forehead and innocent simper of Baroccio's beauties at Pesaro, where the best European silk now comes from; against which the produce of Rimini vainly endeavours to vie. That town was once an Umbrian colony I think, and there is a fine memorial there where *Diocletianus reposuit*, resolving perhaps to end where Julius Cæsar had begun; he died at Salo however in Dalmatia,

Quâ maris Adriaci longas ferit unda Salones.

Ravenna l'Antica tired more than it pleased us; *Fano* is a populous pretty little town; but I know no reason why it was originally dedicated to Fortune. Truth is, we are weary of these sacred *fanes*, and long to see once more our amiable friends at Venice and at Milan.

I have missed San Marino at last, but receive kind assurances every day that the loss is small; being now little more than a convent seated on a hill, which affords refuge for robbers; and that the present Pope meditates its destruction as a nuisance to the neighbouring towns. There never was any coin struck there it seems; I thought there had: but the train of reflections excited by even a distant view of it are curious enough as opposed to its protectress Rome; which, founded by robbers and banditti, ends in being the seat of sanctity and priestly government; while San Marino, begun by a hermit, and secluded from all other states for the mere purposes of purer devotion, finishes by its necessary removal as a repository for assassins, and a refuge for those who break the laws with violence.

Such is this variable and capricious world! and so dies away

my desire to examine this political curiosity; the extinction of which I am half sorry for. Privation is still a melancholy idea, and were one to hear that the race of wasps were extirpated, it would grieve one.

Bologna affords one time for every meditation. No inn upon the Bath road is more elegant than the Pellegrino; and we regretted our broken equipage the less as it drew us slowly through so sweet a country. The medlar blossoms adorn the hedges with their blanche roses; the hawthorn bushes, later here than with us, perfume them; and the roads, little travelled, do not torment one with the dust as in England, where it not only offends the traveller, but takes away some beauty from the country, by giving a brown or whitish look to the shrubs and trees. We shall repose here very comfortably, or at least change our mode of being busy, which refreshes one perhaps more than positive idleness. "But life," says some writer, "is a continual fever;" and sure ours has been completely so for these two years. A charming lady of our country, for whom I have the highest esteem, protests she shall be happy to get back to London if it is only for the relief of sitting still, and resolving to see no more sights: exchanging *fasto*, *fiera*, and *frittura*, for a muffin, a mop, and a morning newspaper: three things equally unknown in Italy, as the other three among us.

With regard to pictures however, *L'appétit vient en mangeant*¹, as I experienced completely when traversing the Zampieri palace with eagerness that increased at every step. I once more half-worshipped the works of divine Guercino. Nothing shall prevent my going to his birth-place at Cento, whether in our way or out of it.

We ran about the Specola again, and received a thousand polite attentions from the gentleman who shewed it. The piece of native gold here is much finer than that we saw among the treasures of Loretto, which being *du nouveau continent* is always inferior. "But every thing does," as Mons. de Buffon observes, "degenerate in the West except birds;" and the Brazilian plumage seems to surpass all possibility of further

¹ Eating increases one's appetite.

glow. The continent however shews us no specimens preserved half as well as those of Sir Ashton Lever. The marine rarities here at Bologna are very capital; but I saw them to advantage now, in company of Mr. Chappelow. We find this city at once hot, and loud, and pious; less empty of occupation though than last time; for here is a new Gonfaloniere chosen in to-day, and the drums beat, and the trumpets sound, and some donations are distributed about, much in the proportions Tom Davis describes Garrick's to have been; small pieces of money, and large pieces of cake, with quantities of meat, bread, and birds, borne about the town in procession, to make display of *his* bounty, who gives all this away at the time he is elected into office. Kids dressed with ribbon therefore, alive and carried on men's shoulders showily adorned, lambs washed white as snow, and pretty red and white calves hanging their simple faces out of fine gilt baskets, paraded the streets all day. What struck us most however was an ox, handsomer and of a more silvery coat than I thought an ox's hide capable of being brought to; his horns gold, and a garland of roses between them. This was beautiful; reminded one of all one had ever read and heard of victims going to sacrifice; and put in our heads again the old stories of Hercules, Eurytheus, &c.

At Bologna though, every thing puts people in mind of their *prayers*; so a few good women nothing doubting but when shows were going forward, religious meanings must be near at hand, dropt down on their knees in the street, and recommended themselves, or their dead friends perhaps, to heaven, with fervent and innocent earnestness, while the cattle passed along. An English clergyman in our company, hurt and grieved, yet half-disposed to laugh, cried, *What are these dear creatures muttering about now for, as if their salvation depended upon it?*—It was absurd enough to be sure; but in order to check our tittering disposition, I recollected to him, that I had once heard an ignorant woman in Hertfordshire repeat the absolution herself after the priest, with equally ill-placed fervour: for which he reprimanded her, and afterwards explained to her the grossness of the impropriety. When we have added to our stock of connoisseurship the graceful Sampson, drinking after his victory, by Guido, in this town,

we shall quit it, and proceed through empty and deserted Ferrara to

PADUA

We set out then for Ferrara, in our kind friend's post-chaise; that is, my maid and I did: our good-natured gentlemen creeping slowly after in the broken coach; and how ended this project for insuring safety? Why in the chaise losing its hind wheel, and in our return to the carriage we had quitted. But it is for ever so, I think;—the sick folks live always, and the well ones die.

We took turn therefore and left our friends; but could not forbear a visit to Cento, where I wished much to see what Guercino had done for the ornament of his native place, and was amply repaid my pains by the sight of one picture, which, for its immediate power over the mind, at least over mine, has no equal even in Palazzo Zampieri. It is a scene highly touching. The appearance of our Saviour to his Mother after his resurrection. The dignity, the divinity of the Christ! the terror-checked transport visible in the parent Saint, whose expressive countenance and pathetic attitude display fervent adoration, maternal tenderness, and meek humility at once! How often have I said, *this* is the finest picture we have seen yet! when looking on the Caraccis and their school. I will say no more, the painter's art can go no further than *this*. My partial preference of Guercino to any thing and to everything, shall not however bribe me to suppress my grief and indignation at his strange method of commemorating his own name over the altar where he was baptised, which shocks every protestant traveller by its profaneness, while the Romanists admire his invention, and applaud his piety. Guercino then, so called because he was the *little one-eyed man*, had a fancy to represent his *real* appellation of *John Francis Barbieri* in the church; and took this mode as an ingenious one, painting St. John upon the right hand, St. Francis on the left, as two large full-length figures, and God the Father in the middle with a *long beard* for *Barbieri*.

This is a mixture of Abel Drugger's contrivance in the Alchymist, and the infantine folly of three babies I once knew

in England, children of a nobleman, who were severely whipt by their governess for playing at Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, sitting upon three chairs, with solemn countenances, in order to impress their tender fancies with a representation of what the good governess innocently and laudably had told them about the mysterious and incomprehensible Trinity. Let me add, that the eldest of these babies was not six years old, and the youngest but four, when they were caught in the blasphemous folly. Our Italians seem to be got very little further at forty.

Padua appears cleaner and prettier than it did last year; but so many things contribute to make me love it better, that it is no wonder one is prejudiced in its favour. It was *so* difficult to get safe hither, the roads being very bad, the people were so kind when we were here last, and the very inn-keeper and his assistants seemed so obligingly rejoiced to see us again, that I felt my heart quite expand at entering the Aquila d'oro, where we were soon rejoined by Mr. and Mrs. Greatheed, with whom we had parted in the Romagna, when they took the Perugia road, instead of returning by Bologna, a place they had seen before. Had we come three days sooner we might have seen the transit of Mercury from Abate Toaldo's observatory; but our own transit took up all our thoughts, and it is a very great mercy that we are come safe at last. I think it was as much as four bulls and six horses could do to drag us into Rovigo.

Bologna la Grassa
Ma Padova la passa ¹,

say the Venetians: and round this town where the heat is indeed prodigious, they get the best vipers for the Venice treacle, I am told. Here are quantities of curious plants to be seen blooming now in the botanical garden, and our kind professor told me I need not languish so for horse chesnuts; for they would all be in flower as we returned up the Brenta from Venice. "They are all in flower *now*, Sir," said I, "in my own grounds, eight miles from London: but our English oaks

¹ Though fat Bologna feeds to the fill,
Our Padua is fatter still.

are not half so forward as yours are." He recollected the aphorism so much a favourite with our country folks; how a British heart ought not to dilate with the early sunshine of prosperity, or droop at the first blasts of adverse fortune, as the British oak refuses to put out his leaves at summer's early solicitations, and scorns to drop them at winter's first rude shake.

Well! I have once more walked over St. Antony's church, and examined the bas reliefs that adorn his shrine; but their effect has ceased. Whoever has spent some time in the *Musæum Clementinum* is callous to the wonders which sculpture can perform.

Has one not read in Ulloa's travels, of a resting-place on the side of a Cordillera among the Andes, where the ascending traveller is regularly observed to put on additional clothing, while he who comes down the mountain feels so hot that he throws his clothes away? So it is with the shrine of St. Antonio di Padua, and one's passion for the sculpture that adorns it: while Santa Giustina's church retains her power over the mind, a power never missed by simplicity, while great effort has often small effect. But we are hastening to Venice, and shall leave our cares and our coach behind; superfluous as they both are, in a city which admits of neither,

VENICE

Our watery journey was indeed delightful; friendship, music, poetry combined their charms with those of nature to enchant us, and make one think the passage was too short, though longing to embrace our much-regretted sweet companions. The scent of odoriferous plants, the smoothness of the water, the sweetness of the piano forte, which allured to its banks many of the gay inhabitants, who glad of a change in the variety of their amusements, came down to the shores and danced or sang, as we went by, seized every sense at once, and filled me with unaffected pleasure. I longed to see the weeping willow planted along this elegant stream; but the Venetians like to see nothing weep I fancy: yet the *Salix Babylonica* would have a fine effect here, and spread to a prodigious growth, like those on which the captive Israelites once hung

their harps, on the banks of the river Euphrates. "Of all Europe however," Millar says, "it prospers best in pensive Britain;"

Nor prov'd the bliss that lulls Italia's breast,
When red-brow'd evening calmly sinks to rest.

These lines, quoted from Merry's *Paulina*, remind me of the pleasure we enjoyed in reading that glorious poem as we floated down the Brenta. I have certainly read no poetry since; that would be like looking at Sansovino's sculpture, after having seen the Apollo, the Venus, and the Flora Farnese. The view of Venice only made us shut the book. Lovely Venice! wise in her councils, grave and steady in her just authority, splendid in her palaces, gay in her casinos, and charming in all.

Fama tra noi Roma pomposa e santa,
Venezia ricca, saggia, e signorile ¹,

says the Italian who celebrates all their towns by adding a well-adapted epithet to each. But Sannazarius, who experienced in return for it more than even British bounty would have bestowed, exalts it in his famous epigram to a decided preference even over Rome itself.

Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi Tarpejas quantumvis, Juppiter, arces
Objice, et illa tui moenia Martis, ait.
Si Pelago Tybrim praeferes; Urbem adspice utramque:
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

And now really, if the subject did not bribe me to admiration of them, I should have much ado to think these six lines better worth fifty pounds a piece, the price Sannazarius was paid for them, than many lines I have read; as mythological allusions are always cheaply obtained, and this can hardly be said to run with any peculiar happiness: for if Mars built the Wall, and Jupiter founded the Capitol, how could Neptune justly challenge this last among all people, to look on both, and

¹ Pompous and holy ancient Rome we call,
Venice rich, wise, and lordly over all.

say, That men built Rome, but the Gods founded Venice. Had he said, that after all their pains, *this* was the manner in which those two cities would in future times strike all impartial observers, it would have been *enough*; and it would have been *true*, and when fiction has done its best,

Le vray seul est aimable ².

Here, however, is the best translation or imitation I can make, of the best praise ever given to this justly celebrated city. Baron Cronthal, the learned librarian of Brera, gave me, when at Milan, the epigram, and persuaded me to try at a translation, but I never could succeed till I had been upon the grand canal.

When Neptune first with pleasure and surprise,
Proud from her subject sea saw Venice rise;
Let Jove, said he, vaunt his fam'd walls no more,
Tarpeia's rock, or Tyber's fane-full shore;
While human hands those glittering fabrics frame,
By touch celestial beauteous Venice came.

It is a sweet place sure enough, and the caged ³ nightingales who, when men are most silent, answer each other across the canals, increase the enchantments of Venetian moon-light; while the full gondolas skimming over the tide with a lanthorn in their stern, like glow-worms of a dark evening, dashing the cool wave too as they glide along, leave no moments unmarked by peculiarity of pleasure. The Doge's wedding has however been less brilliant this year; his galleys have been sent to fight the Turks and Corsairs, and the splendor at home of course suffers some temporary diminution; but the corso of boats in the evening must be for ever charming, and the musical parties upon the water delightful. We passed this morning in Pinelli's library, a collection so valuable from the frequency of old editions, particularly the old fourteen hundreds as we call them, that it is supposed they will be purchased by some

² Truth alone is pleasing.

³ Wilt thou have music? hark, Apollo plays,
And twenty *caged* nightingales shall sing.

SHAKESPEARE.

crowned head; and here are specimens of Aldus's printing too, very curious; but there are too many curiosities,

I'm strangled with the waste fertility,

as Milton says. Pinelli had an excellent taste for pictures likewise, and here at Venice there are paintings to satisfy, nay satiate connoisseurship herself. Tintoret's force of colouring at St. Rocque's, displayed in the crucifixion, can surely be exceeded by no disposition of light and shade; but the Scuola Bolognese has hardened my heart against merit of any other sort, so much more easy to be obtained, than that of character, dignity, and truth. Paul Veronese forgets too seldom his original trade of *orefice*, there is too much gold and silver in his drapery; and though Darius's ladies are judiciously adorned with a great deal of it here at Palazzo Pisani, I would willingly have abated some brocade, for an addition of expressive majesty in the Alexander. What a striking difference there is too between Guercino's prodigal returned, and a picture at some Venetian palace of the same story treated by Leandro Bassano! yet who can forbear crying out Nature, nature! when in the last named work one sees the faithful spaniel run out to meet and acknowledge his poor young master though in rags, while the cook admiring the uncommon fatness of the calf, seems to anticipate the pleasure of a jolly day: so if the old father does look a little like pantaloon, why one forgives him, for we are not told that the fable had to do with *nobiltà*, though Guercino has made *his* master of the house a rich and stately oriental, who meets and consoles, near a column of Grecian architecture, his penitent son, whose half-uncovered form exhibits beauty sunk into decay, and whose graceful expression of shame and sorrow shew the dignity of his original birth, and little expectation of the ill-endured pains his poverty has caused: the elder brother, meantime, glowing with resentment, and turning with apparent scorn away from the sight of a scene so little to the honour of the family. Basta! as the Italians say; when we were at Rome we purchased a fine view of St. Mark's Place Venice; now we are at Venice we have bought a sketch of Guido's Aurora. The Doge's dinner was magnificent, the plate older and I think finer than the

Pope's; I forget on what occasion it was given, I mean the feast, but had it been an annual ceremony our kind friends would have shewn it us last year. We must leave them once more, for a long time I fear, but I part with less regret because the heat grows almost insupportable; and either the stench of the small canals, or else the too great abundance of sardelline, a fresh anchovy with which these seas abound, keep me unwell and in perpetual fear of catching a putrid fever, should I indulge in eating once again of so rich but dangerous a dainty. Besides that one may be tired of exertion, and fatigued with festivity, purchased at the price of sleep and quiet.

Non Hybla non me spicifer capit Nilus,
Nec quæ paludes delicata Pomptinas
Ex arce clivi spectat uva Setini.
Quid concupiscam? quæris ergo,—*dormire* ⁴.

TO PADUA

Then we returned the twelfth of June, and surely it is too difficult to describe the sweet sensations excited by the enjoyment of

Each rural sight, each rural sound;

as the dear banks of the Brenta first saluted our return to *terra firma* from the watery residence of our *bella dominante*. We dined at a lovely villa belonging to an amiable friend upon the margin of the river, where the kind embraces of the Padrona di Casa, added to the fragrance of her garden, and the sweet breath of oxen drawing in her team, revived me once more to the enjoyment of cheerful conversation, by restoring my natural health, and proving beyond a possibility of doubt, that my late disorder was of the putrid kind. We dined in a grotto-like room, and partook the evening refreshments, cake, ice, and lemonade, under a tree by the river side, whilst my own feelings reminded me of the sailors delight described in Anson's voyages when they landed at Juan Fernandez. Night was best disposed of in the barge, and I observed as we entered

⁴ Not Hybla's sweets, nor Naples devoloons,
Nor grapes which hide the hill with rich festoons;
Nor fat Bologna's valley, have I chose;
What is your wish then? May I speak?—*repose*.

Padua early in the morning, how surprisingly quick had been the progress of summer; but in these countries vegetation is so rapid, that every thing makes haste to come and more to go. Scarce have you tasted green pease or strawberries, before they are out of season; and if you do *not* swallow your pleasures, as Madame la Présidente said, you have a chance to miss of getting any pleasures at all. Here is no mediocrity in any thing, no moderate weather, no middle rank of life, no twilight; whatever is not night is day, and whatever is not love is hatred; and that the English should eat peaches in May, and green pease in October, sounds to Italian ears as a miracle; they comfort themselves, however, by saying that they *must* be very insipid, while *we* know that fruits forced by strong fire are at least many of them higher in flavour than those produced by sun; the pine-apple particularly, which West Indians confess eats better with us than with them. Figs and cherries, however, defy a hot-house, and grapes raised by art are worth little except for shew; peaches, nectarines, and ananas are the glory of a British gardener, and no country but England can shew such. Our morning, passed at the villa of the senator Quirini, set us on this train of thinking, for every culled excellence adorned it, and brought to my mind Voltaire's description of Pococurante in *Candide*, false only in the ostentation, and *there* the character fails; misled by a French idea, that pleasure is nothing without the delight of shewing that you are pleased, like the old adage, or often-quoted passage about learning:

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter ¹.

A Venetian has no such notions; by force of mind and dint of elegance inherent in it, he pleases himself first, and finds every body else delighted of course, nor would quit his own country except for paradise; while an English nobleman clumps his trees, and twists his river, to comply with his neighbour's taste, when perhaps he has none of his own; feels disgusted with all he has done, and runs away to live in Italy.

The evening of this day was spent at the theatre, where I was glad the audience were no better pleased, for the plaudits

¹ Thy knowledge is nothing till other men know that thou knowest it.

of an Italian Platea at an air they like, when one's nerves are weak and the weather very hot, are all but totally insupportable. What then must these poor actors have suffered, who laboured so violently to entertain us? A tragedy in rhyme upon the subject of Julius Sabinus and his wife Epponina was the representation; and wonderfully indeed did the players struggle, and bounce, and sprunt, like vigorous patients resisting the influence of a disease called opisthotonos, or dry gripes of Jamaica; "Were their jaws once locked we should do better," said Mr. Chappelow. "Che spaccamonti mai!" exclaimed the gentle Padovani. *Spaccamonte* means just our English Drawcansir, a fellow that splits mountains with his bluster, a captain *Blowmedown*.

The fair at Padua is a better place for spending one's time than the theatre; it is built round a pretty area, and I much wonder the middle is not filled by a band of music. Our Astley is expected to shine here shortly, and the ladies are in haste to see *il bel Inglese a Cavallo*; but we must be seduced to stay no longer among those whom I must ever leave with grateful regret and truly affectionate regard. Our carriage is repaired, and the man says it will now carry us safely round the world if we please; our first stage however will be no farther than to pretty

VERONA

The road from Padua hither is a vile one; one can scarcely make twenty miles a-day in any part of the Venetian state. Its senators, accustomed to water carriage, have little care for us who go by land. The Palanzuola way is worse however, and I am glad once more to see sweet Verona.

Petruchio and Catharine might easily have met with all the adventures related by Grumio on their journey thither, but when once arrived she should have been contented. This city is as lovely as ever, more so than it was last April twelvemonth, when the spring was sullen and backward; every hill now glows with the gay produce of summer, and every valley smiles with plenty expected or pleasure possessed. The antiquities however look less respectable than when I left them; no amphitheatre will do after the Roman Colossæum, and our

triumphal arch here looked so pitiful, I wondered what was come to it. So must it always happen to the performances of art, which we compare one against another, and find that as man made the best of them, so some man may in some moment make a better still: but the productions of nature are the works of God; we can only compare them with other things done by the same Almighty Master, whose power is equally discernible in all, from the fly's antennæ to the elephant's proboscis. Bozza's collection gave birth to this last sentence; the farther one goes the more astonishing grows his musæum, the neglect of which is sure no credit to the present age. I find his cabinet much fuller than I left it, and adorned with many new specimens from the southern seas, besides flying-fish innumerable, beautifully preserved, and one predaceous creature caught in the very act of gorging his prey, a proof of their destruction being instant as that of the dwellers in Pompeia, who had their dinners dished when the eruption overwhelmed them.

We took leave of our learned friends here with concern, but hope to see them again, and tread the stucco floors so prettily mottled and variegated, they look like the cold mock turtle soup exactly, which London pastry-cooks keep in their shops, ready for immediate use.

What an odd thing is custom! here is weather to fry one in, yet after exercise, and in a state of the most violent perspiration, no consequences follow the use of iced beverages, except the sense of pleasure resulting from them at the moment. Should a Bath belle indulge in such luxury, after dancing down forty couple at Mr. Tyson's ball, we should expect to hear next day of her surfeit at least, if not of her sudden death. Lying-in ladies take the same liberty with *their* constitutions, and say that no harm comes of it; and when I tell them how differently we manage in England, cry, "*mi pare che dev'essere schiavitù grande in quel paese della benedetta libertà*"¹. Fine muslin linen nicely got up is however, say they, one of the things to be produced only in Great Britain, and much do

¹ Methinks there seems to be much slavery required from those who inhabit your fine free country of England.

our Italian ladies admire it, though they look very charmingly with much less trouble taken. I lent one lady at some place, I remember, my maid, to shew her, as she so much wished it, how the operation of clear-starching was performed; but as soon as it began, she laughed at the superfluous fatigue, as she called it; and her servants crossed themselves in every corner of the room, with wonder that such niceties should be required.—Well they might! for I caught a great tall fellow ironing his lady's best neck-handkerchief with the warming-pan here at Padua very quietly; and she was a woman of quality too, and looked as lovely, when the toilette was once performed, as if much more attention had been bestowed upon it.

PARMA

We passed through Mantua the 18th of June, where nothing much attracted my notice, except a female figure in the street, veiled from head to foot, and covered wholly in black; she walked backward and forward along the same portion of the same street, from one to three o'clock, in the heat of the burning sun; her hand held out; but when I, more from curiosity than any better motive put money in it, she threw it silently away, and the beggars picked it up, while she held her hand again as before. This conduct, in any town of England, would be deemed madness or mischief; the woman would be carried before a magistrate to give an account of herself, should the mob forbear to uncase her till they came; or some charitable person would seize and carry her home, fill her pockets with money and coax her out of the anecdotes of her past life to put in the Magazine; her print would be published, and many engravers struggle for its profits; the name at bottom, *Annabella, or the Sable Matron*; while novels would be written without end, and the circulating libraries would lend them out all the live-long day. Things are differently carried on however at Mantua: I asked one shopkeeper, and she gravely replied, "*per divozione*," and took no further notice: another (to my inquiries, which appeared to him far odder than the woman's conduct) said, The lady was possibly doing a little penance; that he had not minded her till I spoke,

but that perhaps it might be some woman of fashion, who having refused a poor person roughly on some occasion, was condemned by her confessor to try for a couple of hours what begging *was*, and learn humanity from experience of evil. The idea charmed me; while the man coolly said, all this was only his conjecture; but that such things were done too often to attract attention; and hoped such virtue was not rare enough to excite wonder. My just applause of such sentiments was stopt by the *laquais de place* calling me to dinner; when he informed me, that he had asked about the person whose behaviour struck me so, and could now tell me all there was to be known: she was a lady of quality, he said, who had lost a dear friend on that day some years past, and that she wore black for two hours ever since upon its anniversary; but that she would now change her dress, and I should see her in the evening at the opera. My recollecting that if *this* were her case, I ought to have been keeping her company (as no one ever lost a friend so dear to them as was my incomparable mother, who likewise left me to mourn her loss on this day thirteen years), spoiled my appetite, and took from me all power of meeting the lady at the theatre.

We went again however to see Virgil's field, and recollected that *tenet nunc Parthenope*; congratulated the giants on their superiority over Pietro da Cortona's paltry creatures, in one of the Roman palaces; and drove forward to Parma, through bad roads enough.

This Mantua is a very disagreeable town; nor was Romeo wrong in lamenting his banishment to it; for though I will not say with him that—

There is no world without Verona's walls;

yet it must be allowed that few places do unite such various excellencies, and that the contrast is very striking between that city and this.

Parma exhibits an appearance somewhat different from all the rest; yet we should scarcely have visited it but for the sake of the four surprising pictures it contains: the *Madonna della Scodella* is nature itself; and St. Girolamo exhibits such a proof of fancy and fervour, as are almost inconceivable; the general

effect, and the difficulty one has to take one's eye off it, afford conviction of its superior merit, and greatly compensate for that taste, character, and expression, which are found only in the Caraccis and their school. Corregio was perhaps one of the most powerful geniuses that has appeared on earth; destitute of knowledge, or of the means of acquiring it, he has left glorious proofs of what uninstructed man may do, and is perhaps a greater honour to the human species, than those who, from fermenting erudition of various kinds, produce performances of more complicated worth. The Fatal Curiosity, and Pilgrim's Progress, will live as long as the Prince of Abyssinia, or *Les Aventures de Télémaque*, perhaps: and who shall dare say, that Lillo, Bunyan, and Antonio Corregio, were not *naturally* equal to Johnson, Michael Angelo, and the Archbishop of Cambray?—Have I said enough, or can enough be ever said in praise of a painter, whose works the great Annibale Caracci delighted to study, to copy, and to praise?

Piacenza we found to offer us few objects of attention: an *improvisatore*, and not a very bad one, amused that time which would otherwise have been passed in lamenting our paucity of entertainment; while his artful praises of England put me in good humour, spite of the weather, which is too hot to bear. With all our lamentations about the heat however, here is no *cicala* on the trees, or *lucciola* in the hedges, as at Florence; the days are a little longer too, and the crepuscule less abrupt in its departure. How often, upon the *Ponte della Trinità*, have I secretly regretted the long-drawn evenings of an English summer; when the dewy night-fall refreshes the air, and silent dusk brings on a train of meditations uninspired by Italian skies! In this decided country all that is not broad day is dark night; all that is not loud mirth, is penitence and grief; when the rain falls, it falls in a torrent; when the sun shines, it glows like a burning-glass; where the people are rich, they stick gems in their very walls, and make their chimneys of amethyst; where they are poor, they clasp your knees in an agony of pinching want, and display diseases which cannot be a day survived!

Talking on about Italy in which there is no mediocrity, and of England in which there is nothing else, we arrived at Lodi;

where I began to rejoice in hearing the people cry *no' cor' altr'* again, in reply to our commands; because we were now once more returned to the district and dialect of dear Milan, where we have cool apartments and warm friends; and where, after an absence of fifteen months, we shall again see those acquaintance with whom we lived much before; a sensation always delightfully soothing, even when one returns to less amiable scenes, and less productive of innocent pleasure than these have been to me. The consciousness of having, while at a distance, seen few people more agreeable than those one left behind; the natural thankfulness of one's heart to God, for having preserved one's life so as to see them again, expands philanthropy; and gives unaffected comfort in the restored society of companions long concealed from one by accident or distance.

M I L A N

21st June 1786

After rejoicing over my house and my friends; after asking a hundred questions, and hearing a hundred stories of those long left; after reciprocating common civilities, and talking over common topics, we observed how much the general look of Milan was improved in these last fifteen months; how the town was become neater, the ordinary people smarter, the roads round their city mended, and the beggars cleared away from the streets. We did not find however that the people we talked to were at all charmed with these new advantages: their convents demolished, their processions put an end to, the number of their priests of course contracted, and their church plate carried by cart-loads to the mint; holidays forbidden, and every saint's name erased from the calendar, excepting only St. Peter and St. Paul; whilst those shopkeepers who worked for monasteries, and those musicians who sung or played in oratorios, are left to find employment how they can;—cloud the countenances of all, and justly; as such sudden and rough reforms shock the feelings of the multitude; offend the delicacy of the nobles; make a general stagnation of business and of pleasure, in a country where *both* depend upon religious functions; and terrify the clergy into no ill-grounded apprehensions of being

found in a few years more wholly useless, and as such dismissed.—Well! whatever is done hastily, can scarcely be done quite well; and wherever much is done, a great part of it will doubtless be done wrong. A considerable portion of all this however will be confessed useful, and even necessary, when the hour of violence on one side, and prejudice on the other, is past away; as the fire of London has been found beneficial by those who live in the newly-restored town. Meantime I think the present precipitation indecent enough for my own part; a thousand little errors would burn out of themselves, were they suffered to die quietly away; and when the morning breaks in naturally, it is superfluous as awkward to put the stars out with one's fingers, like the Hours in Guercino's *Aurora*¹. Whoever therefore will be at the pains a little to pick their principles, not grasp them by the bunch, will find as many unripe at one end, I believe, as there are rotten at the other: for could we see these hasty innovators erecting public schools for the instruction of the poor, or public work-houses for their employment; did they unlock the treasure-house of true religion, by publishing the Bible in every dialect of their dominions, and oblige their clergy to read it with the souls committed to their charge;—I should have a better idea of their sincerity and disinterested zeal for God's glory, than they give by tearing down his statues, or those of his blessed Virgin Mother, which Carlo Borromæo set up.

The folly of hanging churches with red damask would surely fade away of itself, among people of good sense and good taste; who could not long be simple enough to suppose, that concealing Greek architecture with such transient finery, and giving to God's house the air of a tattered theatre, could in any wise promote his service, or their salvation. Many superstitious and many unmeaning ceremonies *do* die off every day, because unsupported by reason or religion: Doctor Carpanni, a learned lawyer, told me but today, that here in Lombardy they had a custom, no longer ago than in his father's time, of burying a great lord or possessor of lands, with a ceremony of

¹ In the fine ceiling of Palazzo Ludovisi at Rome, the Hours which surround Aurora's chariot are employed in extinguishing the Stars with their hands.

killing on his grave the favourite horse, dog, &c. that he delighted in when alive; a usage borrowed from the Oriental Pagans, who burn even the widows of the deceased upon their funeral pile; and among our monuments in Westminster Abbey, set up in the days of darkness, I have minded now and then the hawk and greyhound of a nobleman lying in marble at his feet; some of our antiquarians should tell us if they killed them.

Another odd affinity strikes me. Half a century ago there was an annual procession at Shrewsbury, called by way of pre-eminence *Shrewsbury Show*; when a handsome young girl of about twelve years old rode round the town, and wished prosperity to every trade assembled at the fair: I forget what else made the amusement interesting; but have heard my mother tell of the particular beauty of some wench, who was ever after called the *Queen*, because she had been carried in triumph as such on the day of *Shrewsbury Show*. Now if nobody gives a better derivation of that old custom, it may perhaps be found a dreg of the Romish superstition, which as many years ago, in various parts of Italy, prompted people to dress up a pretty girl, on the 25th of March, or other season dedicated to the Virgin, and carry her in procession about the streets, singing litanies to her, &c. and ending, in profaneness of admiration, a day begun in idleness and folly. At Rome however no such indecorous absurdities are encouraged: we saw a beautiful figure of the *Madonna*, dressed from a picture of Guido Rheni, borne about one day; but no human creature in the street offered to kneel, or gave one the slightest reason to say or suppose that she was worshipped: some sweet hymns were sung in her praise, as the procession moved slowly on; but no impropriety could I discern, who watched with great attention.

It is time to have done with all this though, and go see the Ambrosian library; which, as far as I can judge, is perfectly respectable. The Prefect's politeness kindly offered my curiosity any thing I was particularly anxious to see, and the learned Mr. Dugati was exceedingly obliging. The old Virgil preserved here with Petrarch's marginal notes in his own handwriting, interest one much; this little narration, evidently

written for his own fancy to feed on, of the day and hour he first felt the impression of Laura's charms, is the best proof of his genuine passion for that lady, as he certainly never meant for our inspection what he wrote down in his own Virgil. Here is likewise the valuable MS. of Flavius Josephus the Jewish historian, a curiosity deservedly admired and esteemed: it is kept with peculiar care I think, and is in high preservation: A Syriac bible too, very fine indeed, from which I understand they are now going to print off some copies. I have been taught by the scholars not to think a Syriac bible of the Samaritan text so very rare; but the Septuagint in that language is so exceedingly scarce, that many are persuaded this is the only one extant; and as our Lord, in his quotations from the old law, usually cites that version, it is justly preferred to all others. Leonardo da Vinci's famous folio preserved in this library, for which James I. of England offered three thousand ducats, an event recorded here over the chest that contains it on a tablet of marble, deserves attention and reverence: nothing seems above, nothing below, the observation of that prodigious genius. He has in this, and other volumes of the same curious work, apparently put down every painter's or mathematician's thought that crossed his imagination. It is a *Leonardiana*², the common-place book of a great and wise man; nor did our British sovereign ever with more good sense evince his true love of learning, than by his princely offer of its purchase.

Till now the looking at friends, and rarities, and telling old stories, and seeing new sights, &c. has lulled my conscience asleep, nor suffered me to recollect that, dazzled by the brightness of the Corregios at Parma, the account of their press, the finest in Europe, and infinitely superior to our Baskerville, escaped me. They have a glorious collection too of bibles in their library; their illuminations are most delicate, and their bindings pompous, but they possess a modern MS. of

² One volume of this *Leonardiana* is now in the private library of the king of England at the queen's house in the park, preserved from Charles or James the First's collection, and written with the left hand, or rather backwards, to be read only with the help of a mirror.

such singular perfection, that none of those finished when chirography was more cultivated than it is now, can at all pretend to compare with it. The characters are all gilt, the leaves vellum, the miniatures finished with a degree of nicety rarely found in union, as here, with the utmost elegance and taste. No words I can use will give a just idea of this little MS.: whoever is a true fancier of such things, would find his trouble well repaid, if he left London only to look at it. The book contains private devotions for the duchess with suitable ornaments—I will talk no more of it.

The fine colossal figure of the Virgin Mary in heaven crowned by her Son's hand, painted in the cieling of some church at Parma, has a bad light, and it is difficult to comprehend its sublimity. One approaches nearer to understand the merits of that singular performance when one looks at Caracci's copy of it, kept in the Ambrosian library here at Milan. But how was I surprised to hear related as a fact happening to *him*, the old story told to all who go to see St. Paul's cathedral in London, of our Sir James Thornhill, who, while he was intent on painting the cupola, walked backward to look at the effect, till, arriving at the very edge of the scaffold, he was in danger of dashing his brains out by falling from that horrible height upon the marble below, had not some bystander possessed readiness of mind to run suddenly forward, and throw a pencil daubed in white stuff which stood near him, at the figure Sir James's eyes were fixed on, which provoked the painter to follow him threatening, and so saved his life. Could such an accident have happened twice? and is it likely that to either of these persons it ever happened at all? Would such men as Annibal Caracci and Sir James Thornhill have exposed themselves upon an undefended scaffold, without railing it round to prevent their tumbling down, when engaged in a work that would take them many days, nay weeks, to finish it? Impossible! in every nation traditionary tales shake my belief exceedingly; and what astonishes one more than it disgusts, if possible, is to see the same story fitted to more nations than one.

It is now many years since a counsellor related at my house in Surrey the following narration, of which I had then no

doubts, or idea of suspicion; for he said he was himself witness to the fact, and laid the scene at St. Edmondsbury, a town in our county of Suffolk: how a man accused of murder, with every corroborating circumstance, escaped by the steady resolution of one juryman, who could not, by any arguments or remonstrances of his companions, be prevailed on to pronounce the fellow guilty, though every possible circumstance combined to ascertain him as the person who took the deceased's life; and how, after all was over, the juryman confessed privately to the judge, that *he himself*, by such and such an accident, had killed the farmer, of whose death the other stood accused. This event, true or false, of which I have since found the rudiments in a French Recueil, was told me at Venice by a gentleman as having happened *there*, under the immediate inspection of a friend he named. Quere, whether any such thing ever happened at all in any time or place? but laxity of narration, and contempt of all exactness, at last extinguish one's best-founded confidence in the lips of mortal man. It is, however, clearly proved, that no duty is so difficult as to preserve truth in all our transactions, while no transaction is so trifling as to preclude temptation of infringing it: for if there is no interest that prompts a liar, his vanity suffices; nor will we mention the suggestions of cowardice, malignity, or any species of vice, when, as in these last-mentioned stories, many fictions are invented by well-meaning people, who hope to prevent mischief, inculcate the possibility of hanging innocence, &c. and violate truth out of regard to virtue.

Well, well! our good Italians here will not condescend to live a lie, if now and then they scruple not to tell one. No man in this country pretends either to tenderness or to indifference, when he feels no disposition to be indifferent or tender; and so removed are they from all affectation of sensibility or of refinement, that when a conceited Englishman starts back in pretended rapture from a Raphael he has perhaps little taste for, it is difficult to persuade these sincerer people that his transports are possibly put on, only to deceive some of his countrymen who stand by, and who, if he took no notice of so fine a picture, would laugh, and say he had been throwing his time away, without making even the common and necessary

improvements expected from every gentleman who travels through Italy; yet surely it is a choice delight to live where the everlasting scourge held over London and Bath, of *what will they think?* and *what will they say?* has no existence; and to reflect that I have now sojourned near two years in Italy, and scarcely can name one conceited man, or one affected woman, with whom, in any rank of life, I have been in the least connected.

In Naples we see the works of nature displayed; at Rome and Florence we survey the performances of art; at every place in Italy there is much worthy one's esteem, said the Venetian Resident one day very elegantly; and at Milan there is the *Abate Bossi*. Should I forbear to add *my* testimony to such talents and such virtue, which, expanded by nature to the wide range of human benevolence, he knows how to concentrate occasionally for the service of private friendship, how great would be my ingratitude and neglect, while no character ever so completely resembled his, as that of the famous *Hough* well known in England by the title of the *good* Bishop of Worcester. His ingenuity in composing and placing these words on the 13th of May 1773, is perhaps one of his least valuable jeux d'esprit; but pretty, when one knows that on that day the empress was born, on that day the archduke arrived at Milan on a visit to his brother, and on that day the duchess was delivered of a son. The words may be read our way or the Chinese:

Natalis	Adventus	Partus
Matris	Fratris	Conjugis
Felix	Optatus	Incolumis
Principem	Aulam	Urbem
	Laetificabant.	

What a foolish thing it is in princes to give pain in a place like this, where all are disposed to derive pleasure even from praising them! There is a natural loyalty among the Lombards, which oppression can scarcely extinguish or tyranny destroy: and, as I have said a thousand times, they *pretend* to love no one; they *do* love their rulers; and, rather grieve than growl at the afflictions caused by their rapacity.

I was told that I should find few discriminations of character in Italy; but the contrary proves true, and I do not wonder at it. Among those people who, by being folded or driven all together in flocks as the French are, with one fashion to serve for the whole society, a man may easily contract a similarity of manners by rubbing down each asperity of character against his nearest neighbour, no less plastic than himself; but here, where there is little apprehension of ridicule, and little spirit of imitation, monotonous tediousness is almost sure to be escaped. The very word *polite* comes from *polish* I suppose; and at Paris the place where you enjoy *le véritable vernis St. Martin* in perfection, the people can scarcely be termed *polished*, or even *varnished*: they are *glazed*; and every thing slides off the *extérieur* of course, leaving the heart untouched. It is the same thing with other productions of nature; in caverns we see petrifications shooting out in angular and excentric forms, because in Castleton Hole dame Nature has fair play; while the broad beach at Brighthelmstone, evermore battered by the same ocean, exhibits only a heap of round pebbles, and those round pebbles all alike.

But we must cease reflections, and begin describing again. We have got a country house for the remaining part of the hot weather upon the confines of the Milanese dominions, where Switzerland first begins to bow her bleak head, and soften gradually in the sunshine of Italian fertility. From every walk and villa round this delightful spot, one sees an assemblage of beauties rarely to be met with: and there is a resemblance in it to the Vale of Llwydd, which makes it still more interesting to *me*. But we have obtained leave to spend a week of our destined Villeggiatura at the Borromæan palace, situated in the middle of Lago Maggiore, on the island so truly termed *Isola Bella*; every step to which from our villa at Varese teems with new beauties, and only wants the sea to render it, in point of mere landscape, superior to any thing we have seen yet.

Our manner of living here is positively like nothing real, and the fanciful description of oriental magnificence, with Seged's retirement in the Rambler to his palace on the Lake Dambea, is all I ever read that could come in competition with it: for here is one barge full of friends from Milan, another carrying a

complete band of thirteen of the best musicians in Italy, to amuse ourselves and them with concerts every evening upon the water by moonlight, while the inhabitants of these elysian regions who live upon the banks, come down in crowds to the shores glad to receive additional delight, where satiety of pleasure seems the sole evil to be dreaded.

It is well known that the wild mountains of Savoy, the rich plains of Lombardy, the verdant pastures of Piedmont, and the pointed Alps of Switzerland, form the limits of Lago Maggiore; where, upon a naked rock, torn I trust from some surrounding hill, or happily thrown up in the middle of the water by a subterranean volcano, the Count Borromæo, in the year 1613, began to carry earth; and lay out a pretty garden, which from that day has been perpetually improving, till an appearance of eastern grandeur which it now wears, is rendered still more charming by all the studied elegance of art, and the conveniencies of common life. The palace is constructed as if to realise Johnson's ideas in his Prince of Abyssinia: the garden consists of ten terraces; the walls of which are completely covered with orange, lemon, and cedrati trees, whose glowing colours and whose fragrant scent are easily discerned at a considerable distance, and the perfume particularly often reaches as far as to the opposite shore: nor are standards of the same plants wanting. I measured one not the largest in the grove, which had been planted one hundred and five years; it was a full yard and a quarter round. There were forty-six of them set near each other, and formed a delightful shade. The cedrati fruit grows as large as a late romana melon with us in England; and every thing one sees, and every thing one hears, and every thing one tastes, brings to one's mind the fortunate islands and the golden age. Walks, woods, and terraces *within* the island, and a prospect of unequalled variety *without*, make this a kind of fairy habitation, so like something one has seen represented on theatres, that my female companion cried out as we approached the place, "If we go any nearer now, I am sure it will all vanish into air." There is solidity enough however: a little village consisting of eighteen fishermen's houses, and a pretty church, with a dozen of well-grown poplars before it, together with the palace and

garden, compose the territory, which commodiously contains two hundred and fifty souls, as the circuit is somewhat more than a measured mile and a half, but not two miles in all: and we have cannons to guard our Calypso-like dominion, for which Count Borromæo pays tribute to the king of Sardinia; but has himself the right of raising men upon the main land, and of coining money at *Macau*, a little town amid the hollows of these rocks, which present their irregular fronts to the lake in a manner surprisingly beautiful. He has three other islets on the same water, for change of amusement; of which that named *la Superiore* is covered with a hamlet, and *l'Isola Madre* with a wood full of game, guinea fowl, and common poultry; a summer-house beside furnished with chintz, and containing so many apartments, that I am told the uncle of the present possessor, having quarrelled with his wife, and resolving in a pet to leave the world, shut himself up on that little spot of earth, and never touched the continent, as I may call it, for the last seventeen years of his life. Let me add, that he had there his church and his chaplain, three musical professors in constant pay, and a pretty yatcht to row or sail, and fetch in friends, physicians, &c. from the main land. His nephew has not the same taste at all, seldom spending more than a week, and that only once a-year, among his islands, which are kept however quite in a princely style: the family crest, a unicorn, made in white marble, and of colossal greatness, proudly overlooking ten broad terraces which rise in a pyramidal form from the water: each wall richly covered with orange and lemon trees, and every parapet concealed under thickly-flowering shrubs of incessant variety, as if every climate had been culled, to adorn this tiny spot. More than a hundred beds are made in the palace, which has likewise a grotto floor of infinite ingenuity, and beautiful from being happily contrasted against the general splendour of the house itself. I have seen no such effort of what we call taste since I left England, as these apartments on a level with the lake exhibit, being all roofed and wainscotted with well-disposed shellwork, and decorated with fountains in a lively and pleasing manner. The library up stairs had many curious books in it—a Camden's *Britannia* particularly, translated into Spanish; an Arabic Bible worthy

of the Bodleian collection, and well-chosen volumes of natural history to a very serious degree of expence. Painting is not the first or second boast of Count Borromæo, but there are some tolerable landscapes by Tempesta, and three famous pictures of Luca Giordano, well known in London by the general diffusion of their prints, representing the Rape of the Sabines, the Judgment of Paris, and the Triumph of Galatea. These large history pieces adorn the walls of the vast room we dine in; where, though we never sit down fewer than twenty or twenty-five people to table, all seem lost from the greatness of its size, till the concert fills it in the evening.

It is the garden however more than the palace which deserves description. He who has the care of it was born upon the island, and never strayed further than four miles, he tells me, from the borders of his master's lake. Sure he must think the fall of man a fable: *he* lives in Eden still. How much must such a fellow be confounded, could he be carried blind-folded in the midst of winter to London or to Paris! and set down in Fleet-street or Rue St. Honoré! That he understands his business so as to need no tuition from the inhabitants of either city, may be seen by a fig-tree which I found here ingrafted on a lemon; both bear fruit at the same moment, whilst a vine curls up the stem of the lemon-tree, dangling her grapes in that delicious company with apparent satisfaction to herself. Another inoculation of a moss-rose upon an orange, and a third of a carnation upon a cedrati tree, gave me new knowledge of what the gardener's art, aided by a happy climate, could perform. But when rowing round the lake with our band of music yesterday, we touched at a country seat upon the side which joins the Milanese dominion, and I found myself presented with currants and gooseberries by a kind family, who having made their fortune in Amsterdam, had imbibed some Dutch ideas; my mind immediately felt her elastic force, and willingly confessed that liberty, security, and opulence alone give the true relish to productions either of art or nature; that freedom can make the currants of Holland and golden pippins of Great Britain sweeter than all the grapes of Italy; while to every manly understanding some share of the government in a well-regulated state, with the every-day

comforts of common life made durable and certain by the laws of a prosperous country, are at last far preferable to splendid luxuries precariously enjoyed under the consciousness of their possible privation when least expected by the hand of despotic power.

St. Carlo Borromaeo's colossal statue in bronze fixed up at the place of his nativity by the side of this beautiful water, fifteen miles from l'Isola Bella, was our next object of curiosity. It is wonderfully well proportioned for its prodigious magnitude, which, though often measured and well known, will never cease to astonish travellers, while twelve men can be easily contained in his head only, as some of our company had the curiosity to prove; but repented their frolic, as the metal heated by such a sun became insupportable. Abate Bianconi bid me remark that it was just the height of twelve men, each six feet high; that it is but just once and a half less than that erected by Nero, which gives name to the Roman Colosseo; that it is to be seen clearly at the distance of twelve miles, though placed to no advantage, as situation has been sacrificed to the greater propriety of setting it up upon the place where he was actually born, whose memory they hold, and justly, in such perfect veneration. I returned home persuaded that the cardinal's dress, though an unfavourable one to pictures, is very happily adapted to a colossal statue, as the three cloaks or petticoats made a sort of step-ladder drapery which takes off exceedingly from the offence that is given by too long lines to the eye.

We returned to our enchanted palace with music playing by our side: I never saw a party of pleasure carried on so happily. The weather was singularly bright and clear, the moon at full, the French-horns breaking the silence of the night, invited echo to answer them. The nine days (and we enjoyed seventeen or eighteen hours out of every twenty-four) seemed nine minutes. When we came home to our country-house in the Varesotto, verses and sonnets saluted our arrival, and congratulated our wedding-day.

The Madonna del Monte was the next show which called us abroad; it is within a few miles of our present sweet habitation, is celebrated for its prospect, and is indeed a very astonishing

spot of ground, exhibiting at one view the three cities of Turin, Milan, and Genoa; and leading the eye still forward into the South of France. The lakes, which to those who go o'pleasuring upon them, seem like seas, and very like the mouth of our river Dart, where she disgorges her elegantly-ornamented stream into the harbour at Kingsweare, here afford too little water in proportion, though five in number, and the largest fifty miles round. I scarcely ever saw so much land within the eye from any place. That the road should be adorned with chapels up the mountain is less strange: there is a church dedicated to the Virgin at top. We have one here in Italy in every district almost, as the rage of *worshipping on high places*, so expressly and repeatedly forbidden in scripture, has lasted surprisingly in the world. Every resting-place is marked, and decorated with statues cut in wood, and painted to imitate human life with very extraordinary skill. They are capital performances of their kinds, and most resemble, but I think excel, Mrs. Wright's finest figures in wax. A convent of nuns, situated on the summit of the hill, where these chapels end in an exceeding pretty church, entertained our large party with the most hospitable kindness: gave us a handsome dinner and delicious dessert. We diverted the ladies with a little concert in return, and passed a truly delightful day.

All the environs of this *Varesotto* are very charmingly varied with mountains, lakes, and cultivated life; the only fault in our prospect is the want of water. Had I told my companions of yesterday perhaps, that the view from *Madonna del Monte* reminded me of Chirk Castle Hill in North Wales, they would have laughed; yet from that extraordinary spot are to be distinctly seen several fertile counties, with many great, and many small towns, and a most extensive landscape, watered by the large and navigable rivers Severn and Dee, roughened by the mountains of Merionethshire, and bounded by the Irish sea: I think that view has scarce its equal any where; and, if any where, it is here in the vicinity of Varese, where many gay villas interspersed contribute to variegate and enliven a scene highly finished by the hand of Nature, and wanting little addition from her attendant *Art*.

Of the noblemen's seats in the neighbourhood it may indeed

be remarked, that however spacious the house, and however splendid the furniture may prove upon examination, however pompous the garden may be to the first glance, and the terraces however magnificent,—spiders are seldom excluded from the mansion, or weeds from the pleasure-ground of the possessor. A climate so warm would afford some excuse for this nastiness, could one observe the inhabitants were decomposed at such an effect from a good cause, or if one could flatter one's self that they themselves were hurt at it; but when they gravely display an embroidered bed or counterpane worthy of Arachne's fingers before her metamorphosis, covered over by her present labours, who can forbear laughing?—The gardener in two minutes arriving to assist you up slopes, all flourishing with cat's-tail and poppy; while your friends cry,—“*Here, this is nature! is it not? pure nature!—Tutto naturale sì, secondo l'uso Inglese*”³.”

Well! we have really passed a prodigiously gay *villegiatura* here in this charming country, where the snowy cap of the *gros* St. Bernard cools the air, though at so great a distance; and we have the pleasure of seeing Switzerland, without the pain of feeling its cold, or the fatigue of climbing its *glaciers*: the Alps of the Grisons rise up like a fortification behind us; the sun glows hot in our rich and fertile valleys, and throws up every vegetable production with all the poignant flavour that Summer can bestow; nor is shade wanting from the walnut and large chesnut trees, under which we often dine, and sing, and play at *tarocco*, and hear the horns and clarinets, while sipping our ice or swallowing our lemonade. The *cicala* now feels the genial influence of that heat she requires, but her voice here is weak, compared to the powers she displayed so much to our disturbance in Tuscany; and the *lucciola* has lost much of her scintillant beauty, but she darts up and down the hedges now and then. Here is an emerald-coloured butterfly, whose name I know not, plays over the lakes and standing pools, in a very pleasing abundance; the most exquisitely-tinted ephemerae frolic before one all day long; and Antiope flutters in every parterre, and shares the garden sweets with a pale primrose-coloured creature of her own kind, whose wings

³ All so natural and pretty,—quite in the English style.

are edged with brown, and, if I can remember right, bears the name of *hyale*. But we are not yet past the residence of scorpions, which certainly do commit suicide when provoked beyond all endurance; a story I had always heard, but never gave much credit to.

But I am disturbed from writing my book by the good-humoured gaiety of our cheerful friends, with whom we never sit down fewer than fourteen or fifteen to table I think, and surely never rise from it without many a genuine burst of honest merriment undisguised by affectation, unfettered by restraint. Our gentlemen make *improviso* rhymes, and cut comical faces; go out to the field after dinner, and play at a sort of blindman's buff, which they call breaking the pan; nor do the low ones in company arrange their minds as I see in compliment to the high ones, but tell their opinions with a freedom I little expected to find: mixed society is very rare among them, almost unknown it seems; but when they *do* mix at a country place like this, the great are kind, to do them justice, and the little not servile. They are wise indeed in making society easy to them, for no human being suffers solitude so ill as does an Italian. An English lady once made me observe, that a cat never purs when she is alone, let her have what meat and warmth she will; I think these social-spirited Milanese are like *her*, for they can hardly believe that there is existing a person, who would not willingly prefer any company to none: when we were at the islands three weeks ago,—“A charming place,” says one of our companions,—“*Cioè con un mondo d'amici così* ⁴.”—“But with one's own family, methinks,” said I, “and a good library of books, and this sweet lake to bathe in.”—“O!” cried they all at once, “*Dio ne liberi* ⁵.”—This is national character.

Why there are no birds of the watery kind, coots, wild ducks, cargeese, upon these lakes, nobody informs me: I have been often told that of Geneva swarms with them, and it is but a very few miles off: our people though have little care to ascertain such matters, and no desire at all to investigate effects and causes; those who study among them, study classic authors

⁴ That is, with a heap of friends about one in this manner.

⁵ Oh! God keep one from that.

and learn rhetoric; poetry too is by no means uncultivated at Milan, where the Abate Parini's satires are admirable, and so esteemed by those who themselves know very well how to write, and how to judge: common philosophy (*la physique*, as the French call it), geography, astronomy, chymistry, are oddly left behind somehow; and it is to their ignorance of these matters that I am apt to impute Italian credulity, to which every wonder is welcome.

We have now passed one day in Switzerland however, rowing to the little town Lugano over its pretty lake. The mountains at the end are a neat miniature of Vesuvius, Somma, &c.; and the situation altogether looks as a picture of Naples would look, if painted by Brughuel; but not so full of figures. A fanciful traveller too might be tempted to think he could discern some streaks of liberty in the manners of the people, if it were but in the inn-keeper at whose house we dined; this may however be merely my own prejudice, and somebody told me it was so.

We were shewn on one side the water as we went across, a small place called Campione, which is *feudo Imperiale*, and governed by the Padre Abate of a neighbouring convent, who has power even over the lives of his subjects for six years; at the expiration of which term another despot of the day is chosen—appointed I should have said; and the last returns to his original state, amenable however for any *very* shocking thing he may have done during the course of his dictatorship; and no complaint has been ever made yet of any such governor so circumstanced and appointed, whose conduct is commonly but too mild and clement. This I thought worth remarking, as consolatory to one's feelings.

Lugano meantime scorns absolute authority: our Cicerone there, in reply to the question asked in Italy three times a-day I believe—*Che Principe fa qui la sua residenza* ⁶?—replied, that they were plagued with no Principi at all, while the thirteen Cantons protected all their subjects; and though, as the man expressed it, only half of them were *Christians*, and the other half *Protestants*; no church or convent had ever wanted respect; while their town regularly received a monthly

⁶ What prince makes his residence here?

governor from every canton, and was perfectly contented with this ambulatory dominion. Here was the first gallows I have seen these two years. They have a pretty commerce too at Lugano for the size of the place, and the shopkeepers shew that officiousness and attention seldom observed in arbitrary states, where

Content, the bane of industry,

soon leads people to neglect the trouble of getting, for the pleasure of spending their money. One therefore sees the inhabitants of Italian cities for the most part merry and cheerful, or else pious and penitent; little attentive to their shops, but easily disposed to loiter under their mistress's window with a guitar, or rove about the streets at night with a pretty girl under their arm, singing as they go, or squeaking with a droll accent, if it is the time for masquerades. Fraud, avarice, ambition, are the vices of republican states and a cold climate; idleness, sensuality, and revenge, are the weeds of a warm country and monarchical governments. If these people are not good, they at least wish they were better; they do not applaud their own conduct when their passions carry them too far; nor rejoice, like old Moneytrap or Sir Giles Overreach, in their successful sins: but rather say with Racine's hero, translated by Philips, that

Pyrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice,
Or form excuses while his heart condemns him.

They beat their bosoms at the feet of a crucifix in the street, with no more hypocrisy than they beat a tambourine there; perhaps with no more effect neither, if no alteration of behaviour succeeds their contrition: yet when an Englishman (who is probably more ashamed of repenting than of sinning) accuses them of false pretensions to pious fervour, he wrongs them, and would do well to repent himself.

But a natural curiosity seen at Milan this 16th day of August 1786, leads my mind into another channel. I went to wait upon and thank the lady, or the relations of the lady, who lent us her house at Varese, and make our proper acknowledgments; and at that visit saw something very uncommon surely:

though I remember Doctor Johnson once said, that nobody had ever seen a very strange thing; and challenged the company (about seventeen people, myself among them) to produce a strange thing;—but I had not then seen Avvocato B——, a lawyer here at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews the cud like an ox; which he did at my request, and in my presence: he is apparently much like another tall stout man, but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists: his body, upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks; he can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure, and did absolutely in the course of two hours, the only two I ever passed in his company, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation of eating, masticating, swallowing, and returning by the mouth, a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction, nothing more was wanting; but I obtained beside, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewise to bear testimony of this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-spirited, nervous man; and I suppose his *ruminating* moments are spent in lamenting the singularities of his frame:—be this how it will, we have now no time to think any more of them, as we are packing up for a trip to Bergamo, a city I have not yet seen.

BERGAMO

Is built up a steep hill, like Lansdown road at Bath; the buildings not so regular; the prospect not inferior, but of a different kind, resembling that one sees from Wrotham hill in Kent, but richer, and presenting a variety beyond credibility, when it is premised that scarce any water can be seen, and that the plains of Lombardy are low and flat: within the eye however one may count all the original blessings bestowed on humankind, —corn, wine, oil, and fruit;—the inclosures being small too, and the trees *touffu*, as the French call it. No parterre was ever more beautifully disposed than are the fields surveyed from the summit of the hill, where stands the Marquis's palace elegantly sheltered by a still higher rising ground behind it, and

commanding from every window of its stately front a view of prodigious extent and almost unmatched beauty: as the diversification of colouring reminds one of nothing but the fine pavement at the Roman Pantheon, so curiously intersected are the patches of grass and grain, flax and vines, arable and tilth, in this happy disposition of earth and its most valuable products; while not a hedge fails to afford perfume that fills the very air with fragrance, from the sweet jessamine that, twisting through it, lends a weak support to the wild grapes, which, dangling in clusters, invite ten thousand birds of every European species I believe below the size of a pigeon. Nor is the taking of these creatures by the *roccolo* to be left out from among the amusements of Brescian and Bergamasc nobility; nor is the eating of them when taken to be despised: *beccaficos* and *ortolans* are here in high perfection; and it was from these northern districts of Italy I trust that Vitellius, and all the classic gluttons of antiquity, got their curious dishes of singing-bird pye, &c. The rich scent of melons at every cottage door is another delicious proof of the climate's fertility and opulence,—

Where every sense is lost in every joy,

as Hughes expresses it; and where, in the delightful villa of our highly accomplished acquaintance the Marquis of Aracieli, we have passed ten days in all the pleasures which wit could invent, money purchase, or friendship bestow. The last nobleman who resided here, father to the present lord, was *cavalier servente* to the immortal Clelia Borromæo, whose virtues and varieties of excellence would fill a volume; nor can there be a stronger proof of her uncommon, almost unequalled merit, than the long-continued esteem of the famous Vallisnieri, whose writings on natural history, particularly insects, are valued for their learning, as their author was respected for his birth and talents. Letters from him are still preserved in the family by Marchese Aracieli, and breathe admiration of the conduct, beauty, and extensive knowledge possessed by this worthy descendant of the Borromæan house; to whose incomparable qualities his father's steady attachment bore the truest testimony, while the son still speaks of her death with

tears, and delights in nothing more than in paying just tribute to her memory. He shewed me this pretty distich in her praise, made improvise by the celebrated philosopher Vallisnieri:

Contemptrix sexus, omniscia Clelia sexum,
Illustrat studio, moribus, arte metro ¹.

The Italians are exceedingly happy in the power of making verses improvise, either in their *old* or their *new* language: we were speaking the other day of the famous epigram in Ausonius;

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,
Hoc moriente fugis, hoc fugiente peris ².

Our equally noble and ingenious master of the house rendered it in Italian thus immediately:

Misera Dido! fra i nuziali ardori,
L'un muore e fuggi—l'altro fugge e muori.

This is more compressed and clever than that of Guarini *himself* I think,

Oh sfortunata Dido!
Mal fornita d'amante e di marito,
Ti fu quel traditor, l'altro tradito;
Morì l'uno e fuggisti,
Fuggì l'altro e moristi.

Though this latter has been preserved with many deserved eulogiums from Crescembini, and likewise by Mr. de Chevreau.

Could I clear my head of prejudice for such talents as I find here, and my heart of partial regard, which is in reality but grateful friendship, justly due from me for so many favours received; could I forget that we are now once more in the state of Venice, where every thing assumes an air of cheerfulness unknown to other places, I might perhaps perceive that the fair at Bergamo differs little from a fair in England, except that these cattle are whiter and ours larger. *How a score of*

¹ Her studies, manners, arts, to all proclaim
Fair Clelia's glory, and her sex's shame.

² Two lords in vain unlucky Dido tries;
One dead, she flies the land; one fled—she dies.

good ewes now? as Master Shallow says; but I really did ask the price of a pair of good strong oxen for work, and heard it was ten zecchines; about half the price given at Blackwater, but ours are stouter, and capable of rougher service. It is strange to me where these creatures are kept all the rest of the year, for except at fair time one very seldom sees them, unless in actual employment of carting, ploughing, &c. Nothing is so little animated by the sight of living creatures as an Italian prospect. No sheep upon their hills, no cattle grazing in their meadows, no water-fowl, swans, ducks, &c. upon their lakes; and when you leave Lombardy, no birds flying in the air, save only from time to time betwixt Florence and Bologna, a solitary kite soaring over the surly Appenines, and breaking the immense void which fatigues the eye; a ragged lad or wench too now and then leading a lean cow to pick among the hedges, has a melancholy appearance, the more so as it is always fast held by a string, and struggles in vain to get loose. These however are only consequences of luxuriant plenty, for where the farmer makes four harvests of his grass, and every other speck of ground is profitably covered with grain, vines, &c. all possibility of open pasturage is precluded. Horses too, so ornamental in an English landscape, will never be seen loose in an Italian one, as they are all *chevaux entiers*, and cannot be trusted in troops together as ours are, even if there was ground uninclosed for them to graze on, like the common lands in Great Britain. A nobleman's park is another object never to be seen or expected in a country, where people would really be deserving much blame did they retain in their hands for mere amusement ten or twelve miles circuit of earth, capable to produce two or three thousand pounds a-year profit to their families, beside making many tenants rich and happy in the mean time. I will confess, however, that the absence of all these *agréments* gives a flatness and uniformity to the views which we cannot complain of in England; but when Italians consider the cause, they will have reason to be satisfied with the effect, especially while vegetable nature flourishes in full perfection, while every step crushes out perfume from the trodden herbs, and those in the hedges dispense with delightful liberality a fragrance that enchants one. Hops and pyracanthus cover the sides of every cottage; and the scent of truffles at-

tracts, and the odour of melons gratifies one's nerves, when driving among the habitations of fertile Lombardy.

The old church here of mingled Gothic and Grecian architecture pleased me exceedingly, it sends one back to old times so, and shews one the progress of *barbarism*, rapid and gigantic in its strides, to overturn, confound, and destroy what taste was left in the world at the moment of its *onset*. Here is a picture of the Israelites passing over the Red Sea, which Luca Giordano, contrary to his usual custom, seems to have taken pains with, a rarity of course; and here are some single figures of the prophets, heroes, and judges of the Old Testament, painted with prodigious spirit indeed, by Ciro Ferri. That which struck me as most capital, was Gideon wringing the dew out of the fleece, full of character and glowing with expression.

The theatre has fallen down, but they are building it up again with a nicety of proportion that will ensure it from falling any more. Italians cannot live without a theatre; they have erected a temporary one to serve during the fair time, and even that is beautiful. The Terzetto of charming Guglielmi was sung last night; I liked it still better than when we heard it performed by singers of more established reputation at St. Carlo; but then I like every thing at Bergamo, till it comes to the thunder storms, which are far more innoxious here than at Naples or in Tuscany.

We could contemplate electricity from this fine hill yesterday with great composure, being amused with her caprices and not endangered by her anger. There has however been a fierce tempest in the neighbourhood, which has greatly lowered the spirits of the farmer; and we have been told another tale, that lowers mine much more as an Englishwoman, because the people of this town complain of strange failure in their accustomed orders for silk from England, and the foreigners make disgraceful conjectures about our commerce, in consequence of that failure.

Here is a report prevailing too, of King George III. being assassinated, which, though we all know to be false, fails not to produce much unpleasant talk. Were the Londoners aware of the diffusion of their newspapers, and the strange ideas taken up by foreigners about things which pass by *us* like a day

dream, I think more caution would be used, and characters less lightly hung up to infamy or ridicule, on which those very prints mean not to bestow so lasting or severe a punishment, as their ill word produces at a distance from home, whither the contradiction often misses though the report arrives, and mischief, originally little intended, becomes the fatal consequence of a joke. But it is time to return to

MILAN,

Whence I went for my very first airing to Casa Simonetti, in search of the echo so celebrated by my country-folks and fellow-travellers, but did not find all that has been said of it strictly true. It certainly does repeat a single sound more than seventy times, but has no power to give back by reverberation a whole sentence. I have met too with another petty mortification; having been taught by Cave to expect, that in our Ambrosian library here at Milan, there was a MS. of Boethius preserved relative to his condemnation, and confessing his design of subverting the Gothic government in Lombardy. I therefore prevailed on Canonico Palazzi, a learned old ecclesiastic, to go with me and beg a sight of it. The præfect politely promised indulgence, but referred me to a future day; and when we returned again at the time appointed, shewed me only Père Mabillon's book, in which we read that it is to be found no where but at Florence, in the library of Lorenzo de Medicis. We were however shewn some curiosities to compensate our trouble, particularly the skeleton of the lady mentioned by Dr. Moore and Lady Millar with some contempt. This is the copy of her inscription:

ÆGROTANTIUM
SANITATI
MORTUORUM
INSPECTIONE
VIVENTES
PROSPICERE
POSSINT
HUNC
ΣΚΕΛΕΤΟΝ
P.

A MS. of the Consolations of Philosophy, very finely written in the tenth century, and kept in elegant preservation;—a private common-place of Leonardo da Vinci never shewn, full of private memoirs, caricaturas, hints for pictures, sketches, remarks, &c.; it is invaluable. But there is another treasure in this town, the præfect tells me, by the same inimitable master, no other than an alphabet, pater noster, &c. written out by himself for the use of his own little babies, and ornamented with vignettes, &c. to tempt them to study it. I shall not see it however, as Conte Trivulci is out of town, to whom it belongs. I have not neglected to go see the monument erected to one of his family, with the famous inscription,

Hic quiescit qui nunquam quievit;

preserved by father Bouhours. The same day shewed me the remains of a temple to Hercules, with many of the fine old pillars still standing. They are soon to be taken down we hear for the purpose of widening the street, as Carfax was at Oxford.

My hunger after a journey to Pavia is much abated; since professor Villa, whose erudition is well known, and whose works do him so much honour, informed me that the inscription said by Père Mabillon still to subsist in praise of Boethius, is long since perished by time; nor do they now shew the brick tower in which it is said he was confined while he wrote his Consolations of Philosophy: for the tower is fallen to the ground, and so is the report, every body being now persuaded that they were composed in a strong place then standing upon the spot called Calventianus Ager, from the name of a noble house to which it had belonged for ages, and which I am told Cicero mentions as a family half Placentian, half Milanese. The field still goes by the name of *Il Campo Calvenziano*; but, as it now belongs to people careless of remote events, however interesting to literature, is not adorned by any obelisk, or other mark, to denote its past importance, in having been once the scene of sufferings gloriously endured by the most zealous Christian, the most steady patriot, and the most refined philosopher of the age in which he lived.

I have seen a fine MS. of the Consolations copied in the

tenth century, not only legible but beautiful; and I have been assured that the hymns written by his first wife Elpis, who, though she brought him no children, as Bertius says, was yet *fida curarum, et studiorum socia*¹, are still sung in the Romish churches at Brescia and Bergamo, somewhat altered from the state we find them in at the end of Cominus's edition of the Consolations.

Tradition too, I find, agrees with Procopius in telling that the widow of Boethius, Rusticiana, daughter of Symmachus, spent all the little money she had left in hiring people to throw down in the night all the statues set up in Rome to the honour of Theodoric, who had sentenced her husband to a death so dreadful, that it gave occasion to many fabulous tales reported by Martin Rota as miraculous truths. His bones, gathered up as relics by Otho III. were placed in a chapel dedicated to St. Austin in St. Peter's church at Pavia four hundred and seventy-two years after his death, with an epitaph preserved by Père Mabillon, but now no longer legible.

We are now cutting hay here for the last time this season, and all the environs smell like spring on this 15th September 1786. The autumnal tint, however, falls fast upon the trees, which are already rich with a deep yellow hue. A wintry feel upon the atmosphere early in a morning, heavy fogs about noon, and a hollow wind towards the approach of night, make it look like the very last week of October in England, and warn us that summer is going. The same circumstances prompt me, who am about to forsake this her favourite region, to provide furs, flannels, &c. for the passing of those Alps which look so formidable when covered with snow even at their present distance. Our swallows are calling their clamorous council round me while I write; but the butterflies still flutter about in the middle of the day, and grapes are growing more wholesome as with us when the mornings begin to be frosty. Our deserts, however, do not remind us of Tuscany: the cherries here are not particularly fine, and the peaches all part from the stone—miserable things! an English gardener would not send them to table: the figs too were infinitely finer at Leghorn, and nectarines have I never seen at all.

¹ Faithful to his cares, and companionable in his studies.

Well, here is the opera begun again; some merry wag, Abate Casti I think, has accommodated and adapted the old story of king Theodore to put in ridicule the present king of Sweden, who is hated of the emperor for some political reasons I forget what, and he of course patronises the jester. Our honest Lombards, however, take no delight in mimicry, and feel more disgust than pleasure when simplicity is insulted, or distress made more corrosive by the bitterness of a scoffing spirit. I have tried to see whether they would laugh at any oddity in their neighbour's manner, but never could catch any, except perhaps now and then a sly Roman who had a liking for it. "I see nothing absurd about the man," says one gentleman; "every body may have some peculiarity, and most people have; but such things make me no sport: let us, when we have a mind to laugh, go and laugh at Punchinello."—From such critics, therefore, the king of Sweden is safe enough, as they have not yet acquired the taste of hunting down royalty, and crowing with infantine malice, when possessed of the mean hope that they are able to pinch a noble heart. This old-fashioned country, which detests the sight of suffering majesty, hisses off its theatre a performance calculated to divert them at the expence of a sovereign prince, whose character is clear from blame, and whose personal weaknesses are protected by his birth and merit; while it is to his open, free, and politely generous behaviour alone, they owe the knowledge that he *has* such foibles. Paisiello, therefore, cannot drive it down by his best music, though the poor king of Sweden is a Lutheran too, and if any thing would make them hate him, *that* would.

One vice, however, sometimes prevents the commission of another, and that same prevailing idea which prompts these prejudiced Romanists to conclude him doomed to lasting torments who dares differ from them, though in points of no real importance, inspires them at the same time with such compassion for his supposed state of predestinated punishment, that they rather incline to defend him from further misery, and kindly forbear to heap ridicule in this world upon a person who is sure to suffer eternal damnation in the other.

How melancholy that people who possess such hearts should

have the head thus perversely turned! I can attribute it but to one cause; their strange neglect and forbearance to read and study God's holy word: for not a very few of them have I found who seem to disbelieve the Old Testament entirely, yet remain steadily and strenuously attached to the precedence their church claims over every other; and who shall wonder if such a combination of bigotry with scepticism should produce an evaporation of what little is left of popery from the world, as emetics triturated with opium are said to produce a sudorific powder which no earthly constitution can resist?

But the Spanish grandee, who not only entertained but astonished us all one night with his conversation at Quirini's Casino at Venice, is arrived here at Milan, and plays upon the violin. He challenged acquaintance with us in the street, half invited himself to our private concert last night, and did us the honour to perform there, with the skill of a professor, the eager desire of a dilettante, and the tediousness of a solitary student; he continued to amaze, delight, and fatigue us for four long hours together. He is a man of prodigious talents, and replete with variety of knowledge. A new dance has been tried at here too, but was not well received, though it represents the terrible story which, under Madame de Genlis' pen, had such uncommon success among the reading world, and is called *La sepolta viva*; but as the duchess Girafalco, whose misfortune it commemorates, is still alive, the pantomime will probably be suppressed: for she has relations at Milan it seems, and one lady distinguished for elegance of form, and charms of voice and manner, told me yesterday with equal sweetness, spirit, and propriety, that though the king of Naples sent his soldiers to free her aunt from that horrible dungeon where she had been nine years confined, yet if her miseries were to become the subject of stage representation, she could hardly be pronounced happy, or even at ease. Truth is, I would be loath to see the spirit of producing every one's private affairs, true or false, before the public eye, spread into *this* country: No! let that humour be confined to Great Britain, where the thousand real advantages resulting from living in a free state, richly compensate for the violations of delicacy annexed to it; and where the laws do protect, though the individuals insult

one: but *here*, why the people would be miserable indeed, if to the oppression which may any hour be exercised over them by their prince, were likewise to be added the liberties taken perpetually in London by one's next door neighbour, of tearing forth every transaction, and publishing even every conjecture to one's disadvantage.

With these reflections, and many others, excited by gratitude to private friends, and general admiration of a country so justly esteemed, we shall soon take our leave of Milan, famed for her truly hospitable disposition; a temper of mind sometimes abused by travellers perhaps, whose birth and pretensions are seldom or ever inquired into, whilst no people are more careful of keeping their rank inviolate by never conversing on equal terms with a countryman or woman of their own, who cannot produce a proper length of ancestry.

I will not leave them though, without another word or two about their language, which, though it sounded strangely coarse and broad to be sure, as we returned home from Florence, Rome, and Venice, I felt sincerely glad to hear again; and have some notion by their way of pronouncing *bicchiere*, a word used here to express every thing that holds water, that our *pitcher* was probably derived from it; and the Abate Divecchio, a polite scholar, and an uncommonly agreeable companion, seemed to think so too. His knowledge of the English language, joined to the singular power he has over his own elegant Tuscan tongue, made me torment him with a variety of inquiries about these confusing dialects, which leave me at last little chance to understand any, whilst a child is called *bambino* at Florence, *putto* at Venice, *schiatto* at Bergamo, and *creatura* at Rome; and at Milan they call a wench *tosa*: an apron is *grembiule* at Florence I think, *traversa* at Venice, *bigarrol* at Brescia and some other parts of Lombardy, *senale* at Rome, and at Milan *scozzà*. A foreigner may well be distracted by varieties so striking; but the turn and idiom differ ten times more still, and I love to hear our Milanese call an oak *robur* rather than *quercia* somehow, and tell a lady when dressed in white, that she is *tutto in albedine*.

On Friday the 22d of September then we left Milan, and I dropt a tear or two in remembrance of the many civilities

shewn by our kind and partial companions. The Abate Bianconi made me wild to go to Dresden, and enjoy the Correggios now moved from Modena to that gallery. I find he thinks the old Romans pronounced Cicero and Cæsar as the moderns do, and many English scholars are of the same mind; but here are coins dug up now out of the Veronese mountain with the word Carolus, spelt *Karrulus*, upon them quite plain; and Christus was spelt *Kristus* in Vespasian's time it is certain, because of the player's monument at Rome.—Dr. Johnson, I remember, was always steady to that opinion; but it is time to leave all this, and rejoice in my third arrival at gay, cheerful, charming

VERONA,

Whither some sweet leave-taking verses have followed us, written by the facetious Abate Ravasi, a native of Rome, but for many years an inhabitant of Milan. His agreeable sonnet, every line ending with *tutto*, being upon a subject of general importance, would serve as a better specimen of his abilities than lines dictated only by partial friendship;—but I hear *that* is already circulated about the world, and printed in one of our magazines; to them let him trust his fame, they will pay my just debts.

We have now seen this enchanting spot in spring, summer, and autumn; nor could winter's self render it undelightful, while uniting every charm, and gratifying every sense. Greek and Roman antiquities salute one at the gates; Gothic remains render each place of worship venerable: Nature in her holiday dress decks the environs, and society animates with intellectual fire the amiable inhabitants. Oh! were I to live here long, I should not only excuse, but applaud the Scaligers for straining probability, and neglecting higher praise, only to claim kindred with the Scalas of Verona. Improvisation at this place pleases me far better than it did in Tuscany. Our truly-learned Abate Lorenzi astonishes all who hear him, by *repeating*, not *singing*, a series of admirably just and well-digested thoughts, which he, and he alone, possesses the power of arranging suddenly as if by magic, and methodically as if by study, to rhymes the most melodious, and most varied; while the Abbé

Bertola, of the university at Pavia, gives one pleasure by the same talent in a manner totally different, singing his unpremeditated strains to the accompaniment of a harpsichord, round which stand a little chorus of friends, who interpolate from time to time two lines of a well-known song, to which he pleasingly adapts his compositions, and goes on gracing the barren subject, and adorning it with every possible decoration of wit, and every desirable elegance of sentiment. Nothing can surely surpass the happy promptitude of his expression, unless it is the brilliancy of his genius.

We were in a large company last night, where a beautiful woman of quality came in dressed according to the present taste, with a gauze head-dress, adjusted turbanwise, and a heron's feather; the neck wholly bare. Abate Bertola bid me look at her, and, recollecting himself a moment, made this Epigram improvise:

Volto e Crin hai di Sultana,
Perchè mai mi vien disdetto,
Sodducente Mussulmana
Di gittarti il *Fazzoletto*?

of which I can give no better imitation than the following:

While turban'd head and plumage high
A Sultanness proclaims my Cloe;
Thus tempted, tho' no Turk, I'll try
The handkerchief you scorn—to throw ye.

This is however a weak specimen of his powers, whose charming fables have so completely, in my mind, surpassed all that has ever been written in that way since La Fontaine. I am strongly tempted to give one little story out of his pretty book.

Una lucertoletta
Diceva al cocodrillo,
Oh quanto mi diletta
Di veder finalmente
Un della mia famiglia
Si grande e si potente!
Ho fatto mille miglia
Per venirvi a vedere,

Mentre tra noi si serba
Di voi memoria viva;
Benche fuggiam tra l'erba
E il sassoso sentiero:
In sen però non langue
L'onor del prisco sangue.
L'anfibio re dormiva
A questi complimenti,
Pur sugli ultimi accenti
Dal sonno se riscosse
E dimandò chi fosse?
La parentela antica,
Il viaggio, la fatica,
Quella tornò a dire,
Ed ei tornò a dormire.

Lascia i grandi ed i potenti,
A sognar per parenti;
Puoi cortesi stimarli
Se dormon mentre parli.

Walking full many a weary mile
The lizard met the crocodile;
And thus began—how fat, how fair,
How finely guarded, Sir, you are!
'Tis really charming thus to see
One's kindred in prosperity.
I've travell'd far to find your coast,
But sure the labour was not lost:
For you must think we don't forget
Our loving cousin now so great;
And tho' our humble habitations
Are such as suit our slender stations,
The honour of the lizard blood
Was never better understood.

Th' amphibious prince, who slept content,
Ne'er listening to her compliment,
At this expression rais'd his head,
And—Pray who are you? coolly said;
The little creature now renew'd
Her history of toils subdu'd,

Her zeal to see her cousin's face,
 The glory of her ancient race;
 But looking nearer, found my lord
 Was fast asleep again—and snor'd.

Ne'er press upon a rich relation
 Rais'd to the ranks of higher station;
 Or if you will disturb your coz,
 Be happy that he does but doze.

But I will not be seduced by the pleasure of praising my sweet friends at Verona, to lengthen this chapter with further panegyrics upon a place I leave with the truest tenderness, and with the sincerest regret; while the correspondence I hope long to maintain with the charming Contessa Mosconi, must compensate all it can for the loss of her agreeable Coterie, where my most delightful evenings have been spent; where so many topics of English literature have been discussed; where Lorenzi read Tasso to us of an afternoon, Bertola made verses, and the Cavalier Pindemonte conversed; where the three Graces, as they are called, joined their sweet voices to sing when satiety of pleasure made us change our mode of being happy, and kept one from wishing ever to hear any thing else; while countess Carminati sung Bianchi's duets with the only tenor fit to accompany a voice so touching, and a taste so refined. *Verona! qui te viderit, et non amarit*, says some old writer, I forget who, *protinus amore perditissimo; is credo se ipsum non amat*¹. Indeed I never saw people live so pleasingly together as these do; the women apparently delighting in each other's company, without mean rivalry, or envy of those accomplishments which are commonly bestowed by heaven with diversity enough for all to have their share. The world surely affords room for every body's talents, would every body that possessed them but think so; and were malice and affectation once completely banished from cultivated society, *Verona* might be found in many places perhaps; she is now confined, I think, to the sweet state of *Venice*.

¹ Whoever sees thee without being smitten with extraordinary passion, must, I think, be incapable of loving even himself.

JOURNEY
*through*TRENT, INSPRUCK, MUNICK, *and*
SALTZBURG, *to* VIENNA.

The Tyrolese Alps are not as beautiful as those of Savoy, though the river that runs between them is wider too; but that very circumstance takes from the horror which constitutes beauty in a rocky country, while a navigable stream and the passage of large floats convey ideas of commerce and social life, leaving little room for the solitary fancies produced, and the strokes of sublimity indelibly impressed, by the mountains of La Haute Morienne. The sight of a town where all the theological learning of Europe was once concentrated, affords however much ground of mental amusement; while the sight of two nations, not naturally congenial, living happily together, as the Germans and Italians here do, is pleasing to all.

We saw the apartments of the Prince Bishop, but found few things worth remarking, except that in the pictures of Carlo Loti there is a shade of the Flemish school to be discerned, which was pretty as we are now hard upon the confines. Our sovereign here keeps his little menagerie in a mighty elegant style: the animals possess an insulated rock, surrounded by the Adige, and planted with every thing that can please them best; the wild, or more properly the predatory creatures, are confined, but in very spacious apartments; with each a handsome outlet for amusement: while such as are granivorous rove at pleasure over their domain, to which their master often comes in summer to eat ice at a banquetting house erected for him in the middle, whence a prospect of a peculiar nature is enjoyed; great beauty, much variety, and a very limited horizon, like some of the views about Bath.

At the death of one prince another is chosen, and government carried on as at Rome in miniature. We staid here two nights and one day, thought perpetually of Matlock and Ivy Bridge, and saw some rarities belonging to a man who shewed us a picture of our Saviour's circumcision, and told us it was

San Simeone, a baby who having gone through many strange operations and torments among some Jews who stole him from his parents, as the story goes here at Trent, they murdered him at last, and he became a saint and a martyr, to whom much devotion is paid at this place, though I fancy he was never heard of any where else.

The river soon after we left Trent contracted to a rapid and narrow torrent, such as dashes at the foot of the Alps in Savoy; the rocks grew more pointed, and the prospects gained in sublimity at every step; though the neatness of the culture, and quantity of vines, with the variegated colouring of the woods, continued to excite images more soft than formidable, less solemn than lovely. The barberry bushes bind every mountain round the middle as with a scarlet sash, and when we looked down upon them from a house situated as if in the place which the Frenchman seemed to have a notion of, when he thought the aërian travellers were gone *au lieu où les vents se forment*, they looked wonderfully pretty. The cleanliness and comfort with which we are now lodged at every inn, evince our distance from France however, and even from Italy, where low ceilings, clean windows, and warm rooms, are deemed pernicious to health, and destructive of true delight. Here however we find ourselves cruelly distressed for want of language, and must therefore depend on our eyes only, not our ears, for information concerning the golden house, or more properly the golden roof, long known to subsist at Inspruck. The story, as well as I can gather it, is this: That some man was reproached with spending more than he could afford, till some of his neighbours cried out, "Why he'll roof his house with gold soon, but who shall pay the expence?"—"I will;" quoth the piqued German, and actually did gild his tiles. My heart tells me however, though my memory will not call up the particulars, that I have heard a tale very like this before now; but one is always listening to the same stories I think: At Rome, when they shew a fine head lightly sketched by Michael Angelo, they inform you how he left it on Raphael's wall, after the manner of Apelles and Protogenes; it is called *Testa di Ciambellaro*, because he came disguised as a seller of *ciambelle*, or little biscuits, while Raphael's scholars were

painting at the Farnesini. At Milan, when they point out to you the extraordinary architecture of the church *detto il Giardino*, the roof of which is supported by geometrical dependance of one part upon another, without columns or piers, they tell how the architect ran away the moment it was finished, for fear its sudden fall might disgrace him. This tale was very familiar to me, I had heard it long ago related of a Welch bridge; but it is better only say what is true.

This is a sweetly situated town, and a rapid stream runs through it as at Trent; and it is no small comfort to find one's self once more waited on by clean looking females, who make your bed, sweep your room, &c. while the pewters in the little neat kitchens, as one passes through, amaze me with their brightness, that I feel as if in a new world, it is *so* long since I have seen any metal but gold unencrusted by nastiness, and gold *will* not be dirty.

The clumsy churches here are more violently crowded with ornaments than I have found them yet; and for one crucifix or Madonna to be met with on Italian roads, here are at least forty; an ill carved and worse painted figure of a bleeding Saviour, large as life, meets one at every turn; and I feel glad when the odd devotion of the inhabitants hangs a clean shirt or laced waistcoat over it, or both. Another custom they have wholly new to me, that of keeping the real skeletons of their old nobles, or saints, or any one for whom they have peculiar veneration, male or female, in a large clean glass box or crystal case, placed horizontally, and dressed in fine scarlet and gold robes, the poor naked skull crowned with a coronet, and the feet peeping out below the petticoats. These melancholy objects adorn all their places of worship, being set on brackets by the wall inside, and remind me strangely of our old ballad of Death and the Lady;

Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside, &c.

No body ever mentions that Inspruck is subject to fires, and I wonder at it, as the roofs are all wood cut tile-ways, and heavily pensile, like our barns in England, for the snow to roll off the easier.

Well! we are far removed indeed from Italian architecture,

Italian sculpture, and Italian manners; but here are twenty-eight old kings, or keyzers, as our German friends call them, large as life, and of good solid bronze, curiously worked to imitate lace, embroidery, &c. standing in two rows, very extraordinarily, up one of their churches. I have not seen more frowning visages or finer dresses for a long time; and here is a warm feel as one passes by the houses, even in the street, from the heat of the stoves, which most ingeniously conceal from one's view that most cheerful of all sights in cold weather, a good fire. This seems a very unnecessary device, and the heated porcelain is apt to make one's head ache beside; all for the sake of this cunning contrivance, to make one enjoy the effect of fire without seeing the cause.

The women that run about the town, mean time, take the nearest way to be warm, wrapping themselves up in cloth clothes, like so many fishermen at the mouth of the Humber, and wear a sort of rug cap grossly unbecoming. But too great an attention to convenience disgusts as surely as too little; and while a Venetian wench apparently seeks only to captivate the contrary sex, these German girls as plainly proclaim their resolution not to sacrifice a grain of personal comfort for the pleasure of pleasing all the men alive.

How truly hateful are extremes of every thing each day's experience convinces; from superstition and infidelity, down to the Fribble and the Brute, one's heart abhors the folly of reversing wrong to look for right, which lives only in the middle way; and Solomon, the wisest man of any age or nation, places the sovereign good in mediocrity of every thing, moral, political, and religious.

With this good axiom of *ne quid nimis*¹ in our mouths and minds, we should not perhaps have driven so very hard; but a less effort would have detained us longer from the finest object I almost ever saw; the sun rising between six and seven o'clock upon the plains of Munich, and discovering to our soothed sight a lovely champain country, such as might be called a flat I fear, by those who were not like us accustomed to a hilly one; but after four-and-twenty hours passed among the Alps, I feel

¹ Nothing too much.

sincerely rejoiced to quit the clouds and get upon a level with human creatures, leaving the goats and chamois to delight as they do in bounding from rock to rock, with an agility that amazes one.

Our weather continuing particularly fine, it was curious to watch one picturesque beauty changing for another as we drove along; for no sooner were the rich vineyards and small inclosures left behind, than large pasture lands filled with feeding or reposing cattle, cows, oxen, horses, fifty in a field perhaps, presented to our eyes an object they had not contemplated for two years before, and revived ideas of England, which had long lain buried under Italian fertility.

Instead of lying down to rest, having heard we had friends at the same inn, we ran with them to see the picture gallery, more for the sake of doing again what we had once done before at Paris with the same agreeable company, than with any hope of entertainment, which however upon trial was found by no means deficient. Had there been no more than the glow of colouring which results from the sight of so many Flemish pictures at once, it must have struck one forcibly; but the murder of the Innocents by Rubens, a great performance, gave me an opportunity of observing the different ways by which that great master, Guido Rheni, and Le Brun, lay hold of the human heart. The difference does not however appear to me inspired at all by what we term national character; for the inhabitants of Germany are reckoned slow to anger, and of phlegmatic dispositions, while a Frenchman is accounted light and airy in his ideas, an Italian fiery and revengeful. Yet Rubens's principal figure follows the ruffian who has seized her child, and with a countenance at once exciting and expressive of horror, endeavours, and almost arrives at tearing both his eyes out. One actually sees the fellow struggling between his efforts to hold the infant fast, and yet rid himself of the mother, while blood and anguish apparently follow the impression her nails are making in the tenderest parts of his face. Guido, on the contrary, in one of the churches at Bologna, exhibits a beautiful young creature of no mean rank, elegant in her affliction, and lovely in her distress, sitting with folded arms upon the fore-ground, contemplating the cold corpse of

her murdered baby; his nurse wringing her hands beside them, while crowds of distracted parents fill the perspective, and the executioners themselves appear to pay unwilling obedience to their inhuman king, who is seen animating them himself from the top of a distant tower.—Le Brun mean time, with more imagination and sublimity than either, makes even brute animals seem sensible, and shudder at a scene so dreadful; while the very horses who should bear the cruel prince over the theatre of his crimes, snort and tremble, and turning away with uncontrollable fury, refuse by trampling in their blood to violate such injured innocence!—Enough of this.

The patient German is seen in all they shew us, from the painting of Brughuel to the music of Haydn. A friend here who speaks good Italian shewed us a collection of rarities, among which was a picture formed of butterflies wings; and a set of boxes one within another, till my eyes were tired with trying to discern, and the patience of my companions was wearied with counting them, when the number passed seventy-three: this amusement has at least the grace of novelty to recommend it. I had not formed to myself an idea of such unmeaning, such tasteless, yet truly elaborate nicety of workmanship, as may be found in the Elector's chapel, where every relic reposes in some frame, enamelled and adorned with a minuteness of attention and delicacy of manual operation that astonishes. The prodigious quantity of these gold or ivory figures, finished so as to require a man's whole life to each of them, are of immense value in their way at least, and fill one's mind with a sort of petty and frivolous wonder totally unexperienced till now, bringing to one's recollection every hour Pope's famous line—

Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around!

The contrast between this chapel and Capella Borghese never left my fancy for a moment: but if the cost of these curious trifles caused my continued surprise, how was that surprise increased by observing the bed-chamber of the Elector; where they told us that no less than one hundred thousand pounds sterling were buried under loads of gold tissue, red velvet, and

old-fashioned carved work, without the merit even of an attempt towards elegance or taste?

Nimphenbourg palace and gardens reminded me of English gardening forty years ago, while—

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

I do think I can recollect going with my parents and friends to see Lord Royston's seat at Wrest, when we lived in Hertfordshire, in the year 1750; and it was just such a place as Nimphenbourg is at this day. Now for some just praise: every thing is kept so neat here, so clean, so sweet, so comfortably nice, that it is a real pleasure somehow either to go out in this town or stay at home: the public baths are delicious; the private rooms with boarded floors, all swept, and brushed, and dusted, that not a cobweb can be seen in Munich, except one kept for a rarity, with the Virgin and Child worked in it, and wrought to such an unrivalled pitch of delicate fineness, that till we held it up to the light no naked eye could discern the figures it contained, till a microscope soon discovered the skill and patience requisite to its production;—great pains indeed, and little effect! We have left the country where things were exactly the reverse,—great effect, and little pains! But it is the same in every thing.

The women's scrupulous attention to keep their persons clear from dirt, makes their faces look doubly fair; their complexions have quite a lustre upon them, like some of our wenches in the West of England, whose transparent skins shew, by the motion of the blood beneath, an illuminated countenance that stands in the place of eye-language, and betrays the sentiments of the innocent heart with uncontrollable sincerity. These girls however will not be found to attract or retain lovers, like an Italian, whose black eyes and white teeth (though their possessor thinks no more of cleaning the last-named beauty than the first) tell her mind clearly, and with little pains again produce certain and strong effect. Our stiff gold-stuff cap here too, as round, as hard, and as heavy as an old Japan China bason, and not very unlike one, is by no means favourable to the face, as it is clapped close round the

head, the hair combed all smooth out of sight, and a plaited border of lace to it made firm with double-sprigged wire; giving its wearer all the hardness and prim look of a Quaker, without that idea of simplicity which in their dress compensates for the absence of every ornament.

The gentlemen's *manière de s'ajuster* is to me equally striking: an old nobleman who takes delight in shewing us the glories of his little court (where I have a notion he himself holds some honourable office) came to dine with us yesterday in a dressed coat of fine, clean, white broad-cloth, laced all down with gold, and lined with crimson sattin, of which likewise the waistcoat was made, and laced about with a narrower lace, but pretty broad too; so that I thought I saw the very coat my father went in to the old king's birth-day five and thirty years ago. There is more stateliness too and ceremonious manners in the conversation of this gentleman, and the friends he introduced us to, than I have of late been accustomed to; and they fatigue one with long, dry, uninteresting narratives. The innkeepers are honest, but inflexible; the servants silent and sullen; the postillions slow and inattentive; and every thing exhibits the reverse of what we have left behind.

The treasures of this little Elector are prodigious, his jewels superb; the Electress's pearls are superior in size and regularity to those at Loretto, but that distinguished by the name of the "Pearl of the Palatinate" is surely incomparable, and, as such, always carried to the election of a new Emperor, when each brings his finest possession in his hand, like the Princess of Babylon's wooers,—which was perhaps meant by Voltaire as a joke upon the custom. This pearl is about the bigness and shape of a very fine filberd, the upper part or cap of it jet black, smooth and perfectly beautiful; *it is unique in the known world.*

Our Prince's dinner here is announced by the sound of drums and trumpets, and he has always a concert playing while he dines: pomp is at this place indeed so artfully substituted instead of general consequence, that while one remains here one scarcely feels aware how little any one but his own courtiers can be thinking about the Elector of Bavaria; but

ceremony is of most use where there is least importance, and glitter best hides the want of solidity.

From Munich to Saltzburg nothing can exceed the beauties of the country; whole woods, and we may say forests, of evergreen timber, keep all idea of winter kindly at a distance: the road lies through these elegantly-varied thickets, which sometimes are formed of cedars, often of foxtailed pines, while a pale larch sometimes, and gloomy cypress, hinder the verdure from being too monotonous; here are likewise mingled among them some oak and beech of a majestic size. Nor do our prospects want that dignity which mountains alone can bestow; those which separate Bavaria from Hungary are high, and of considerable extent; a long range they are of bulky fortifications, behind which I am informed the country is far coarser than here.

The cathedral at Saltzburg is modern, built upon the model of St. Peter's at Rome, but on a small scale: one now sees how few the defects are of that astonishing pile, though brought close to one's eye, by being stript of the awful magnitude that kept examination at a distance. The musical bells remind me of those at Bath, and every thing here seems, as at Bath, the work of this present century; but there is a Benedictine convent seated on the top of a hill above the town, of exceeding antiquity, founded before the conquest of England by William the Norman; under which lie its founder and protectors, the old Dukes of Bavaria; which they are happy to shew travellers, with the registered account of their young Prince *Adam*, who came over to our island with William, and gained a settlement: they were pleased when I proved to them, that his blood was not yet wholly extinct among us.

A fever hindered us here from looking at the salt-works, from which the city takes its name: but the water-works at Heelbrun pleased us for a moment; and I never saw beavers live so happily as with the Archbishop of Saltzburg, who suffers, and even encourages, his tame ones to dig, and build, and amuse themselves their own way: he has fish too which eat out of his hand, and are not carp, but I do not know what they are; my want of language distracts me. These German streams appear to us particularly pellucid, and, by what I can gather

from the people, this water never freezes. The taste of gardening seems just what ours was in England before Stowe was planned, and they divert you now with puppets moved by concealed machinery, as I recollect their doing at places round London, called the Spaniard at Hampstead and Don Saltero's at Chelsea.

The Prince Archbishop's income is from three to four hundred thousand a year I understand, and he spends it among his subjects, who half adore him. His chief delight is in brute animals they tell me, particularly horses, which engross so much of his attention that he keeps one hundred and seventeen for his own private and personal use, of various merits, beauties, and pedigrees; never surely was so elegant, so capital a stud! And he is singularly fond of a breed of fine silky-haired English setting-dogs, red and white, and very high upon their legs.

The country which carried us forward to Vienna is eminently fine, and fine in a way that is now once more grown new to me; no hedges here, no small inclosures at all; but rich land, lying like as in Dorsetshire, divided into arable and pasture grounds, clumped about with woods of evergreen. Such is the genius of this sovereign for English manners and English agriculture, that no conversation is said to be more welcome at his court than what relates to the sports or profits of the field in Britain; to which accounts he listens with good-humoured earnestness, and talks of a fine scenting day with the true taste of an English country gentleman.

On this day I first saw the Danube at Lintz, where, though but just burst from the spring, it is already so deep and strong that scarcely any wooden bridge is capable to resist it, and accordingly it did a few months ago overwhelm many cottages and fields, among which we passed. The inhabitants here call it *Donau* from its swiftness; and it deserves beside, any name expressive of that singular purity which distinguishes the German torrents.

The rivers of France, Italy, and England, give one no idea of that elemental perfection found in the fluids here; not a pebble, not a fish in these translucent streams, but may be discerned to a depth of twelve feet. As the water in Germany, so is the atmosphere in Italy, a medium so little obstructed by

vapour I remember, that Vesuvius looked as near to Naples, from our window, as does lord Lisburne's park from the little town of Exmouth opposite, a distance of about five miles I believe, and the other is near ten. Let me add, that this peculiarity brings every object forward with a certain degree of hardness not wholly pleasing to the eye. The prospects round Naples have another fault, resulting from too great perfection: the sky's brilliant uniformity, and utter cloudlessness for many months together, takes away those broad masses of light and shade, with the volant shadows that cross our British hills, relieving the sight, and discriminating the landscape.

The scenery round Conway Castle in North Wales, with a thunder-storm rolling over the mountain; the sea strongly illuminated on one side, with the sun shining bright upon the verdure on the other; the lights dropping in patches about one; exhibits a variety, the which to equal will be very difficult, let us travel as far as we please.

Magnificence of a far different kind however claims our present attention—a convent and church shewn us at Molcke upon our way, the residence of eighteen friars who inhabit a stately palace it is confessed, while three immense courts precede your entrance to a splendid structure of enormous size, on which the finery bestowed amazed even me, who came from Rome; nor had entertained an idea of seeing such gilding, and carving, and profusion of expence, lavished on a place of religious retirement in our road to

VIENNA.

We entered the capital by night; but I fancied, perhaps from having been told so, that I saw something like a look of London round me. Apartments furnished wholly in the Paris taste take off that look a little; so do the public walks and drives which are formed *etoile-wise*, and moving slowly up and down the avenues, you see large stags, wild boars, &c. grazing at liberty: this is grander than our park, and graver than the Corso. Whenever they lay out a piece of water in this country, it is covered as in ours with swans, who have completely quitted the odoriferous Po for the clear and rapid Danube.

Vienna was not likely to strike one with its churches; yet

the old cathedral is majestic, and by no means stript of those ornaments which, while one sect of Christians think it particularly pleasing in the sight of God to retain, is hardly warrantable in another sect, though wiser, to be over-hasty in tearing away. Here are however many devotional figures and chapels left in the streets I see, which, from the tales told in Austrian Lombardy, one had little reason to expect; but the emperor is tender even to the foibles of his Viennese subjects, while he shews little feeling to Italian misery. Men drawing carts along the roads and street afford, indeed, somewhat an awkward proof the government's lenity when human creatures are levelled with the beasts of burden, and called *stott eisel*, or *stout asses*, as I understand, who by this information have learned that the frame which supports a picture is for the same reason called an *eisel*, as we call a thing to hang clothes on a horse. It is the genius of the German language to degrade all our English words somehow: they call a coach a *waggon*, and ask a lady if she will buy pomatum to *smear* her hair with. Such is however the resemblance between their tongue and ours, that the Italians protest they cannot separate either the ideas or the words.

I must mention our going to the post-office with a Venetian friend to look for letters, where, after receiving some surly replies from the people who attended there, our laquais de place reminded my male companions that they should stand *uncovered*. Finding them however somewhat dilatory in their obedience, a rough fellow snatched the hat from one of their heads, saying, "*Don't you know, Sir, that you are standing before the emperor's officers?*"—"I know," replied the prompt Italian, "*that we are come to a country where people wear their hats in the church, so need not wonder we are bid to take them off in the post-office.*" Well, where rulers are said or supposed to be tyrannical, it is rational that good provision should be made for arms; otherwise despotism dwindles into nugatory pompousness and airy show; Prospero's empire in the enchanted island of Shakespeare is not more shadowy than the sight of princedom united with impotence of power:—such have I seen, but such is not the character of Keysar's dominion. The arsenal here is the finest thing in the world I

suppose; it grieved me to feel the ideas of London and Venice fade before it so; but the enormous size and solidity of the quadrangle, the quantity and disposition of the cannon, bombs, and mortars, filled my mind with enforced respect, and shook my nerves with the thought of what might follow such dreadful preparation.

Nothing can in fact be grander than the sight of the Austrian eagle, all made out in arms, eight ancient heroes sternly frowning round it. The choice has fallen on Cæsar, Pompey, Alexander, Scipio, Hannibal, Fabius Maximus, Cyrus, and Themistocles. I should have thought Pyrrhus worthier the company of all the rest than this last-named hero; but petty criticisms are much less worthy a place in Vienna's arsenal, which impresses one with a very majestic idea of Imperial greatness.

On the first of November we tried at an excursion into Hungary, where we meant to have surveyed the Danube in all its dignity at Presburgh, and have heard Hayden at Estherhazie. But my being unluckily taken ill, prevented us from prosecuting our journey further than a wretched village, where I was laid up with a fever, and disappointed my company of much hoped-for entertainment. It was curious however to find one's self within a few posts of the places one had read so much of; and the words *Route de Belgrade* upon a finger-post gave me sensations of distance never felt before. The comfortable sight of a protestant chapel near me made much amends however. The officiating priests were of the Moravian sect it seems, and dear Mr. Hutton's image rushed upon my mind. A burial passing by my windows, struck me as very extraordinary: not one follower or even bearer being dressed in black, but all with green robes trimmed with dark brown furs, not robes neither; but like long coats down to the men's heels, cut in skirts, and trimmed up those skirts as well as round the bottom with fur.

It was a melancholy country that we passed through, very bleak and dismal, and I trust would not have mended upon us had we gone further. The few people one sees are all ignorant, and can all speak Latin—such as it is—very fluently. I have lived with many very knowing people who never could

speaking it with any fluency at all. Such is life!—and such is learning! I long to talk about the sheep and swine: they seem very worthy of observation; the latter large and finely shaped, of the old savage race; one fancies them like those Eumæus tended, and perhaps they are so; with tusks of singular beauty and whiteness, which the uniformly brown colour of the creature shews off to much advantage; amidst his dark curls, waving all over his high back and long sides, in the manner of a curl-pated baby in England, only that the last is commonly fair and blonde.

The sheep are spotted like our pigs, but prettier; black and yellow like a tortoise-shell cat, with horns as long as those of any he-goat I ever saw, but very different; these animals carrying them straight upright like an antelope, and they are of a spiral shape. Our mutton meantime is detestable; but here are incomparable fish, carp large as small Severn salmon, and they bring them to table cut in pounds, and the jowl for a handsome dish. I only wonder one has never heard of any ancient or any modern gluttons driving away to Presburg or Buda, for the sake of eating a fine Danube carp.

With regard to men and women in Hungary, they are not thickly scattered, but their lamentations are loud; the emperor having resumed all the privileges granted them by Maria Theresa in the year 1740, or thereabouts, when distress drove her to shelter in that country, and has prohibited the importation of salt herrings which used to come duty free from Amsterdam, so that their fasts are rendered incommodious from the asperity of the soil, which produces very little vegetable food.

Ground squirrels are frequent in the forests here; but without Pennant's Synopsis I never remember the Linnæan names of quadrupeds, so can get no information of the animal called a glutton in English, whose skin I see in every fur-shop, and who, I fancy, inhabits our Hungarian woods.

The Imperial collection of pictures here is really a magnificent repository of Italian taste, Flemish colouring, and Dutch exactness: in which the Baptist, by Giulio Romano, the crucifixion by Vandyke, and the physician holding up a bottle to the light by Gerard Douw, are great examples.

One does not in these countries look out particularly for the works of Roman or Bolognese masters, but I remember a wonderful Caracci at Munich, worthy a first place even in the Zampieri palace; the subject, Venus sitting under a great tree diverting herself with seeing a scuffle between the two boys Cupid and Anteros.

In the gallery here at Vienna, many of the pictures have been handled a good deal; one is dazzled with the brilliancy of these powerful colourists: and here is a David Teniers surprisingly natural, of Abraham offering up Isaac; a glorious Pordenone representing Santa Justina, reminded me of her fine church at Padua, and *his* centurion at Cremona, which I know not who could excel; and here is Furino's Sigismunda to be seen, the same or a duplicate of that sold at Sir Luke Schaub's sale in London about thirty years ago, and called Correggio. I have seen it at Merriworth too, if not greatly mistaken. The price it went for in Langford's auction-room I cannot surely forget, it was three thousand pounds, *or they said so*. I will only add a word of a Dutch girl representing Herodias, and so lively in its colouring, that I think the king would have denied her who resembled it nothing, had he been a native of Amsterdam. A Mount Calvary painted by the same hand is very striking, with a crowd of people gathered about the cross, and men selling cakes to the mob, as if at a fair or horse-race: two young peasants at fisty-cuffs upon the fore ground quarrelling, as it should seem, about the propriety of our Saviour's execution.

But I have this day heard so many and such interesting particulars concerning the emperor, that I should not forgive myself if I failed to record and relate them, the less because my authority was particularly good, and the anecdotes singular and pleasing.

He rises then at five o'clock every morning, even at this sharp season, writes in private till nine, takes some refreshment then, and immediately after calls his ministers, and employs the time till one professedly in state affairs, rides out till three, returns and studies alone, letting the people bring his dinner at the appointed hour, chuses out of all the things they bring him one dish, and sets it on the stove to keep hot, eating it when

nature calls for food, but never detaining a servant in the room to wait; at five he goes to the Corridor just near his own apartment, where poor and rich, small and great, have access to his person at pleasure, and often get him to arbitrate their law-suits, and decide their domestic differences, as nothing is more agreeable to him than finding himself considered by his people as their father, and dispenser of justice over all his extensive dominions. His attention to the duties he has imposed upon himself is so great, that, in order to maintain a pure impartiality in his mind towards every claimant, he suffers no man or woman to have any influence over him, and forbears even the slight gratification of fondling a dog, lest it should take up too much of his time. The emperor is a stranger upon principle to the joys of confidence and friendship, but cultivates the acquaintance of many ladies and gentlemen, at whose houses (when they see company) he drops in, and spends the evening cheerfully in cards or conversation, putting no man under the least restraint; and if he sees a new comer in look disconcerted, goes up to him and says kindly, "Divert yourself your own way, good Sir; and do not let me disturb you." His coach is like the commonest gentleman's of Vienna; his servants distinguished only by the plainness of their liveries; and, lest their insolence might make his company troublesome to the houses where he visits, he leaves the carriage in the street, and will not even be driven into the court-yard, where other equipages and foot-men wait. A large dish of hot chocolate thickened with bread and cream is a common afternoon's regale here, and the emperor often takes one, observing to the mistress of the house how acceptable such a meal is to him after so wretched a dinner.

A few mornings ago showed his character in a strong light. Some poor women were coming down the Danube on a float, the planks separated, and they were in danger of drowning; as it was very early in the day, and no one awake upon the shore except a sawyer that was cutting wood; who, not being able to obtain from his phlegmatic neighbours that assistance their case immediately required, ran directly to call the emperor who he knew would be stirring, and who came flying to give that help which from some happy accident was no longer

wanted: but Joseph lost no good humour on the occasion; on the contrary, he congratulated the women on their deliverance, praising at the same time and rewarding the fellow for having disturbed him.

My informer told me likewise, that if two men dispute about any matter till mischief is expected, the wife of one of them will often cry out, "Come, have done, have done directly, or I'll call our master, and he'll make you have done." Now is it fair not to do every thing but adore a sovereign like this? when we know that if such tales were told us of Marcus Aurelius, or Titus Vespasian, it would be our delight to repeat, our favourite learning to read of them. Such conduct would serve succeeding princes for models, nor could the weight of a dozen centuries smother their still rising fame. Yet is not my heart persuaded that the reputation of Joseph the Second will be consigned immaculate from age to age, like that of these immortal worthies, though dearly purchased by the loss of ease and pleasure; while neither the mitred prelate nor the blameless puritan pursue with blessings a heart unawed by splendour, unsoftened by simplicity; a hand stretched forth rather to dispense justice, than opening spontaneously to distribute charity. To speak less solemnly, if men were nearer than they are to perfect creatures, absolute monarchy would be the most perfect form of government, for the will of the prince could never deviate from propriety; but if one king can see all with his own eyes, and hear all with his own ears, no successor will ever be able to do the same; and it is like giving Harrison 10,000 l. for finding the longitude, to commend a person for having hit on the right way of governing a great nation, while his science is incommunicable, and his powers of execution must end with his life.

The society here is charming; Sherlock says, that he who does not like Vienna is his own satirist; I shall leave others to be mine. The ladies here seem very highly accomplished, and speak a great variety of languages with facility, studying to adorn the conversation with every ornament that literature can bestow; nor do they appear terrified as in London, lest pedantry should be imputed to them, for venturing sometimes to use in company that knowledge they have acquired in

private by diligent application. Here also are to be seen young unmarried women once again: misses, who wink at each other, and titter in corners at what is passing in the rooms, public or private: I had lived so long away from *them*, that I had half forgotten their existence.

The horses here are trimmed at the heels, and led about in body clothes like ours in England; but their drawing is ill managed, no shafts somehow but a pole, which, when there is one horse only, looks awkward and badly contrived. Beasts of various kinds plowing together has a strange look, and the ox harnessed up like a hunter in a phaeton cuts a comical figure enough. One need no longer say, *Optat ephippia bos piger*¹; but it is very silly, as no use can be thus made of that strength which lies only in his head and horns. Plenty of wood makes the Germans profusely elegant in their pales, hurdles, &c. which give an air of comfort and opulence, and make the best compensation a cold climate can make for the hedges of jessamine and medlar flowers, which I shall see no more.

Our architecture here can hardly be expected to please an eye made fastidious from the contemplation of Michael Angelo's works at Rome, or Palladio's at Venice; nor will German music much delight those who have been long accustomed to more simple melody, though intrinsic merit and complicated excellence will always deserve the highest note of praise. Whoever takes upon him to under-rate that which no one can obtain without infinite labour and study, will ever be censured, and justly, for refusing the reward due to deep research; but if a man's taste leads him to like *Cyprus* wine, let him drink *that*, and content himself with commending the *old hock*.

Apropos, we hear that *Sacchini*, the Metastasio of musical composers, is dead; but nobody at Vienna cares about his compositions. Our Italian friends are more candid; they are always talking in favour of Bach and Brughuel, Handel and Rubens.

The cabinet of natural history is exceedingly fine, and the rooms singularly well disposed. There are more cameos at Bologna, and one superior specimen of native gold: every

¹ The lazy ox for trappings sighs.

thing else I believe is better here, and such opals did I never see before, no not at Loretto: the petrified lemon and artichoke have no equals, and a brown diamond was new to me to-day. A specimen of sea-salt filled with air bubbles like the rings one buys at Vicenza, is worth going a long way to look at; but the gentleman at Munich, who shewed us the Virgin Mary in a cobweb, had a piece of red silver shot out into a ruby like crystal, more extraordinary than any mineral production I have seen. Our attention was caught by Maria Theresa's bouquet, but one cannot forget the pearls belonging to the electress of Bavaria.

What seemed, however, most to charm the people who shewed the cabinet, was a snuff-box consisting of various gems, none bigger than a barley-corn, each of prodigious value, and the workmanship of more, every square being inlaid so neatly, and no precious stone repeated, though the number is no less than one hundred and eighty-three; a false bottom besides of gold, opening with a spring touch, and discovering a written catalogue of the jewels in the finest hand-writing, and the smallest possible. This was to me a real curiosity, afforded a new and singular proof of that astonishing power of eye, and delicacy of manual operation, seconded by a patient and persevering attention to things frivolous in themselves, which will be for ever alike neglected by the fire of Italian genius, and disdained by the dignity of British science.

We have seen other sort of things to-day however. The Hungarian and Bohemian robes pleased me best, and the wild unset jewels in the diadem of Transylvania impressed me with a valuable idea of Gothic greatness. The service of gold plate too is very grand from its old-fashioned solidity. I liked it better than I did the snuff-box; and here is a dish in ivory puts one in mind of nothing but Achilles's shield, so worked is its broad margin with miniature representations of battles, landscapes, &c. three dozen different stories round the dish, one might have looked at it with microscopes for a week together. The porcelane plates have been painted to ridicule Raphael's pots at Loretto I fancy; Julio Romano's manner is comically parodied upon one of them.

Prince Lichtenstein's pictures are charming; a Salmacis in

the water by Albano is the best work of that master I ever saw, not diffused as his works commonly are, but all collected somehow, and fine in a way I cannot express for want of more knowledge; *very, very* fine it is however, and full of expression and character. The Caracci school again.—Here is the whole history of Decius by Rubens too, wonderfully learned; and an assumption of the Virgin so like Mrs. Pritchard our famous actress, no portrait ever represented her so well. A St. Sebastian divinely beautiful, by Vandyke; and a girl playing on the guitar, which you may run round almost, by the coarse but natural hand of Caravaggio.

The library is new and splendid, and they buy books for it very liberally. The learned and amiable Abbé Denys shewed me a thousand unmerited civilities, was charmed with the character of Dr. Johnson, and delighted with the story of his conversation at Rouen with Mons. l'Abbé Roffette. This gentleman seems to love England very much, and English literature; spoke of Humphry Prideaux with respect, and has his head full of Ossian's poetry, of which he can repeat whole pages. He shewed me a fragment of Livy written in the fifth century, a psalter and creed beautifully illuminated of the year nine hundred, and a large portion of St. Mark's gospel on blue paper of the year three hundred and seven. A Bibbia dei Poveri too, as the Italians call it, curious enough; the figures all engraved on wood, and only a text at bottom to explain them.

Winceslaus marked every book he ever possessed, it seems, with the five vowels on the back; and almost every one with some little miniature made by himself, recording his escape from confinement at Prague in Bohemia, where the washer-woman having assisted him to get out of prison under pretence of bathing, he has been very studious to register the event; so much so that even on the margins of his bible he has been tempted to paint past scenes that had better have been blotted from his memory.

The Livy which learned men have hoped to find safe in the seraglio of Constantinople, was burned by their late sultan Amurath, our Abbé Denys tells me; the motive sprung from mistaken piety, but the effect is to be lamented. He shewed me

an Alcoran in extremely small characters, surprisingly so indeed, taken out of a Turkish officer's pocket when John Sobiesky raised the siege of this city in the year 1590, and a preacher took for his text the Sunday after, "*There was a man sent from God whose name was John.*" I was much amused with a sight of the Mexican MSS and Peruvian quipos; nor are the Turkish figures of Adam and Eve, our Saviour and his mother, less remarkable; but Mahomet surrounded by a glory about his head, a veil concealing his face as too bright for inspection, exceeded all the rest.

Here are many ladies of fashion in this town very eminent for their musical abilities, particularly Mesdemoiselles de Martinas, one of whom is member of the Academies of Berlin and Bologna: the celebrated Metastasio died in their house, after having lived with the family sixty-five years more or less. They set his poetry and sing it very finely, appearing to recollect his conversation and friendship, with infinite tenderness and delight. He was to have been presented to the Pope the very day he died, I understand, and in the delirium which immediately preceded dissolution he raved much of the supposed interview. Unwilling to hear of death, no one was ever permitted even to mention it before him; and nothing put him so certainly out of humour, as finding that rule transgressed even by his nearest friends. Even the small-pox was not to be named in his presence, and whoever *did* name that disorder, though unconscious of the offence he had given, Metastasio would see him no more. The other peculiarities I could gather from Miss Martinas were these: That he had contentedly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever even wishing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas English money in all that time to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody dared ask him for the trifling sum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, but ended much his debtors, for solid benefits as well as for elegant presents, which it was his delight to be perpetually making them, leaving to them at last all he had ever gained without the charge even of a single legacy; observing in his will that it was to them he owed it, and other conduct would

in him have been injustice. Such were the sentiments, and such the conduct of this great poet, of whom it is of little consequence to tell, that he never changed the fashion of his wig, the cut or colour of his coat, so that his portrait taken not very long ago looks like those of Boileau or Molière at the head of their works. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined at the same hours for fifty years together, enjoying uninterrupted health, which probably gave him that happy sweetness of temper, or habitual gentleness of manners, which never suffered itself to be ruffled, but when his sole injunction was forgotten, and the death of any person whatever was unwittingly mentioned before him. No solicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him *eat* more than a biscuit with his lemonade, every meal being performed with even mysterious privacy to the last. When his end approached by steps so very rapid, he did not in the least suspect that it was coming; and Mademoiselle Martinas has scarcely yet done rejoicing in the thought that he escaped the preparations he so dreaded. His early passion for a celebrated singer is well known upon the continent; since that affair finished, all his pleasures have been confined to music and conversation. He had the satisfaction of seeing the seventieth edition of his works I think they said, but am ashamed to copy out the number from my own notes, it seems so *very* strange; and the delight he took in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs, was visible to every one. An Italian Abate here said, comically enough, "Oh! he looked like a man in the state of beatification always when Mademoiselle de Martinas accompanied his verses with her fine voice and brilliant finger.["] The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith at Rome, but his son had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and took pains not to know, whether he had in his latter days any one relation left in the world. On a character so singular I leave my readers to make their own *observations and reflections*.

Au reste, as the French say; I have no notion that Vienna, *sempre ventoso o velenoso* ², can be a very wholesome place to

² Ever stormy or venemous.

live in; the double windows, double feather-beds, &c. in a room without a chimney, is surely ill contrived; and sleeping smothered up in down so, like a hydrophobous patient in some parts of Ireland, is not *particularly* agreeable, though I begin to like it better than I did. All external air is shut out in such a manner that I am frightened lest, after a certain time, the room should become like an exhausted receiver, while the wind whirls one about the street in such a manner that it is displeasing to put out one's head; and a physician from Ragusa settled here told me, that wounded lungs are a common consequence of the triturerated stone blown about here; and in fact asthmas and consumptions are their reigning diseases.

Apropos, the plague is now raging in Transylvania; how little safe should we think ourselves at London, were a disorder so contagious known to be no farther distant than Derby? The distance is scarcely greater now from Vienna to the place of distress; yet I will not say we are in much danger to be sure, for that perpetual connection kept up between all the towns and counties of Great Britain is unknown in other nations, and we should be as many days going to Transylvania from here perhaps, as we should be *hours* running from Toddenham-court road to Derby.

Sheenburn is pretty, but it is no season for seeing pretty places. The streets of Vienna are not pretty at all, God knows; so narrow, so ill built, so crowded, many wares placed upon the ground where there is a little opening, seems a strange awkward disposition of things for sale; and the people cutting wood in the street makes one half wild when walking; it is hardly possible to pass another strange custom, borrowed from Italy I trust, of shutting up their shops in the middle of the day; it must tend, one would think, but little to the promotion of that commerce which the sovereign professes to encourage, and I see no excuse for it *here* which can be made from heat, gaiety, or devotion. Many families living in the same house, and at the entrance of the apartments belonging to each, a strong iron gate to separate the residence of one set from that of another, has likewise an odd melancholy look, like that of a prison or a nunnery. Nunneries, however, here are none; and if the old women turned out of those they have long dwelt in,

are not provided with decent pensions, it must surely distress even the Emperor's cold heart to see age driven from the refuges of disappointment, and forced to wander through the world with inexperience for its guide, while youth is no longer *led*, but *thrust* into temptation by such a sudden transition from utter retirement to open and busy life.

We have been this morning to look over his academy of painting, &c. His exhibition-room is neatly kept, and I dare say will prosper: the students are zealous and laborious, and earnestly desire the promulgation of science: their collection of models is meagre, but it will mend by degrees. Perhaps Joseph the II^d. is the first European sovereign who, establishing a school for painting and sculpture, has insisted on the artists never exercising their skill upon any subject which could hurt any person's delicacy;—an example well worthy honest praise and speedy imitation.

The very few charitable foundations established at Vienna by Imperial munificence are well managed; their paucity is accounted for by the recollection of many abuses consequent on the late Empress's bounty; her son therefore took all the annuities away, which he thought her tenderness had been duped out of; but let it be remembered that when he rides or walks in a morning, he always takes with him a hundred ducats, out of which he never brings any home, but gives in private donations what he knows to be well bestowed, without the ostentation of affected generosity: it is not in rewards for past services perhaps, nor in public and stately institutions, as I am told here, that this prince's liberalities are to be looked for; yet—

In Mis'ry's darkest caverns known,
His useful care is ever nigh;
Where hopeless Anguish pours her groan,
And lonely Want retires to die.

Tomorrow (23^d of November) we venture to leave Vienna and proceed northwards, as I long to see the Dresden gallery. Here every thing appears to me a caricatura of London; the language like ours, but coarser; the plays like ours, but duller; the streets at night lighted up, not like ours now, but very like what they were thirty or forty years ago.

Among the people I have seen here, Mademoiselle Paradies, the blind performer on the harpsichord, interested me very much;—and she liked England so, and the King and Queen were so kind to her, and she was *so* happy, she said!—While life and its vexations seem to oppress such numbers of hearts, and cloud such variety of otherwise agreeable faces, one must go to a blind girl to hear of happiness, it seems! But she has wonderful talents for languages as well as music, and has learned the English pronunciation most surprisingly. It is a soothing sight when one finds the mind compensate for the body's defects: I took great delight in the conversation of Mademoiselle Paradies.

The collection of rarities, particularly an Alexander's head worthy of Capo di Monte, now in the possession of Madame de Hesse, became daily more my study, as I received more and more civilities from the charming family at whose house it resides: there are some very fine cameos in it, and a great variety of miscellaneous curiosities.

So different are the customs here and at Venice, that the German ladies offer you chocolate on the same salver with coffee, of an evening, and fill up both with milk, saying that you may have the latter quite black if you chuse it—“*Tout noir, Monsieur, à la Vénitienne*,”—adding their best advice not to risque a practice so unwholesome. While their care upon that account reminds me chiefly of a friend, who lives upon the Grand Canal, that in reply to a long panegyric upon English delicacy, said she would tell a story that would prove them to be nasty enough, at least in some things; for that she had actually seen a handsome young nobleman, who came from London (*and ought to have known better*), souce some thick cream into the fine clear coffee she presented him with; which every body must confess to be *vera porcheria!* a very *piggish trick!*—So necessary and so pleasing is conformity, and so absurd and perverse is it ever to forbear such assimilation of manners, when not inconsistent with the virtue, honour, or necessary interest:—let us eat sour-cROUT in Germany, frittura at Milan, macaroni at Naples, and beef-steaks in England, if one wishes to please the inhabitants of either country; and all are very good, so it is a slight compliance. Poor Dr. Goldsmith said once—“I would advise every young fellow setting

out in life *to love gravy*;"—and added, that he had formerly seen a glutton's eldest nephew disinherited, because his uncle never could persuade him to say he liked gravy.

PRAGUE.

The inns between Vienna and this place are very bad; but we arrived here safe the 24th of November, when I looked for little comfort but much diversion; things turned out however exactly the reverse, and *aux bains de Prague* in Bohemia we found beds more elegant, dinners neater dressed, apartments cleaner and with a less foreign aspect, than almost any where else. Such is not mean time the general appearance of the town out of doors, which is savage enough; and the celebrated bridge singularly ugly I think, crowded with vast groupes of ill-made statues, and heavy to excess, though not incommodious to drive over, and of a surprising extent. These German rivers are magnificent, and our Mulda here (which is but a branch of the Elbe neither) is respectable for its volume of water, useful for the fish contained in it, and lovely in the windings of its course.

Bohemia seems no badly-cultivated country; the ground undulates like many parts of Hertfordshire, and the property seems divided much in the same manner as about Dunstable; my head ran upon Lilly-hoo, when they shewed me the plains of Kolin.

Doctor Johnson was very angry with a gentleman at our house once, I well remember, for not being better company; and urged that he had travelled into Bohemia, and seen Prague:—"Surely," added he, "the man who has seen Prague might tell us something new and something strange, and not sit silent for want of matter to put his lips in motion!" *Horresco referens*;—I have now been at Prague as well as Doctor Fitzpatrick, but have brought away nothing very interesting I fear; unless that the floor of the opera-stage there is inlaid, which so far as I have observed is a *new* thing; the cathedral I am sure is an *old* thing, and charged with heavy and ill-chosen ornaments, worthy of the age in which it was fabricated!—One would be loth to see any alteration take place, or any picture drive old Frank's Three Kings, divided into three compartments, from

its station over the high altar. St. John Neppomucene has an altar here all of solid silver, very bright and clean; his having been flung into the river Mulda in the persecuting days, holding fast his crucifix and his religion, gives him a rational title to veneration among the martyrs, and he is considered as the tutelar saint here, where his statue meets one at the entrance of every town.

This truly Gothic edifice was very near being destroyed by the King of Prussia, who bombarded the city thirty-five years ago; I saw the mark made by one ball just at the cathedral door, and heard with horror of the dreadful siege, when an egg was sold for a florin, and other eatables in proportion: the whole town has, in consequence of that long blockade, a ragged and half-ruined melancholy aspect; and the roads round it, then broken up, have scarcely been mended since.

The ladies too looked more like masquerading figures than any thing else, as they sat in their boxes at the opera, with rich embroidered caps, or bright pink and blue sattin head-dresses, with ermine or sable fronts, a heavy gold tassel hanging low down from the left ear, and no powder; which gives a girlish look, and reminded me of a fashion our lower tradesmen in London had about fifteen or eighteen years ago, of dressing their daughters, from nine to twelve years old, in puffed black sattin caps, with a long ear hanging down on one side. It is a becoming mode enough as the women wear it here, but gives no idea of cleanliness; and I suppose that whilst finery retains its power of striking, delicacy keeps her distance, nor attempts to come in play till the other has failed of its effect. Ladies dress here very richly, as indeed I expected to find them, and coloured silk stockings are worn as they were in England till the days of the Spectator:—"Thrift, thrift, Horatio;" as Hamlet observes; for our expences in Great Britain are infinitely increased by our advancement from splendor to neatness.

Here every thing seems at least five centuries behind-hand, and religion has not purified itself the least in the world since the days of its early struggle; for here Huss preached, and here Jerome, known by the name of Jerome of Prague, first began to project the scheme of a future reformation. The Bohemians

had indeed been long before that time indulged by the Popes with permission to receive the cup in the sacrament, a favour granted no one else; and of that no notice was ever taken, till further steps were made for the obtaining many alterations that have crept in since that time in other nations, not so hasty to do by violence what will one day be done of themselves without any violence at all.

I asked to see some Protestant meeting-houses, and was introduced to a very pleasing-mannered Livornese, who spoke sweet Italian, and was minister to a little place of worship which could not have contained two hundred people at the most; in fact his flock were all soldiers, he said. Not a person who could keep a shop was to be found of *our* persuasion, nor was Lutheranism half so much detested even in Italy, he said. Though I remember the boys hooting us at Tivoli too, and calling our English Gentlemen, *Monsieur Dannato*.

The library does not seem ancient, but the grave person who shewed it spoke very indifferent French, so that I could better trust my eyes than my ears; this want of language is terrible!—A celestial globe moving by clockwork concealed within, and shewing the sun's place upon the ecliptic very exactly, detained our attention agreeably; and I observed a polyglot bible printed at London in Cromwell's time, with a compliment to him in the preface, which they have expunged in succeeding editions. A missal too was curious enough from its being decorated with some singular illuminations upon one leaf; at the top of the page a figure of Wickliffe is seen, striking the flint and steel; under him, in another small compartment, Jerome of Prague blowing tinder to make his torch kindle; below him again down the same side, Martin Luther, the flambeau well lighted and blazing in his hand; at the bottom of the page poor John Huss, betrayed by the Emperor who promised him protection, and burning alive at a stake, to the apparent satisfaction of the charitable fathers assembled at the council of Constance. Another curiosity should be remembered; the manuscript letter from Zisca, the famous Protestant general who headed the revolvers in 1420; I was amazed to see in how elegant an Italian hand it was written; the librarian said comically enough—“*Ay, ay, it begins all about the fear of*

God, &c.; those fellows," continued he, "*you know, are always sure to be canters!*"

The reigning sovereign has made few changes in church matters here, except that which was become almost indispensable, the resolution to have mass said only at one altar, instead of many at a time; the contrary practice does certainly disturb devotion, and produce unavoidable indecorums, as no one can tell what he turns his back upon, while the bell rings in so many places of a large church at once, and so many different functions are going forward, that people's attention must almost necessarily be distracted.

The eating here is incomparable; I never saw such poultry even at London or Bath, and there is a plenty of game that amazes one; no inn so wretched but you have a pheasant for your supper, and often partridge soup. The fish is carried about the streets in so elegant a style it tempts one; a very large round bathing-tub, as we should call it, set barrow-wise on two not very low wheels, is easily pushed along by one man, though full of the most pellucid water, in which the carp, tench, and eels, are all leaping alive, to a size and perfection I am ashamed to relate; but the tench of four and five pounds weight have a richness and flavour one had no notion of till we arrived at Vienna, and they are the same here.

How trade stands or moves in these countries I cannot tell; there is great rigour shewn at the custom-house; but till the shopkeepers learn to keep their doors open at least for the whole of the short days, not shut them up so and go to sleep at one or two o'clock for a couple of hours, I think they do not deserve to be disturbed by customers who bring ready money. To-morrow (30th November 1786) we set out, wrapped in good furs and flannels, for

D R E S D E N ;

Whither we arrive safe this 4th of December,—

———A wond'rous token

Of Heav'n's kind care, with bones unbroken!

As the ingenious Soame Jenyns says of a less hazardous drive in a less barbarous country I hope: but really to English

passengers in English carriages, the road from Prague hither is too bad to think on; while nothing literally impels one forward except the impossibility of going back. Lady Mary Wortley says, her husband and postillions slept upon the precipices between Lowositz and Aussig; but surely the way must have been much better then, as all the opium in both would scarce have stupefied their apprehensions now, when a fall into the Elbe must either have interrupted or finished their nap; because our coach was held up every step of the journey by men's hands, while we walked at the bottom about seven miles by the river's side, suffering nothing but a little fatigue, and enjoying the most cloudless beautiful weather ever seen. The Elbe is here as wide I think as the Severn at Gloucester, and rolls through the most varied and elegant landscape possible, not inferior to that which adorns the sides of the little Dart in Devonshire, but on a greater scale; every hill crowned with some wood, or ornamented by some castle.

As soon as we arrived, tired and hungry, at Aussig, we put our shattered coach on board a bark, and floated her down to Dresden; whither we drove forward in the little carts of the country, called chaises, but very rough and with no springs, as our very old-fashioned curricles were about the year 1750. The brightness of the weather made even such a drive delightful though, and the millions of geese on and off the river gave animation to the views, and accounted for the frequency of those soft downy feather-beds, which sooth our cares and relieve our fatigue so comfortably every night. Hares will scarce move from near the carriage wheels, so little apprehensive are they of offence; and the partridges run before one so, it is quite amusing to look at them. The trout in these great rivers are neither large nor red: I have never seen trout worth catching since I left England; the river at Rickmansworth produces (one should like to know why) that fish in far higher perfection than it can be found in any other stream perhaps in Europe.

The being served at every inn, since we came into Saxony, upon Dresden china, gives one an odd feel somehow; but here at the Hôtel de Pologne there is every thing one can wish, and served in so grand a style, that I question whether any English

inn or tavern can compare with it; so elegantly fine is the linen, so beautiful the porcelaine of which every the meanest utensil is made; and if the waiter did not appear before one dressed like Abel Drugger with a green cloth apron, and did not his entrance always fill the room with a strong scent of tobacco, I should think myself at home again almost. This really does seem a very charming town; the streets well built and spacious; the shops full of goods, and the people willing to shew them; and if they *do* cut all their wood before their own doors, why there is room to pass here without brawling and bones-breaking, which disgusts one so at Vienna; it seems lighter too here than there; I cannot tell why, but every thing looks clean and comfortable, and one feels *so much at home*. I hate prejudice; nothing is so stupid, nothing so sure a mark of a narrow mind: yet who can be sure that the sight of a Lutheran town does not afford in itself an honest pleasure to one who has lived so long, though very happily, under my Lord Peter's protection?

Here Brother Martin has all precedence paid *him*; for though the court are Romanists, their splendid church here is *called* only a chapel, and they are not permitted to ring the bell, a privilege the Lutherans seem much attached to, for nothing can equal the noise of *our* bells on a Sunday morning at Dresden.

The architecture is truly hideous, but no ornaments are spared; and the church of Notre Dame here is very magnificent. The china steeples all over the country are the oddest things in the world; spires of blue or green porcelaine tiles glittering in the sun have a strange effect. But nothing can afford a stronger proof that crucifixes, Madonnas, and saints, need not be driven out of churches for fear they should be worshipped, than the Lutherans admission of them into *theirs*; for no people can be further removed from idolatry, or better instructed in the Christian religion, than the common people of this town; where a decent observation of the sabbath struck me with most consolatory feelings, after living at Paris, Rome, and Florence, where it is considered as a *merry*, not a *holy* day at all! and though there seems nothing inconsistent or offensive in our rejoicing on the day of our Lord's resurrection, yet if

people are encouraged to *play*, they will soon find out that they may *work* too, the shops will scarcely be shut, and all appearance of regard to the fourth commandment will be done away. The Lutherans really seem to observe the golden mean; they frequent their churches all morning with a rigorous solemnity, no carts or business of any sort goes forward in the streets, public and private devotion takes up the whole forenoon; but they do not forbear to meet and dance after six o'clock in the evening, or play a sober game for small sums at a friend's house.

The society is to me very delightful; more women than men though, and the women most agreeable; exceedingly sensible, well informed, and willing to talk on every subject of general importance, but religion or politics seem the favourite themes, and are I believe most studied here;—no wonder, the court and city being of different sects, each steadily and irrevocably fixed in a firm persuasion that their own is best, causes an investigation that comes not in the head of people of other countries; and it is wonderful to see even the low Romanists skilled in controversial points to a degree that would astonish the people nearest the Pope's person, I am well persuaded.

The Saxons are excessively loyal however, and have the sense to love and honour their sovereign no less for his difference of opinion from theirs, than if all were of one mind; yet knowing his principles, they watch with a jealous eye against encroachments, while the amiable elector and electress use every tender method to induce their subjects to embrace *their* tenets, and weary heaven with prayers for their conversion, as if the people were heathens. One great advantage results from this odd mixture of what so steadily resists uniting; it is the earnest desire each has to justify and recommend their notions by their practice, so that the inhabitants of Dresden are among the most moral, decent, thinking people I have seen in my travels, or indeed in my life. The general air and manner both of place and people, puts one in mind of the pretty clean parts of our London, about Queen Square, Ormond Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Southampton Row.

The bridge is beautiful, more elegant than showy; the light iron railing is better in some respects than a stone balustrade,

and I do not dislike the rule they make to themselves of going on *one* side the way always and returning the other, to avoid a crowd and confusion.

But it is time to talk about the picture gallery, where, cold as our weather is, I contrive to pass three hours every day, my feet well defended by *perlaches*, a sort of cloth clogs, very useful and commodious. And now I have seen the *Notte di Corregio*, from which almost all pictures of *effect* have taken their original idea; and here are three other Corregios inimitable, invaluable, incomparable. Surely this *Notte* might stand side by side with Raphael's Transfiguration; and as Sherlock says that Shakespear and Corneille would look only on the Vesuvius side of the prospect at Naples, while Pope and Racine would turn their heads towards Posilippo; so probably, while the two first would fasten all their attention upon the Demoniac, the two last would console their eyes with the sweetness of Corregio's Nativity. His little Magdalen too set round with jewels, itself more precious than any or than all of them, possesses wonderful powers of attraction; it is an hour before one can recollect that there are some glorious Titians in the same façade; but Caracci, who depends not on his colouring for applause, loses little by their vicinity, and Poussin is always equally respectable. The Rembrandts are beyond credibility perfect of their kind, and produce a most powerful effect. His portrait of his own daughter has neither equal nor price, I believe; though the girl has little dignity to be sure, and less grace about her; but if to represent nature as she *is* suffices, this is the first single figure in Europe as painting a *live woman*.—The Jupiter and Ganymede is very droll indeed, and done with very *un-Italian* notions; but the eagle looks as if one might pluck his feathers; it is very life itself.—A candle-light Rubens here is shewn as a prodigious rarity; a Ruysdael as much resembling nature in *his* country, I do believe, as Claude Lorraine ever painted in *his*.—The crayons Cupid of Mengs which dazzles, and the portrait of old Parr by Vandycke which interests one, are pictures which call one to look at them again and again; and the little Vanderwerfs kept in glass cases, smooth as ivory, and finished to perfection, are all alike to be sure; one would wonder that a man should never be

weary of painting single figures so, and constantly repeating the same idea; his eyes must have had peculiar strength too, to endure such trials, mine have been pained enough this morning with only looking at his labours, and those of the indefatigable Denny. Let me refresh them with a Parnassus of Jacopo Tintoret, who puts all the colourists to flight except Corregio.

But here are two pictures which display prodigious genius, by a master of whom I never heard any one speak, Ferdinand Bol, who unites grace and dignity to the clear obscure of Rembrandt, whose scholar he was. Jacob blessing Pharaoh, painted by him, is delightful; and Joseph's expressions while he presents his father, full of affectionate partiality and fond regard for the old man, heightens his personal beauty; while the king's character is happily managed too, and gives one the highest idea of the artist's skill. A Madonna reposing in her flight to Egypt with a fatigued look, her head supported by her hand, is elegant, and worthy of the Roman or Bolognese schools; the landscape is like Rembrandt. This gallery boasts an Egyptian Mary by Spagnolet, too terrifying to look long at; and a small picture by Lodovico Carracci of the Virgin clasping her Son, who lies asleep in her lap, while a vision of his future crucifixion shewn her by angels in the sky, agitates every charming feature of her face, and causes a shrinking in her figure which no power of art can exceed.

As I suffered so much for the sake of seeing this collection, I have indulged myself too long in talking of it perhaps; but Garrick is dead, and Siddons at a distance, and some compensation must be had; can any thing afford it except the statues of Rome, and the pictures of Bologna? here are a vast many from thence in this magnificent gallery.

We had a concert made on purpose for us last night by some amiable friends: it was a very good one. What I liked best though, was Mr. Tricklir's new invention of keeping a harpsichord always in tune; and it seems to answer. I am no good mechanic, nor particularly fond of multiplying combinations; but the device of adding a thermometer to shew how much heat the strings will bear without relaxation seems ingenious enough: we had a vast many experiments made, and nobody could put the strings out of tune, or even break them, when

his method was adopted; and it does not take up two minutes in the operation.

We have seen the Elector's treasures, and, as a Frenchman would express it, *C'est icy qu'on voit des beaux diamants* ¹! The yellow brilliant ring is *unique* it seems, and valued at an enormous sum; the green one is larger, and set transparent; it is not green like an emerald, but pale and bright, and beyond conception beautiful: hyacinths were new to me here, their glorious colour dazzles one; and here is a white diamond from the Great Mogul's empire, of unequalled perfection; besides an onyx large as a common dinner plate, well known to be first in the universe. What majestic treasures are these!—The sapphires and rubies beat those of Bavaria, but the Electress's pearls at Munich are unrivalled yet. Saxony is a very rich country in her own bosom it seems; the agates and jaspers produced here are excellent, nor are good amethysts wanting; the topazes are pale and sickly.

Nothing can be finer, or in its way more tasteful, than a chimney-piece made for the Elector, entirely from the manufacture and produce of his own dominions; that part which we should form of marble is white porcelane, with an exquisite bas-relief in the middle copied from the antique; its sides are set with Saxon gems, cameowise; and such carnelions much amaze one in so northern a latitude; the workmanship is beyond praise.—I asked the gentleman who shewed us the cabinet of natural history, why such richly-coloured minerals, and even precious stones, were found in these climates; while every animal product grows paler as it approaches the pole?—"Where phlogiston is frequent," replied he, "there is no danger of the tint being too lightly bestowed: our quantity of iron here in Saxony, gives purple to the amethysts you admire; and see here if the rainbow-stone of Labrador yields in glowing hue to the productions of Mexico or Malabar."—The specimens here however were not as valuable as the conversation of him who has the care of them; but a *plica Polonica* took much of my attention; the size and weight of it was enormous, its length four yards and a half; the person who was killed by its growth

¹ Here's the place to see fine diamonds.

was a Polish lady of quality well known in King Augustus's court; it is a very strange and a very shocking thing!

Our library here is new and not eminently well stocked; but it is too cold weather now to stand long looking at rarities. The first Reformation bible published by Luther himself, with a portrait of the first Protestant Elector, is however too curious and interesting to be neglected; in frost and snow such sights might warm a heart well disposed to see the word of God disseminated, which had lain too long locked up by ignorance and interest united. Here is a book too, which how it escaped Pinelli I know not, a Venetian translation of the holy scriptures *a Brucioli*, the date 1592. King Augustus's maps please one from their costliness; the Elector has twelve volumes of them; every letter is gold, every city painted in miniature at the corners, while arms, trophies, &c. adorn the whole, to an incredible expence: they were engraved on purpose for his use; and that no other Prince might ever have such again, he ordered the plates to be broke.

Sunday, December 17. I am just now returned home from the Lutheran church of Notre Dame; where, though the communicants do not kneel down like us, it is odd to say I never saw the sacrament administered with such solemnity and pomp. Four priests ornamented with a large cross on the back, a multitude of lighted tapers blazing round them, a uniformity in the dress of all who received, and music played in a flat third somehow very impressively, as they moved round in a sort of procession, making a profound reverence to the altar when they passed it, struck me extremely, who have been lately accustomed to see very little ceremony used on *such* occasions; and I well remember at Pisa in particular, that while we were looking about the church for curiosity, one poor woman knelt down just by us, and a priest coming out administered the sacrament to her alone, the whole finishing in less than five minutes I am persuaded. I said to Mr. Seydelman, when we had returned home today, that the Saxons seemed to follow the first manner in reformation, our Anglicans the second, and the Calvinists the third: he understood my allusion to the cant of connoisseurship.

The sedan chairs here give the town a sort of homeish look;

I had not been carried in one since I left Genoa, and it is so comfortable this cold clear weather! A regular market too, though not a fine one, has an English air; and a saddle of mutton, or more properly a chine, was a sight I had not contemplated for two years and a half. The Italians do call a cook *teologo*, out of sport; but I think he would be the properest theologian in good earnest, to tell why Catholics and Protestants should not cut their meat alike at least, if they cannot agree in other points. This is the first town I have seen however, where the butchers divided their beasts as we do.

The arsenal we have walked over delighted us but little: Saxons should say to their swords, like Benvolio in the play, "*God send me no need of thee!*"—for the Emperor is on one side of them, and the King of Prussia on the other. This last is always mentioned as a pacific prince though; and the first has so much to do and to think of, I hope he will forget Dresden, and suffer them to possess their fine territory and gems in perfect peace and quietness. One thing however was odd and pretty, and worth remarking, That at Rome there was an arsenal in the church—I mean belonging to it; and here there is a church in the arsenal.

The bombardment of this pretty town by their active neighbour Frederic; the sweet Electress's death in consequence of the personal mortifications she received during that dreadful siege; the embarkation of the treasures to send them safe away by water; and the various distresses suffered by this city in the time of that great war;—make much of our conversation, and that conversation is interesting. I only wonder they have so quickly recovered a blow struck so hard.

The gaiety and good-humour of the court are much desired by the Saxons, who have a most lofty notion of princes, and repeat all they say, and all that is said of them, with a most venerating affection. I see no national partiality to England however, as in many other parts of Europe, though our religions are so nearly allied: and here is a spirit of subordination beyond what I have yet been witness to—an aunt kissing the hand of her own niece (a baby not six years old), and calling her "*ma chère comtesse!*"—carried it as high I think as it can be carried.

The environs of Dresden are happily disposed, for though it is deep winter we have had scarcely any snow, and the horizon is very clear, so that one may be a tolerable judge of the prospects. Our river Elbe is truly majestic, and the great islands of ice floating down it have a fine appearance.

They do not double their sash-windows as at Vienna, but there is less wind to keep out. In every place people have a trick of lamenting, and there are two themes of lamentation universal for aught I see—the weather and the poor. I see no beggars here, and feel no rain,—but hear heavy complaints of both. Crying the hour in the night as at London pleased me much; why the ceremony is accompanied by the sound of a horn, nobody seems able to tell. The march of soldiers morning and night to music through the streets is likewise agreeable, and gives ideas of security; but driving great heavy waggons up and down, with two horses a-breast, like a chaise in England, and a postillion upon one of them, is very droll to look at. Ordinary fellows too in the Elector's livery (blue and yellow) would seem strange, but that as soon as Dover is left behind every man seems to belong to some other man, and no man to himself. The Emperor's livery is very handsome, but I do not admire *this*. A custom of fifteen or twenty grave-looking men, dressed like counsellors in Westminster Hall, with half a dozen boys in their company for *sopranos*, singing counterpoint under one's window, has an odd effect; they are confraternities of people I am told, who live in a sort of community together, are maintained by contributing friends, and taught music at their expence; so in order to accomplish themselves, and shew how well they are accomplished, this curious contrivance is adopted. Every Sunday we hear them again in the church belonging to the parish that maintains them. A procession of bakers too is a droll oddity, but shews that where there is much leisure for the common people, some cheap amusement must be found: two of these bakers fight at the corner of every street for precedence, which by this means often changes hands; yet does not the conquered baker shew any signs of shame or depression, nor does the contest last long, or prove interesting. I suppose they have settled all the battles beforehand: no meaning seemed to be annexed either

by performers or spectators to the show; we could make little diversion out of it, but have no doubt of its being an old superstition.

On Christmas eve I went to Santa Sophia's church, and heard a famous preacher; his manner was energetic, and he kept an hourglass by him, finishing with strange abruptness the moment it was expired. This was in use among our distant provinces as late as Gay's time; he mentions it in a line of his pastorals, and says—

He preach'd the hour-glass in her praise quite out;

speaking of dead Blouzelind as I recollect. It now seems a strange *grossièreté*, but refinement follows hard upon the heels of reformation.

There is an agreeable fancy here, which one has always heard of, but never seen perhaps; the notion of calling together a dozen pretty children to receive presents upon Christmas eve. The custom is exceedingly amiable in itself, and gives beside a pleasing pretext for parents and relations to meet, and while away the time till supper in reciprocating caresses with their babies, and rejoicing in that species of happiness (the purest of all perhaps) which childhood alone can either receive or bestow. I was invited to an exhibition of this sort, and for some time saw little preparation for pleasure, except the sight of fourteen or fifteen well-dressed little creatures, all under the age of twelve I think, and more girls than boys: the company consisted of three or four and twenty people; all spoke French, and I was directed to observe how the young ones watched for the opening of a particular door; which however remained shut so long, that I forgot it again, and had begun to interest myself in chat with my nearest neighbour (no mother of course), when the door flew wide, and the master of the house announced the hour of felicity, shewing us an apartment gaily illuminated with coloured lamps; a sort of tree in grotto-work adorned the middle, and the presents were arranged all round; dolls innumerable, variously adjusted; fine new clothes, fans, trinkets, work-baskets, little escritaires, purses, pocket-books, toys, dancing-shoes,—every thing. The children skipped about, and capered with exultation;—"My own mama! my

dear aunt! my sweet kind grandpapa!"—resounded wherever we turned our heads; I think it was the loveliest little show imaginable, and am sorry to know how description must necessarily wrong it: *les étrennes de Dresde* shall however remain indelibly fixed in my memory. When the pretty dears had appropriated and arranged their presents, cake and lemonade were brought to quiet their agitated spirits, and all went home happy to bed. Their sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks served for our theme till supper-time; and I sat trying, but in vain, to find a reason why paternal affection appears so much warmer always in Protestant countries, and filial piety in those which remain firm to the church of Rome.

We returned home to our inn exceedingly well amused; the supper had been magnificent, and the preceding fast gave it additional relish. I now tremble with apprehension however lest the show of yesterday was too splendid: for if the mothers begin once to vie with each other whose gifts shall be grandest, or if once the friend at whose house the treat is prepared produces a more costly entertainment than his neighbours have hitherto contented themselves with giving, this innocent and even praiseworthy pastime will soon swell into expensive luxury, and burst from having been poisoned by the corroding touch of malice and of envy.

Our Saxons however seemed well-bred, airy, and agreeable in last night's hour of festivity; and could I have fancied their gaiety quite natural like that of Venice or Verona, I might perhaps have caught the sweet infection, and felt disposed to merriment myself; but much of this was studied mirth one saw, and pleasure upon principle, as in our own island; which, though more elegant, is less attractive. It is difficult to catch the contagion of artificial hilarity, and a celebrated surgeon once told me, that one might live with safety at Sutton-house among the inoculated patients, without ever taking the disorder, unless the operation were regularly performed upon one's self.

Well! we must shortly quit this very comfortable resting-place, and leave a town more like our own than any I have yet seen; where, however, the dresses, of ordinary women I mean, are extraordinary enough, each when she is made up for show

wearing a rich old-fashioned brocade cloke lined with green lutestring, and edged round with narrow fur. This is universal. Her neat black love-hood however is not so ugly as the man's bright yellow brass comb, stuck regularly in all their heads of long straight hair who are not people of fashion; and no powder is ever used among the Lutherans here in Saxony I see, except by gentlemen and ladies, who often take all *theirs* out when they go to church, from some odd principle of devotion. It is very pretty though to see the little clean-faced lads and wenches running to school so in a morning at every protestant town, with the grammar and testament under their arm, while every the meanest house has a folio bible in it, and all the people of the lowest ranks can read it.

On this 1st of January 1787, I may boast of having visited lord Peter, Jack, and Martin, all in the course of one day. Hearing Mons. Dumarre preach to the French Huguenots in the morning, attending the established church at Notre Dame at noon, and going to the Elector's truly-magnificent place of worship at night, where Hasse's *Te Deum* was sung, and executed with prodigious regularity and pomp, over against an altar decorated with well-employed splendour, exhibiting zeal for God's house, animated by elegant taste, and encouraged by royal presence;

While from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul.

I studied then to keep my mind, I hope I kept it free from narrow and from vulgar prejudice, desirous only of seeing the three principal sects of Christians adoring their Redeemer, each in the way they think most likely to please him; nor will I mention which method had the most immediate effect on *me*; but this I saw, that beneath

Such plain roofs as piety could raise,
Made vocal only by our maker's praise,

Monsieur Dumarre produced from his peaceful auditors more tears of gratitude and tenderness in true remembrance of the sacred season, than were shed at either of the other churches. Indeed the sublime and pathetic simplicity of the place, the

truly-touching rhetoric of the preacher, his story a sad one; while his persecuted family were forced to fly their native country, driven thence by the rigour of Romish severity, and his life exactly corresponding to the purity of that doctrine he teaches: his tones of voice, his tranquillity of manners,

His plainness moves men more than eloquence,
And to his flock, joy be the consequence!

The established sect here—*Lutheranism*, keeps almost the exact medium between the other two, though their places of worship strike me as something more theatrical than one could wish; very stately they are certainly, and very imposing. As few people however are fond of a middle state, as here is prodigious encouragement given by the court to Romanists, and full toleration from the state to the disciples of John Calvin, I wonder more members of the national church do not quit her communion for that of one of these chapels, which however owe their very existence in Saxony to that truly Christian and catholick spirit of toleration, possessed by Martin alone.

We have recovered ourselves now from all fatigues; our coach and our spirits are once more repaired, and ready to set out for

BERLIN.

The road hither is all a heavy sand, cut through vast forests of ever-green timber, but not beautiful like those of Bavaria, rather tedious, flat, and tristful: to encrease which sensations, and make them more grievous to us, our servants complained bitterly of the last long frosty night, which we spent wholly in the carriage till it brought us here, where the man of the house, a bad one enough indeed, speaks as good English as I do, and has lived long in London. I am not much enchanted with this place however. Dean Swift said, that a good style was only proper words in proper places; and if a good city is to be judged of in the same way, perhaps Berlin may obtain the first place, which one would not on an immediate glance think it likely to deserve; as a mere residence however, it will be difficult to find a finer.

He who sighs for the happy union of situation, climate, fertility, and grandeur, will think *Genoa* transcends all that even a warm imagination can wish. If with a very, very little less degree of positive beauty, he feels himself chiefly affected by a number of Nature's most interesting features, finely, and even philosophically arranged; *Naples* is the town that can afford him most matter both of solemn and pleasing speculation.

If ruins of pristine splendour, solid proofs of universal dominion, *once*, nay *twice* enjoyed: with the view of temporal power crushed by its own weight, solicits his curiosity.—It will be amply gratified at *Rome*; where all that modern magnificence can perform, is added to all that ancient empire has left behind. Romantic ideas of Armida's palace, fancied scenes of perennial pleasure, and magical images of ever varying delight, will be best realized at smiling *Venice* of any place; but if a city may be called perfect in proportion to its external convenience, if making houses to hold many people, keeping infection away by cleanliness, and ensuring security against fire by a nice separation of almost every building from almost every other; if uniformity of appearance can compensate for elegance of architecture, and space make amends for beauty, *Berlin* certainly deserves to be seen, and he who planned it, to be highly commended. The whole looks at its worst now; all the churches are in mourning, so are the coaches: no theatre is open, and no music heard, except now and then a melancholy German organ droning its dull round of tunes under one's window, without even the London accompaniment of a hoarse voice crying *Woolfleet oysters*. Come! *Berlin* can boast an arsenal capable of containing arms for two hundred and fifty thousand men. The contempt of decoration for a place destined to real use seemed respectable in itself, and characteristic of its founder. No columns of guns or capitals of pistols, neatly placed, are to be seen here. A vast, large, clean, cold-looking room, with swords and muskets laid up only that they may be taken down, is all one has to look at in Frederick's preparations for attack or defence.

In accumulation of ornaments one hopes to find elegance, and in rejection of superfluity there is dignity of sentiment;

but nothing can excuse a sovereign prince for keeping as curiosities worthy a traveller's attention, a heap of trumpery fit to furnish out the shop of a Westminster pawnbroker. Our cabinet of rarities here is literally no better than twenty old country gentlemen's seats, situated in the distant provinces of England, shew to the servants of a neighbouring family upon a Christmas visit, when the housekeeper is in good humour, and, gently wiping the dust off my *late lady's mother's* amber-boxes, produces forth the wax figures of my lord John and my lord Robert when *babies*. For this pitiable exhibition, ships cut in paper, and saints carved in wood, we paid half a guinea each; not gratuity to the person who has them in charge, but tax imposed by the government. Every house here is obliged to maintain so many soldiers, excepting such and such only who have the word *free* written over their doors; here seem to be no people in the town almost except soldiers though; so they naturally command whatever is to be had. Most nations begin and end with a *military* dominion, as red is commonly the first and last colour obtained by the chymist in his various experiments upon artificial tints. This state is yet young, and many things in it not quite come to their full growth, so we must not be rigorous in our judgments. I have seen the library, in which we were for the first time shewn what is confidently *said* to be an Æthiopian manuscript, and such it certainly may be for aught I know. What interested me much more was our Tonson's *Cæsar*, a book remarkable for having been written by the first hero and general in the world perhaps, dedicated to the second, and possessed by the third. Here is an exceeding perfect collection of all Hogarth's prints.

This city appears to be a very wholesome one; the houses are not high to confine the air between them, or drive it forward in currents upon the principle of Paris or Vienna; the streets are few, but long, straight, and wide; ground has not been spared in its construction, which seems a most judicious one; and with this well-earned praise I am most willing to quit it. It is the first place of any consequence I have felt in a hurry to run away from; for till now there have been *some* attractions in every town; something that commanded veneration or invited fondness; something pleasing in its society, or instruc-

tive in its history. It would however be sullen enough to feel no agreeable sensation in seeing this child of the present century come to age so: the tomb of its author is the object of our present curiosity, which will be gratified tomorrow.

Où sont-ils donc, ces foudres de guerre,
 Qui faisoient trembler l'univers?
 Ils ne sont plus qu'un peu de terre,
 Restes, qu'ont épargnés les vers ¹.

P O T Z D A M .

And now, if Berlin wants taste and magnificence, here's Potsdam built on purpose, I believe, to shew that even with both a place may be very dismal and very disagreeable. The commonest buildings in this city look like the best side of Grosvenor-square in London, or Queen's-square at Bath. I have not seen a street so narrow as Oxford Road, but many here are much wider, with canals up the middle, and a row of trees planted on each side, a gravel walk near the water for foot passengers, instead of a *trottoir* by the side of the houses. Every dwelling is ornamented to a degree of profusion; but to one's question of, "Who lives in these palaces?" one hears that they are all empty space, or only occupied by goods never wanted, or corn there is nobody to feed with: this amazes one; and in fact here are no inhabitants of dignity at all proportioned to the residences provided for them; so that when one sees the copies of antique bas-reliefs, in no bad sculpture, decorating the doors whence dangle a shoulder of mutton, or a shoemaker's last, it either shocks one or makes one laugh, like the old Bartholomew trick of putting a baby's face upon an old man's shoulders, or sticking a king's crown upon a peasant's head.

The churches are very fine on the outside, but strangely plain within: that, however, where the royal body reposes looked solemn and stately in its mourning dress. Black velvet, with silver fringe and tassels very rich and heavy, hung over

¹ What are they after all their pains,
 These thunderbolts of war?
 Mere caput mortuum that remains
 Which worms vouchsafe to spare.

the pulpit, family seat, &c. and every thing struck one with an air of melancholy dignity. The king of Prussia's corpse, no longer animated by ambition, rests quietly in an unornamented solid silver coffin, placed in a sort of closet above ground, the door to which opens close to the pulpit's feet, and shews the narrow space which now holds his body, beside that of his father, and the great elector, as he is still justly called.

My sepulchral tour is now nearly finished: we have in the course of this journey seen the last remains of many a celebrated mortal. Virgil, Raphael, Ariosto, Scipio, Galileo, Petrarch, Carlo Borromeo, and the king of Prussia. How different each from other in his life! How like each other now! But

Tous ces morts ont vécu; toi qui lis—tu mourras:
L'instant fatal approche, et tu n'y penses pas¹.

I could have wished before my return to have paused a moment on the tomb of Melancthon, who might be said to have united in himself *their* separate perfections. Courage, genius, moderation, piety! persevering steadiness in the right way himself; candid acknowledgment of merit, even in his enemies, where he saw their intentions right, though he thought their tenets and their conduct wrong. But we are removed far from the dwelling of the *peacemaker*; let us at least look at the palace, now we have examined the coffin of him whose study and delight was *war*.

Sans Souci is surely an elegantly chosen spot, its architecture excellent, its furniture rich yet delicate, the gardens very happily disposed, the prospect from its windows agreeable, the pictures within an admirable collection. A hall built in imitation of the Colonna gallery shews Frederick's taste at once and liberal spirit: the front seems borrowed from something at St. Peter's; all is beautiful; the gilding of his long-room makes a very sudden and strong effect, nor are marbles of immense value wanting; here is a specimen of every thing I think, and two agate tables of prodigious size and beauty. The Silesian chrysopaz, and Carolina marble of a bright scarlet colour, quite luminous like the feathers of a fighting cock, struck me

¹ All these have liv'd; ye too who read must die:
Haste and be wise, the fateful minutes fly.

with their singular and splendid appearance. Rubens's merit was not new to me, I hope; yet here is a resurrection of Lazarus, in which he has been lavish of it. The composition of this picture seems to have been intended to surpass every thing put together by other artists: its colouring glows like life.

The king's town-house, however, is finer far than this his villa was designed to be; but I grew very tired walking over it: when one has dragged through twenty-four rooms variously hung with pink and silver, green and gold, &c. one grows cruelly weary with repeating the same ideas by drawling through forty-eight more. I wished to see his own private living apartments, and to mind with what books and pictures he adorned the dressing-room he always sate in: the first were chiefly works of Voltaire and Metastasio—the last were small landscapes of Albano and Watteau. At our desire they shewed us the little bed he slept, the chairs he sate in familiarly. Suetonius in French and Italian was the last author he looked into; they have made a mark at the death of Augustus, where he was reading when the same visitant called on him, quite unexpected by himself it seems, though all his attendants were well aware of his approach. As he expired he said, *I give you a vast deal of trouble*. We saw the spot he sate in at the moment; for Frederick no more died in his bed, than did the famous Flavius Vespasian; his servants wept as they repeated the particulars, caressing while they spoke his favourite dogs, one of which, a terrier, could hardly be prevailed upon to quit the body. It used to amuse the king to see them frightened when he would take them to a long room lined with French mirrors, which he did now and then to laugh at the effect.

Every thing at Potsdam shews a man in haste to enjoy what he had laboured so hard to procure; nor did he ever refuse himself, they say, any gratification that could make age less wearisome, or illness less afflictive. He had much taste of English ingenuity—combinations of convenience, and improvements in mechanism: his own writing-table, however, was contrived by himself; it stands on four legs, one pair longer than the other to make it slope; the covering is green velvet, with a square hole for the standish to drop in and not spill the ink: I liked the device exceedingly, but wondered he

thought any device worth his preference. His conversation to his servants was affable and even gay; they loved his person, it is plain, and half adore his memory.

Such were the manners then, and such the death, of the far-famed philosopher of Sans Souci! And in truth, when he had so often set all present and future happiness to hazard, it would have been inconsistent not to hasten the enjoyment: nobody comes to inhabit his fine town, however, which has much the look of buildings in a stage perspective. Soldiers only, and such as sell wares necessary to soldiers, were all the human creatures I could see here; nor are families, or travellers of any sort indeed, better accommodated here than at inns of less pompous appearance on the outside.

For accommodations, however, I care but little; I have now walked over the oldest and the youngest cities in all Europe, and have left each with sincere admiration of their contents. Both are full of buildings and empty of inhabitants, nor am I desirous to add to the number in either. I was going to step forward into some room of the palace yesterday—"Madam, come back this instant," exclaimed our Cicerone; "if that chamber is entered, my head will be off my shoulders in three days time." Another well attested anecdote may be worth relating: A gentleman with whom we passed an agreeable evening at Berlin, whose lady invited to meet us whatever was most charming in the town, told the following story of a soldier who, being desirous of his body's dissolution, but fearful of his soul's rushing unprepared into eternity, caught and murdered a six months old baby; giving this strange account of his own feelings on the occasion, and adding, that he did not like to kill an adult, lest his own impatience of life's insupportable torment might by that means precipitate his neighbour to perdition; but that a baptized infant would be sure of heaven, and he himself should gain time to prepare for following it—"And, Lord!" said my informer, "what reasoners this world has in it!" The soldier was hanged six weeks after the dreadful crime was committed; he made a very decent and penitential end.

On such facts what observations or reflections can result? I made none, but gave God thanks that I was born a subject of Great Britain.

POTSDAM to HANOVER.

On the 13th of January 1787 then we quitted Potsdam, strongly impressed by the beauties of a town apparently fabricated by a modern Cadmus, who, when all the soldiers that he could *raise* were fallen in *battle* for his amusement, retired with the five that were left, and built a fine city!

Brandenbourg was our next resting place, and seemed to me to merit a longer stay in it; I saw an old Runick figure in the street, its size colossal, and its composition seemed black basalt; but of this I could obtain no account for want of language, our still recurring torment.—This place seems fuller of inhabitants than the last; but it is *so* melancholy to have no compensation for the fatigues of a tedious journey! and in these countries information cannot be procured for travellers that do not mean to reside, present letters, &c.; which task we have at this season little taste to renew.

Magdebourg makes a respectable appearance at a distance, from the loftiness of its turrets; one sees them at least four long hours before the roads which lead to it permit one's approach; and the towers seem to retire before one, like Ulysses's fictitious country raised to deceive him. Never was I so weary in my life as when we entered Magdebourg, where, instead of going out to see sights as usual, I desired nothing so sincerely as a hot supper and soft bed, which the inns of Germany never fail to afford us in even elegant perfection.

Our linen too, so beautifully, and I will add so unnecessarily fine! The king of Naples probably never saw such sheets and table-cloths as we have been comforted with here, not only at Dresden, but every post since.

Magdebourg seems to have almost all its streets united by bridges; the Elbe divides there into so many branches, and none of them small.

Helmstadt is a little place which affords few images to the mind, and Brunswick to mere passengers, as we were, seemed to yield none but sad ones. The houses all of wood, even to prince Ferdinand's palace, and painted of a dull olive colour with heavy pensile roofs, giving the town a melancholy look; but we met with young Englishmen who commended the society, and said no place could be gayer than Brunswick. This

is among the reports one wishes to be true, and we are led the more willingly to believe them.

Another delight which I enjoyed at this city was, to find that every body in it, and every body passing through it, adored the duchess, whose partial fondness, and tender remembrance of her native country, justly endears her name to every subject of Great Britain. Her chapel is pretty; the garden, where they said she always walked two hours every day, put me in mind of Gray's-Inn walks twenty or thirty years ago; they were then very like it.

From these scenes of solitude without retirement, and of age without antiquity, I was willing enough to be gone; but they would shew me one curiosity they said, as I seemed to feel particular pleasure in speaking of their charming duchess. We followed, and were shewn *her coffin!* all in silver, finely carved, chased, engraved, what you will. "Before she is dead!" exclaimed I—"Before she was even married, madam," replied our Cicerone; "it is the very finest ever made in Brunswick; we had it ready for her against she came home to us, and you see the plate left vacant for her age." I was glad to drive forward now, and slept at Peina; which, though in itself a miserable place, exhibits one consolatory sight for a Christian—the sight of toleration. Here Romanists, Lutherans, and Calvinists, live all affectionately and quietly together, under the protection of the bishop of Paderborne; and here I first saw the king of England's livery upon the king of England's servants since I left home—"And if they *are* ragged youngsters who wear it," said I, "they are my fellow-subjects, and glad am I to see them!"

The villages and churches hereabouts resemble those of Merionethshire, only that not a mountain rears its head at all—one vast, wide, barren flat, through which roads that no weather can render better than barely passable brought us at length to Hanover, which stands, as all these cities do in the north of Germany, upon an immense plain, with a thick wood of noble timber trees breaking from time to time the almost boundless void, and relieving the eye, which is fatigued by extent without any object to repose upon, in a manner I can with difficulty comprehend, much less explain; but the sight of

a passing waggon, or distant spire, is a felicity seldom found, though continually sought by me, while travelling through these wide wasted countries, where no idea is afforded to the imagination, no image remitted to the mind, but that of two armies encountering each other, to dispute the plunder of some place already unable to feed its few inhabitants.

The horses however are exceedingly beautiful; we were offered a pair of very fine ones for only forty pounds. They would have run such hazards getting home! "There are two ways to chuse out of," said I; "if we purchase them, we shall repent on it every day till we arrive in London; if we do not, we shall repent on it every day after we get there." Such is life! we did not buy the cattle.

The cleanliness of the windows, the manner of paving and lighting the streets at Hanover, put us in mind a little of some country towns in the remoter provinces of England; and there seems to be likewise a little glimpse of British manners, dress, &c. breaking through the common and natural fashions of the country. This was very pleasing to us, but I wished the place grander; I do not very well know why, but we had long counted on comforts here as at home, and I had formed expectations of something much more magnificent than we found; though the Duke of York's residence does give the town an air of cheerfulness it scarce could shew without that advantage; and here are concerts and balls, and efforts at being gay, which may probably succeed sometime. How did all the talk however, and all the pamphlets, and all the lamentations made by old King George's new subjects, rush into my mind, when I recollected the loud, illiberal, and indecent clamours made from the year 1720 to the year 1750, at least till the alarm given by the Rebellion began to operate, and open people's eyes to the virtues of the reigning family! for till then, no topic had so completely engrossed both press and conversation, as the misfortunes accruing to *poor* old England, from their King's desire of enriching his Electoral dominions, and feeding his favourite Hanoverians with their good guineas, making fat the objects of his partial tenderness with their best treasures—in good time! Such groundless charges remind one of a story the famous French wit Monsieur de Ménéage tells of

his mother and her maid, who, having wasted or sold a pound of butter, laid the theft upon the *cat*, persisting so violently that it had been all devoured by the rapacious favourite, that Madame de Ménage said, "It's very well; we will weigh the cat, poor thing! and know the truth:" The scales were produced, but puss could be found to weigh only *three quarters*, after all her depredations.

From HANOVER to BRUSSELS.

Travelling night and day through the most dismal country I ever yet beheld, brought us at length to Munster, where we had a good inn again, and talked English. Well may all writers agree in celebrating the miseries of Westphalia! well may they, while the wretched inhabitants, uniting poverty with pride, live on their hogs, with their hogs, and like their hogs, in mud-walled cottages, a dozen of which together is called by courtesy a village, surrounded by black heaths, and wild uncultivated plains, over which the unresisted wind sweeps with a velocity I never yet was witness to, and now and then, exasperated perhaps by solitude, returns upon itself in eddies terrible to look on. Well, the woes of mortal man are chiefly his own fault; war and ambition have depopulated the country, which otherwise need not I believe be poor, as here is capability enough, and the weather, though stormy, is not otherwise particularly disagreeable. January is no mild month any where; even Naples, so proverbially delicious, is noisy enough with thunder and lightning; and the torrents of rain which often fall at this season at Rome and Florence, make them unpleasing enough. Nor do I believe that the *very* few people one finds here are of a lazy disposition at all; but it is so seldom that one meets with the *human face divine* in this Western side of Germany, that one scarce knows what they are, but by report.

The town of Munster is catholic I see; their cathedral heavily and clumsily adorned, like the old Lutheran church called Santa Sophia at Dresden. One pair of their silver candlesticks however are eight feet high, and exhibit more solidity than elegance. They told us something about the *three kings*, who must have lost their way amazingly if ever they wandered

into Westphalia, and deserved to lose their name of *wise men* too, I think. We were likewise shewn the sword worn by St. Paul, they told us, and a backgammon table preserved behind the high altar, I could not for my life find out why; at first our interpreter told us, that the man said it had belonged to *John the Baptist*, but on further enquiry we understood him that it was once used by some Anabaptists; as that seemed no less wild a reason for keeping it there, than the other seemed as an account of its original, we came away uninformed.

Of the reason why Hams are better here than in any other part of Europe, it was not so difficult to obtain the knowledge, and the inquiry was much more useful.

Poor people here burn a vast quantity of very fine old oak in their cottages, which, having no chimney, detain the smoke a long time before it makes its escape out at the door. This smoke gives the peculiar flavour to that bacon which hangs from the roof, already fat with the produce of the same tree growing about these districts in a plenty not to be believed. Indeed the sole decoration of this devastated country is the large quantity of majestic timber trees, almost all oak, living to such an age, and spreading their broad arms with such venerable dignity, that it is *they* who appear the ancient possessors of the land, who, in the true style of Gothic supremacy, suck all the nutriment of it to themselves, only shaking off a few acorns to content the immediate hunger of the animal race, which here seems in a state of great degeneracy indeed, compared to those haughty vegetables.

This day I saw a fryar; the first that has crossed my sight since we left the town of Munich in Bavaria. On the road to Dusseldorp one sees the country mend at every step; but even I can perceive the language harsher, the further one is removed from Hanover on either side: for Hanover, as Madame de Bianconi told me at Dresden, is the Florence of Germany; and the tongue spoken at that town is supposed, and justly, the criterion of perfect *Teutsch*.

The gallery of paintings here shall delay us but two or three days; I am so very weary of living on the high roads of *Teuchland* all winter long! Gerard Dow's delightful mountebank ought, however, to have two of those days devoted to

him, and here is the most capital Teniers which the world has to show. Jaques Jordaens never painted any thing so well as the feast in this gallery, where there are likewise some wonderful Sckalkens; besides Rembrandt's portrait of himself much out of repair, and old Franck's Seven Acts of Mercy varnished up, as well as the martyrdoms representing some of the persecutions in early times of Christianity; these might be called the Seven Acts of Cruelty—a duplicate of the picture may be seen at Vienna. When one has mentioned the Vanderwerfs, which are all sisters, and the demi-divine Carlo Dolce in the window, representing the infant Jesus with flowers, full of sweetness and innocent expression, it will be time to talk of the General Judgment, painted with astonishing hardihood by Rubens, and which we stopt here chiefly to see. The second Person of the Trinity is truly sublime, and formed upon an idea more worthy of him, at least more correspondent to the general ideas than that in Cappella Sistina; where a beholder is tempted to think on Julius Cæsar somehow, instead of Jesus Christ—a Conqueror, more than a Saviour of mankind.

St. Michael's figure is incomparable; those of Moses and St. Peter happily imagined; the spirit of composition, the manner of grouping and colouring, the general effect of the whole, prodigious! I know not why he has so fallen below himself in the Madonna's character; perhaps not imitating Tintoret's lovely Virgin in Paradise, he has done worse for fear of being servile. Tintoret's idea of her is so *very* poetical! but those who shewed it me at Venice said the drawing was borrowed from Guariento, I remember.

Who however except Rubens would have thought so justly, so liberally, so wisely, about the Negro drawn up to heaven by the angels? who still retains the old terrestrial character, so far as to shew a disposition to laugh at *their* situation who on earth tormented him. When all is said, every body knows very well that Michael Angelo's picture on this subject is by far the finest; and that neither Rubens nor Tintoret ever pretended, or even hoped to be thought as great artists as he: but though Dante is a sublimer poet than Tasso, and Milton a writer of more eminence than Pope, *these* last will have readers, reciters,

and quoters, while the others must sit down contented with silent veneration and acknowledged superiority.

This day we saw the Rhine—what rivers these are! and what enormous inhabitants they do contain! a brace of bream, and eels of a magnitude and flavour very uncommon except in Germany, were our supper here. But the manners begin I see to fade away upon the borders; our soft feather beds are left behind; men too, sometimes sad, nasty, ill-looking fellows, come in one's room to sweep, &c. and light the fire in the stove, which is now always made of lead, and the fumes are very offensive; no more tight maids to be seen: but we shall get good roads; at Liege, down in a dirty coal pit, the bad ones end I think; and that town may be said to finish all our difficulties. After passing through our last disagreeable resting-place then, one finds the manners take a tint of France, and begins to see again what one has often seen before. The forests too are fairly left behind, but neat agriculture, and comfortable cottages more than supply their loss. Broom, juniper, every English shrub, announce our proximity to Great Britain, while pots of mazerion in flower at the windows shew that we are arrived in a country where spring is welcomed with ceremony, as well as received with delight. The forwardness of the season is indeed surprising; though it freezes at night now and then, the general feel of the air is very mild; willows already give signs of resuscitation, while flights of yellow-hammers, a bird never observed in Italy I think, enliven the fields, and look as if they expected food and felicity to be near.

Louvaine would have been a place well worth stopping at, they tell me; but we were in haste to finish our journey and arrive at

BRUSSELS.

Every step towards this comfortable city lies through a country too well known to need description, and too beautiful to be ever described as it deserves. *Les Vues de Flandres* are bought by the English, admired by the Italians, and even esteemed by the French, who like few things out of their own nation; but these places once belonged to Louis Quatorze, and

the language has taken such root it will never more be eradicated. Here are very fine pictures in many private hands; Mr. Danot's collection does not want me to celebrate its merits; and here is a lovely park, and a pleasing coterie of English, and a very gay carnival as can be, people running about the streets in crowds; but their theatre is a vile one: after Italy, it will doubtless be difficult to find masques that can amuse, or theatres that can strike one. But never did nation possess a family more charming than that of *La Duchesse d'Aremberg*, who, graced with every accomplishment of mind and person, devotes her time and thoughts wholly to the amusement of her amiable consort, calling round them all which has any power of alleviating his distressful condemnation to perpetual darkness, from an accident upon a shooting party that cost him his sight about six or seven years ago. Mean time her arm always guides, her elegant conversation always soothes him; and either from *gaieté de coeur*, philosophical resolution to bear what heaven ordains without repining, or a kind desire of corresponding with the Duchess's intentions, he appears to lose no pleasure himself, nor power of pleasing others, by his misfortune; but dances, plays at cards, chats with his English friends, and listens delightedly (as who does not?) when charming Countess Cleri sings to the harpsichord's accompaniment, with all Italian taste, and all German execution. By the Duke d'Aremberg we were introduced to Prince Albert of Saxony, and the Princesse Gouvernante, whose resemblance to her Imperial brother is very striking; her hand however, so eminently beautiful, is to be kissed no more; the abolition of that ceremony has taken place in all the Emperor's family. The palace belonging to these princes is so entirely in the English taste, with pleasure grounds, shrubbery, lawn, and laid out water, that I thought myself at home, not because of the polite attentions received, for those I have found *abroad*, where no merits of mine could possibly have deserved, nor no services have purchased them. Spontaneous kindness, and friendship resulting merely from that innate worth that loves to energize its own affections on an object which some circumstances had casually rendered interesting, are the lasting comforts I have derived from a journey which

has shewn me much variety, and impressed me with an esteem of many characters I have been both the happier and the wiser for having known. Such were the friends I left with regret, when, crossing the Tyrolese Alps, I sent my last kind wishes back to the dear state of Venice in a sigh: such too were my emotions, when we took leave last night at Lady Torrington's; and resolving to quit Brussels to-morrow for Antwerp, determined to exchange the brilliant conversation of a *Boyle*, for the glowing pencil of a *Rubens*.

A N T W E R P .

This is a dismal heavy looking town—*so* melancholy! the Scheld shut up! the grass growing in the streets! those streets so empty of inhabitants! and it was so famous once, *Atuatium nobile Brabantiae opidum in ripâ Schaldis flu. Europæ nationibus maximè frequentatum. Sumptuosis tam privatis quam publicis nitet ædificiis*¹, say the not very old books of geography when speaking of this once stately city;

But trade's proud empire sweeps to swift decay,
As ocean heaves the labour'd mole away.

G O L D S M I T H .

And surely if the empire of Rome is actually fled away into air like a dream, the opulence of Antwerp may well crumble to earth like a clod. What defies time is genius; and of that, many and glorious proofs are yet left behind in this place. The composition of a picture painted to adorn the altar under which lies buried that which was mortal of its artist, is beyond all meaner praise. The figure of St. George might stand by that of Corregio, and suffer no diminution of one's esteem. The descent from the cross too!—Well! if Daniel da Volterra's is more elegantly pathetic, Rubens has put *his* pathos in a properer place.—The blessed Virgin Mary ought to be but the second figure certainly in a scene which represents our almighty Saviour himself completing the redemption of all mankind. But here is another devotional

¹ Antwerp is a noble town of Brabant, situated on the banks of the Scheld; frequented by most of the nations in Europe, and sumptuous in its buildings both public and private.

piece, highly poetical, almost dramatic, representing Christ descending in anger to consume a guilty world. The globe at a distance low beneath his feet, his pious mother prostrate before him, covering part of it with her robe, and deprecating the divine wrath in a most touching manner. St. Sebastian shewing his wounds with an air of the tenderest supplication; Carlo Borromæo beseeching in heaven for those fellow-creatures he ceased not loving or serving while on earth; and St. Francis in the groupe, but surely ill-chosen; as he who left the world, and planned only his own salvation by retirement from its cares and temptations, would be unlikely enough to intreat for its longer continuance: his dress however, so favourable to painters, was the reason he was pitched upon I trust, as it affords a particularly happy contrast to the cardinal's robes of St. Carlo.

I will finish my reflections upon painting here, and apologize for their frequency only by confessing my fondness for the art; and my conviction, that had I said nothing of that art in a journey through Italy and Germany, where so much of every traveller's attention is led to mention it, I should have been justly blamed for affectation; while being censured for impertinence disgusts me less of the two. What I have learned from the Italians is a maxim more valuable than all my stock of connoisseurship: *Che c'è in tutto il suo bene, e il suo male*—that *there is much of evil and of good in every thing*: and the life of a traveller evinces the truth of that position perhaps more than any other. So persuaded, we made a bold endeavour to cross the Scheld; but the wind was so outrageously high, no boat was willing to venture till towards night: at that hour "*Unus, et hic audax* ²," as Leander says, offered his service to convey us; but the passage of the Rhine had been so rough before, that I felt by no means disposed to face danger again just at the close of the battle.

When we find a disposition to talk over our adventures, the great ice islands driving down *Rhenus ferox*, as Seneca justly calls it, and threatening to run against and destroy our awkward ill-contrived boat, may divert care over a winter's fire, some evening in England, by recollection of past perils. I

² One—and he a bold one.

thought it a dreadful one at the time; and have no taste to renew a like scene for the sake of crossing the Scheld, and arriving a very few moments sooner than returning through Brussels will bring us— *à la Place de*

LILLE;

Where every thing appears to me to be just like England, at least just by it; and in fact four and twenty hours would carry us thither with a fair wind: and now it really does feel as if the journey were over; and even in that sensation, though there is some pleasure, there is some pain too;—the time and the places are past;—and I have only left to wish, that my improvements of the one, and my accounts of the others, were better; for though Mr. Sherlock comforts his followers with the kind assertion, That if a hundred men of parts travelled over Italy, and each made a separate book of what *he* saw and observed, a hundred excellent compositions might be made, of which no two should be alike, yet all new, all resembling the original, and all admirable of their kind.—One's constantly-recurring fear is, lest the readers should cry out, with Juliet—

Yea, but all ~~this~~ did I know before!

How truly might they say so, did I mention the oddity (for oddity it still is) in this town of Lille, to see dogs drawing in carts as beasts of burden, and lying down in the market-place when their work is done, to gnaw the bones thrown them by their drivers: they are of mastiff race seemingly, crossed by the bulldog, yet not quarrelsome at all. This is a very awkward and barbarous practice however, and, as far as I know, confined to this city; for in all others, people seem to have found out, that horses, asses, and oxen are the proper creatures to draw wheel carriages—except indeed at Vienna, where the streets are so very narrow, that the men resolve rather to be harnessed than run over.

How fine I thought these churches thirteen years ago, comes now thirteen times a-day into my head; they are not fine at all; but it was the first time I had ever crossed the channel, and I thought every thing a wonder, and fancied we were arrived at the world's end almost; so differently do the self-same places

appear to the self-same people surrounded by different circumstances! I now feel as if we were at Canterbury. Was one to go to Egypt, the sight of Naples on the return home would probably afford a like sensation of proximity: and I recollect, one of the gentlemen who had been with Admiral Anson round the world told us, that when he came back as near as our East India settlements, he considered the voyage as finished, and all his toils at an end—so is my little book; and (if Italy may be considered, upon Sherlock's principle, as a sort of academy-figure set up for us all to draw from) my design of it may have a chance to go in the portfolio with the rest, after its exhibition-day is over.

With regard to the general effect travelling has upon the human mind, it is different with different people. Brydone has observed, that the magnetic needle loses her habits upon the heights of *Ætna*, nor ever more regains her partiality for the *north*, till again newly touched by the loadstone: it is so with many men who have lived long from home; they find, like Imogen,

That there's living out of Britain;

and if they return to it after an absence of several years, bring back with them an alienated mind—this is not well. Others there are, who, being accustomed to live a considerable time in places where they have not the smallest intention to fix for ever, but on the contrary firmly resolve to leave *sometime*, learn to treat the world as a man treats his mistress, whom he likes well enough, but has no design to marry, and of course never provides for—this is not well neither. A third set gain the love of hurrying perpetually from place to place; living familiarly with all, but intimately with none; till confounding their own ideas (still undisclosed) of right and wrong, they learn to think virtue and vice ambulatory, as Browne says; profess that climate and constitution regulate men's actions, till they try to persuade their companions into a belief most welcome to themselves, that the will of God in one place is by no means his will in another; and most resemble in their whirling fancies a boy's top I once saw shewn by a professor who read us a lecture upon opticks; it was painted in regular

stripes round like a narrow ribbon, red, blue, green, and yellow; we set it a-spinning by direction of our philosopher, who, whipping it merrily about, obtained as a general effect the total privation of all the four colours, so distinct at the beginning of its *tour*;—*it resembled a dirty white!*

With these reflexions and recollections we drove forward to Calais, where I left the following lines at our inn:

Over mountains, rivers, vallies,
Here are we return'd to Calais;
After all their taunts and malice,
Ent'ring safe the gates of Calais;
While, constrain'd, our captain dallies,
Waiting for a wind at Calais,
Muse! prepare some sprightly sallies
To divert *ennui* at Calais.
Turkish ships, Venetian gallies,
Have we seen since last at Calais;
But tho' Hogarth (rogue who rallies!)
Ridicules the French at Calais,
We, who've walk'd o'er many a palace,
Quite well content return to Calais;
For, striking honestly the tallies,
There's little choice 'twixt them and Calais.

It would have been graceless not to give these lines a companion on the other side the water, like Dean Swift's distich before and after he climbed Penmanmaur: these verses were therefore written, and I believe still remain, in an apartment of the Ship inn:

He whom fair winds have wafted over,
First hails his native land at Dover,
And doubts not but he shall discover
Pleasure in ev'ry path round Dover;
Envies the happy crows which hover
About old Shakespeare's cliff at Dover;
Nor once reflects that each young rover
Feels just the same, return'd to Dover.
From this fond dream he'll soon recover
When debts shall drive him back to Dover,
Hoping, though poor, to live in clover,
Once safely past the straits of Dover.

But he alone's his country's lover,
Who, absent long, returns to Dover,
And can by fair experience prove her
The best he has found since last at Dover.

T H E E N D .

Explanatory Notes

These notes are designed merely to provide a degree of definition—if only a pair of dates, or a line reference—to some of the countless persons, or subjects, or works of literature to which Mrs. Piozzi alludes in the course of her book. They draw heavily on the standard reference works—the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the *Grand Dictionnaire Universel Larousse*, Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*, the *Enciclopedia Italiana*, *Meyers Lexikon*, the Thieme-Becker *Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler*, and Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. The *Thraliana* and *The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson*, referred to in the Introduction, are cited often, as is *The Florence Miscellany*. *Points de repère* from contemporary witnesses have most often been sought in three books of travel: Lalande's *Voyage en Italie* (third edition; Geneva, 1790), 7 vols.; Dr. John Moore's *A View of Society and Manners in Italy* (London, 1781), 2 vols.; and *Letters During the Course of a Tour Through Germany, Switzerland and Italy, in the Years 1791 and 1792*, by Robert Gray (London, 1794). References to Boswell's *Life of Johnson* are to the Oxford Standard Edition.

5:29-30.* *Dessein's parlor*: in 1775, she had called the Hôtel d'Angleterre, of which Dessein was the proprietor, "the most magnificent I ever saw—the Mount at Marlborough is nothing to it." (*French Journals*, 70-71.)

6:3. *Dr. James*: Dr. Robert James (1705-76), a London physician mentioned often in the *Thraliana*, both as the proprietor of James's Powders and as an early acquaintance of Dr. Johnson.

7:27. *This charming palace*: on her earlier visit she had expressed her admiration of the Château de Chantilly, residence of Louis-

* The entries are to be read hereinafter as page—: line—.

- Joseph de Bourbon, Prince de Condé (1736-1818) in about the same terms (see *French Journals*, 150-51).
- 8:4. *Goliath to David*: I Samuel 17:44.
- 9:33-34. "A happy land": Dr. Johnson, *Irene*, I, ii, 57-58.
- 11:14. *Bocage's Remarks: Lettres sur l'Angleterre, la Hollande et l'Italie*, by Marie-Anne Le Page, dame Fiquet du Boccage (1710-1802), whom the Thrals had met in Rouen in 1775.
- 11:27. *the Duke of Orléans's pictures*: Lalande, in the Preface to his *Voyage en Italie* (third edition, 1790), says of this collection, housed in the Palais Royal, that one could not find a richer one even in Italy. The pictures were taken to England in 1792 and sold there, the highest price for a single picture being the 4000 pounds paid for Annibale Carracci's "The Dead Christ," which Mrs. Piozzi calls "The Three Marys," bought for the collection of the Duke of Carlisle at Castle Howard. It was presented to the National Gallery (London) in 1913 by Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle. Rubens' "Judgment of Paris" is also in the National Gallery.
- 12:2-3. *Le Mariage de Figaro*: written by 1781, privately presented in 1783, it did not receive the king's *licet* until 1784, the first public performance taking place at the Comédie Française on 27 Apr. 1784 "amid the most unbounded enthusiasm and the most violent remonstrances"; it had seventy-eight consecutive performances. *Encic. dello Spettacolo* (Rome, 1954-65), II, 106.
- 12:23. *Goldoni*: Carlo Goldoni, the great Venetian dramatist, was not so old as Mrs. Piozzi took him to be, having been born in 1707. From 1775 to 1780 he had taught Italian to the young sisters of Louis XVI, taking part in the life of the Court at Versailles. He returned to Paris, selling his library in order to do so, and in 1784, poor and in ill health, had begun to write his *Memoirs*, published in 1787. His royal pension stopped in 1792, and he died, after a long illness, on 6 Feb. 1793.
- 12:24. *James Harris of Salisbury*: 1709-80. Scholar, member of the House of Commons for Christchurch, holder of various governmental offices, author of treatises on philological and philosophical questions, including one "On Happiness," known to Dr. Johnson (who called him "a prig, and a bad prig") and to Reynolds. His portrait by Romney is in the National Portrait Gallery. See *Thraliana* for Mrs. Piozzi's acquaintance with him.
- 12:27-28. *Trotti and Bucchetti*: the Marchese Lorenzo Trotti and

his companion the Abate Bucchetti, a Jesuit scholar, figure often in the *Thraliana* as acquaintances in England after the Piozzis had returned home.

- 13:30. *the valiant brothers, Robert and Charles*: it is possible that the balloon ascent Mrs. Piozzi witnessed was made by exactly the men she mentions, but I believe her account is confused. The balloon itself had been invented by the Montgolfier brothers, Joseph-Michel and Etienne, and was first sent aloft on 5 June 1783, at Annonay. The first human ascent, with the balloon tied to the ground, was made by Jean-François Pilâtre de Rozier, a scientist, on 15 Oct. 1783; on 21 Nov. he made the first free ascent, in the presence of the Court. Pilâtre de Rozier lost his life in a more daring ascent in a "montgolfière à air chaud" on 15 June 1785. J.-A.-C. Charles, in collaboration with the brothers Robert, had constructed a balloon which they sent up on 27 Aug. 1783, and the three men had made an ascent from the Tuileries on 1 Dec. 1783, staying in the air two hours and descending twenty-seven miles from Paris. Later J.-A.-C. Charles went up alone, rising rapidly to 9000 feet, and found the experience so terrifying that he never made another ascent. I have been unable to find specific mention of the ascent Mrs. Piozzi witnessed on 19 Sept. 1784, but it must at least be said that her listing of the men involved is careless.
- 14:23-24. *a book seriously recommended by Mr. Goldoni*: The book was the *Discours sur l'universalité de la langue française*, by Antoine Rivaroli, called Comte de Rivarol (1753-1801), who had written it on the subject proposed by the Berlin Académie Royale des Sciences et Belles-Lettres for its competition for the year 1784: *Qu'est-ce qui a fait de la langue française la langue universelle de l'Europe?* The prize was divided between two *Mémoires*, one in German by a professor of philosophy at the Caroline Academy, Stuttgart, the other the book by Rivarol; *Nouveaux mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Sciences et Belles-Lettres*, Berlin, 1785 (for 1783) and 1786 (for 1784).
- 16:7-8. The royal arms of France: the gold fleurs-de-lys on a blue ground and motto *Lilia non laborant neque nent*, "which are (say the French) an allusion to the *Salique* law, which excludes females from the supreme command," are described by Thomas Nugent in *The Grand Tour* (London, 1749, 4 vols.), IV, 28.
- 16:8-9. "*Content the bane of industry*": a phrase which Mrs. Piozzi

- was fond of quoting, and ascribed by the editors of *The French Journals* to Bernard Mandeville, *The Grumbling Hive* (1705), line 388.
- 16:36. *Howell's remark*: see *Epistolae Ho-Eliaanae* (1650), by James Howell (1594?–1666), Book I, Section I, Letter XLIII.
- 19:15. *Duke . . . of Cumberland*: Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland and Strathearn (1745–90), brother of George III.
- 19:20. *as Gratiano says*: Lorenzo's speech, with slight alterations, from *Merchant of Venice*, III, v, 42–45 (Variorum).
- 20:24. *the great Duke of Savoy*: the phrase was more likely to be applied to Vittorio Amedeo II (1666–1732) than to Carlo Emanuele II (1634–75), but the inscription usually described by the travelers is in honor of the latter, who in 1670 constructed a stretch of road called “la montée de la Grotte”; see Lalande, *Voyage en Italie*, I, 61; and *Guide pittoresque du voyageur en France* (Paris, 1838), section on “Département de l'Isère,” p. 3.
- 20:26. *Pont Bonvoisin*: a slip for Pont Beauvoisin.
- 21:29. *Sir Richard Jebb*: physician (1729–87), who had been appointed physician to the Prince of Wales in 1780, and in 1786 physician to the King.
- 22:15. “Burning for blood,” etc.: James Thomson, *The Seasons*, “Winter,” 394.
- 24:1–2. *St. André or St. Ambroise*: the town was S. Ambrogio di Torino, and the one before it S. Antonio di Susa. Susa was the ancient Segesium.
- 24:13–14. *his Sardinian majesty*: The dukes of Savoy had taken the title of king (first of Sicily then) of Sardinia early in the century, Vittorio Amedeo II (1666–1732) being the first king of Sardinia. The reigning sovereign at the time of this journey was Vittorio Amedeo III (1726–95).
- 24:34. *Porporati . . . Bartolozzi*: Carlo Antonio Porporati (1741–1816), engraver and painter, member of the Turin Academy and later curator of the Turin gallery; Francesco Bartolozzi (1725–1815), whom Mrs. Piozzi knew in London, had been appointed engraver to the king soon after he arrived in England in 1764, and was made a member of the Royal Academy in 1768.
- 25:1–2. *Lord Pembroke's great hall*: Mrs. Thrale had visited both Wilton and Beckford's Fonthill in June of 1784, and had made the visits the occasion for one of her frequent comparisons between “Grecian and Gothick” (see *Thraliana*, 598).
- 25:21–22. [*the palace*] *of Sardinia's king*: “The Dropsical Woman,”

by Gerard Dou, was indeed one of the most celebrated paintings in the King of Sardinia's collection, and was later to have a place of honor in the Salon Carré of the Louvre (but for the unfavorable modern judgment see the Louvre's *Guide général*, 1954): Lalande, who gives a room-by-room account of the pictures in the palace at Turin describes only this one in detail. Of the marble horse, however, and the bronze figure of Vittorio Amedeo I seated on it, he says "le cheval est très-lourd, & tout cet ouvrage est au-dessous du médiocre" (*Voyage en Italie*, I, 133).

25:34. *Dr. Charles Allioni*: A physician (1728–1804)—he had been personal physician to Vittorio Amedeo III—a writer on medical subjects, as well as on zoology, paleontology, and botany (he was known as the "Piedmontese Linnaeus"). The relics of his collection, rediscovered in modern times, have been preserved in the Seminary at Chieri. The treatise to which he had "just then put the last line" was the *Flora Pedemontana*, published in two folio volumes in 1785. After the scene Mrs. Piozzi describes he was to live twenty years longer.

26:13–14. In Ovid's *Metamorphoses* XV, the man from Samos concludes an extended speech on mutability (including change of place) with the line, *Et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis*, "And an old anchor has been found on the highest mountains."

28:13. *Bakewell's bulls*: Robert Bakewell of Dishley (b. 1725) was "the most celebrated farmer and cattle breeder of the eighteenth century"; see R. Bayne-Powell, *English Country Life in the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1935), Ch. VII.

28:33. *Uno avulso*, etc.: Virgil's *Aeneid* VI. 144. The Sybil, preparing Aeneas for the descent to Avernus, here describes the golden bough from which a frond must be plucked: "and when one has been torn off, the branch puts forth new leaves of the same metal."

30:19. *Zoffani's pencil*: Johann Zauffely, called Zoffany, born in Bohemia in 1713, went to Rome, then, in 1758, to England, where he painted portraits, including portraits of actors in character, for example that of Garrick as Abel Drugger in Jonson's *The Alchemist*. One of his best-known pictures, representing the Tribune of the Uffizi arranged to show as many as possible of the works gathered there, is in the Royal Collection; another, reproduced in *Johnson's England*, ed. A. S. Turberville, shows "Mr.

- and Mrs. Thrale entertaining Dr. Johnson to tea at Richmond.”
- 31:14. *silver in King Solomon's time*: II Chronicles 9:20.
- 32:29-30. *Viva il General Elliott*: George Augustus Elliott, Lord Heathfield (1717-90), admiral, who had been appointed governor of Gibraltar in 1775 in order to prepare its defense against the Spaniards, whose land blockade became a siege by sea and land in 1779 and was not lifted for three years.
- 32:38. *our lovely Leasowes*: the estate of the poet William Shenstone (1714-63) near Halesowen: the Thrales, with Dr. Johnson, had visited it—as well as Hagley—in 1777.
- 33:4-5. *Tir'd with the joys*, etc. Pope, *Moral Essays*, iv, 87-88 (with slight alterations).
- 39:2. *Ausonius*: Decimus Magnus Ausonius, born at Burdigala (Bordeaux) 310, died *ca.* 393. Quoted are lines 1-3 of the epigram on Milan, Mediolanum, No. V in the *Ordo Nobilium Urbium*.
- 39:28. *unkind . . . in Mr. Addison*: In his *Remarks on Italy*, under “Pavia, Milan, &c.,” Addison had said: “I saw the Ambrosian library, where, to show the Italian genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. . . . Books are, indeed, the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.” More favorable accounts of the library at the (formerly Jesuit) College in the Brera Palace are given by Lalande (I, 304) and by Robert Gray (*Letters*, 278).
- 40:28. *Carlo Borromeo*: S. Carlo Borromeo (1538-84), archbishop of Milan and reformer of the church.
- 42:5-6. *about a hundred years ago*: Mrs. Piozzi must have known that the struggles for supremacy between the Visconti and Torriani families had taken place much longer ago than that (toward the end of the thirteenth century, in fact).
- 42:34-35. *Howel . . . in his Letters*: see *Epistolae Ho-Eliae* Part I, Section I, Letter XL.
- 44:30. *the Emperor's rough reformations*: the first of numerous references to the rulers of Austrian Lombardy, and to the programs and character of the Emperor Joseph II (1741-90), of whom Mrs. Piozzi will also have much to say when she arrives in Austria. His brother, the Archduke Ferdinand, was governor-general, and according to Lalande had resided in Milan since 1771.

- 44:31. *Jack in our Tale of a Tub*: Cf. Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, Section VI.
- 45:8-17. Quoted are 11. 233-42 (Book XII) of Pope's translation of *The Iliad*.
- 45:18. *the theatre*: the Teatro della Scala, which took its name from the church it replaced (founded by Beatrice della Scala) was built in 1778, the architect G. Piermarini.
- 46:32. *The Mount of Miseries in the Spectator*: see Nos. 558 and 559, for 23 and 25 June 1714, respectively.
- 52:12. *cicisbeism*: the question of the exact nature of the relationship between a lady and her *cicisbeo* had been warmly but not very accurately canvassed by most of the travel writers earlier in the century, and when the traveler was disposed to look for scandal in Italian life, he was apt to find it here. Later, Byron was to feel himself especially qualified to throw light on the question: but Mrs. Piozzi's informant has it about right.
- 56:13-14. *the motto to my own coat of arms*: in her own copy of the book, Mrs. Piozzi blotted out "own" and wrote "Father's" in the margin. The motto itself ("For the lion it is enough to have overthrown") is discussed in *Thraliana*, 274.
- 58:2. *Monsieur des Yvetaux*: Nicolas Vauquelin des Yvetaux (ca. 1570-1649). Mrs. Piozzi quotes the first line of his best-known poem and describes accurately the life he led in his retirement, after being dismissed as tutor to the dauphin, in his retreat in the Faubourg St. Germain. For Dr. Walter Pope's "The Old Man's Wish," see Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, II, 346.
- 58:21-22. *Mr. Vestris*: Vestris (or Vestri) was the name of a famous family of dancers. Here is probably meant Angiolo Maria Gasparo Vestri (1730-1809), who had danced at the Paris Opera, at Stuttgart, and on tours of European theaters. "Alcides" may refer to *L'Alcidiane* (1658), a ballet by Benserade, in which Lulli began his career as composer.
- 59:6. *Phaeton's sisters*: Mrs. Piozzi refers often to the myth of Phaeton, supposed to have plunged into the Po (of which the ancient name was Eridanus), his sisters being turned into poplar trees. See Ovid *Metamorphoses* I and II.
- 59:16-17. *Pordenone's Crucifixion*: painted ca. 1521-22 to complete the series of works in the Duomo which Pordenone had begun on his first visit to Cremona a few months earlier. The Crucifixion, over the central portal, seems to have impressed Mrs. Piozzi as much as any painting she saw.

- 59:36-37. *Mr. Hoare's grounds*: i.e., Stourhead, designed by Colt Hoare, an estate famous both for the natural beauty of its grounds and the number and variety of architectural ornaments the grounds contained.
- 61:11-12. *founded by old Tiresias's daughter*: i.e., Manto, as named in the lines from the *Aeneid* (X, 198-200) which she goes on to quote and translate.
- 61:34-35. *works of Giulio Romano*: i.e., both in the Ducal Palace and in the Palazzo del Te, of the latter of which Giulio Romano was the architect and in which were to be seen his frescoes of the "Fall of the Giants" (based on Ovid), works which—like the Pordenone Crucifixion—were to remain firmly fixed in Mrs. Piozzi's mind as a standard for later judgments.
- 62:15. *Verona illustrata*: by the Marchese Scipione Maffei (1675-1775), published 1731-32.
- 63:4. *the collection of antiquities*: according to Lalande (VII, 165), the collection of ancient inscriptions (with one of which she is making a comparison with an inscription from the Arundel marbles) was in the Museum of the Academia Filarmonica, where was also to be seen a bust in honor of the Marchese Maffei, in whose book she had found the remark about the state of the Arundel marbles.
- 64:17. *black-looking monuments*: the fourteenth-century Arche Scaligeri, or Scaliger Tombs.
- 64:19. *the great critic of that name*: J.-J. Scaliger (1540-1609), who was one of the greatest scholars of his time, son of J.-C. Scaliger (1484-1558), also a humanist and critic: J.-J. Scaliger had written a work in support of an issue with which both of them were much concerned, their imagined descent from the della Scala family of Verona.
- 66:25-28. Milton, "L'Allegro," ll. 19-20 and 23-24.
- 67:11-12. *Pains Hill and Stour Head*: for both estates (Payne's Hill belonged to Mr. Charles Hamilton) see *Italian Landscape in Eighteenth Century England*, by Elizabeth Manwaring, 1925.
- 67:32. *inter viburna cupressi*: ("indeed this city has raised its head among other cities, in much the way the cypresses tower over the pliant withies"), Virgil *Eclogues* I. 25.
- 69:11. *the collection of Signor . . . Bozza*: Lalande, citing this collection among many then in existence in Verona, calls Bozza "apothicaire & chymiste distingué."
- 69:31. *the doctrines of Revelation*: II Peter 3:3-4.
- 70:12. *the famous villa*: Mereworth Castle, built by Colin Campbell

for the Hon. John Fane, completed in 1723, and the first Palladian villa to be built in England, was modeled on the Villa Rotunda, begun by Palladio in 1550 and finished by Scamozzi in 1606; see *Andrea Palladio and the Winged Device*, by James Reynolds (New York, 1948).

70:30. *Count Wiltseck*: Heinrich Wilhelm, Count Wilczek (1710-87); both Professor St[r]atico, who was professor of physics and mathematics at the University of Padua, and Dr. Marsili, who was in charge of the Botanical Gardens, were known to Dr. Johnson; see *Boswell's Life*, I, 214, 248. The Abate Cesarotti (1730-1808) was the author of a treatise on the philosophy of language.

71:6-19. Dr. John Moore (*A View of Society and Manners*, Letter XXV) was even more sceptical than Mrs. Piozzi, not only about the authenticity of Antenor's tomb but also about his claims to having been the founder of the city.

71:22-23. *the bas relievos representing his life and miracles*: in the chapel dedicated to the Saint, in the Basilica di S. Antonio, bas-reliefs of the sixteenth century. Mrs. Piozzi's account, evidently written from memory, does not square in details with Lalande's much fuller account (VII, 99), the relief *he* attributes to Sansovino depicting the resuscitation of a young girl (Burckhardt attributes them all to Matteo and Tommaso Garvi).

71:28. *The Hall of justice*: she refers to the Palazzo della Ragione or *Salone*. As often and inevitably happens with works of art, she is accepting attributions which have been discredited since her time. See J. Burckhardt, *Il Cicerone* (Florence: Sansoni, 1952), 860.

73:3. *The Lucrezia Padovana*: according to Lalande (VII, 113), the Marchesa Lucrezia Dondi Orologia, murdered in 1654 by a lover who was unable to seduce her, the monument being erected by the city in 1661.

73:32. The Abate Giuseppe Toaldo (1719-98) was professor of astronomy in the University of Padua and director of the *Specola*, or Observatory, built in 1769 under his direction; also member of the College of Theology and Philosophy, and author of a work entitled *Della vera influenza degli astri*.

75:18-19. *our well-known composer*: Ferdinando Gius. Bertoni (1725-1813), composer, organist at S. Marco, Venice, and later choirmaster at the Ospedale San Lazzaro dei Mendicanti, for the girls' choir at which he wrote oratorios. He had been in London from 1778 to 1780 and again from 1781 to 1783.

76:19-21. *Garrick's Lethe*: a mythological burlesque, first per-

formed at Drury Lane in 1740. Mrs. Tatoo, in her description of the life of a fine lady, says she "makes mischief, buys china, cheats at cards, keeps a pug dog. . . ."

78:1. *scenes laid by Fénelon . . . in Cyprus*: i.e., in *Télémaque*, Book IV.

78:23. *The pictures in the Doge's house*: Mrs. Piozzi is basing her description on the "Italian Journey," correcting a mistake in attributions she had made there, where she had applied the phrase "by the other Brother Bassan" to the painting of Noah's Ark. She evidently has in mind two works which were (and still are) in the Sala del Consiglio del Dieci, described by Lalande as "un grand tableau de Léandre Bassan, représentant le Doge Sébastien Ziani, qui revient triomphant de Frédéric Barberousse," and "L'Arche de Noë du Bassan, . . . une vaste composition où l'on voit une multitude immense d'animaux peints avec une vérité, une expression, une délicatesse extraordinaires. . . ." The latter work is called by a modern writer on the Bassano "opera di Bottega." Wart Aslan, *I Bassano* (Bologna, 1931).

79:14-15. *pictures which represent [St. Mark's] miracles*: paintings by Tintoretto for the Scuola di S. Marco, now dispersed: four of them (including the "Transporting of the Body of St. Mark," which she mentions here), are in the Gallery of the Accademia in Venice, and another ("Miracle of St. Mark") is in the Brera, Milan.

79:24-25. "*Courage father, cry St. George!*": here she apparently combines two lines; cf. *Henry VI*, Pt. III, II, 2, 80, and I, 4, 10 (Variorum).

80:24. *the horses*: a modern guidebook describes them as "Greek work of the 4th or 3rd century B.C., which were part of Venice's share of the booty of Constantinople in 1204."

81:30-31. *the enemies of King David*: cf. I Chronicles 19:4.

82:2. *the lively Mrs. Cholmondeley*: Mrs. Mary Cholmondeley (ca. 1729-1811), of whose power to resist age Mrs. Piozzi speaks in the *Thraliana*. Milton's lines: "Il Penseroso," 31-32.

82:15. *our luxurious Lady Mary*: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762), traveler and writer, author of "The Lover: a Ballad," from which two lines are quoted.

82:23. [*Lady Mary's*] *learned son*: Dr. Moore and the Duke of Hamilton exchanged visits with Mr. Montagu in Venice, and heard him discourse about his Mahometan convictions (see *A View of Society and Manners*, Letter III). Edw. Wortley

Montagu (1713-76) died suddenly in Padua, just as he was starting out for England, and was buried in the Cloister of the Eremitani.

- 83:33-34. *Chevalier Emo*: Admiral Angelo Emo (1732-92), who had won for Venice her last great victories against the pirates of the Barbary Coast; in 1784 he had headed a fleet sent against the Tunisians, and contained the enemy for the next three years with only four ships.
- 85:4. *that lady's pen*: William Parsons, in a note to his "Sonnet to the Countess of Rosenberg," in *A Poetical Tour* (1787), says that the countess (d. 1791) was "meditating a Novel . . . on the story of the unfortunate Foscarini."
- 85:36. *Omai the savage*: Omai had been brought back from the Society Islands by Captain Cook (later in the book Mrs. Piozzi inadvertently refers to him as "South American") and had been entertained at Streatham. He is mentioned occasionally in the *Thraliana*, as well as in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (II, 6).
- 87:19-20. *gems which inlay, etc.*: cf. *Comus*, II, 21-23.
- 88:1. *a famous picture . . . by Paul Veronese*: "The Marriage at Cana" was painted by Veronese in 1563 for the refectory of S. Giorgio Maggiore; since 1799 it has been in the Louvre.
- 90:8-9. *a well-known conservatory*: the primary role of the Conservatories, as Lalande makes clear in describing one in Turin called Il Soccorso, was to provide a refuge for homeless girls, where they could be trained to earn a living and eventually provided with a small dowry. Those in Naples and Venice were celebrated for the music to be heard in them (*Voyage en Italie*, I, 166). Beckford describes a visit to I Mendicanti, made in August 1780, and the evening concerts at one or the other of the Conservatories were sometimes depicted by the genre painters of the period.
- 91:16. *Angelica Kauffman*: a Swiss painter (1741-1807), mostly decorative in scope, who had gone to Rome in 1763. She had been in London from 1766 to 1781, but had then returned to Rome.
- 91:27-28. *the Casino of Senator . . . Quirini*: Lalande explains that the casinos were "small apartments around St. Mark's Square, over the cafés and in the Procuratie, consisting of two or three rooms," and that while they lent themselves to scandalous uses they were also very generally used by well-to-do and noble Venetians as a convenient place for informal gatherings and entertainment.

- 96:35-36. *Vain wisdom all!* etc.: cf. *Paradise Lost*, II, 561 and 565.
- 96:37. *As Dr. Johnson says Browne did*: speaking of Dr. Edward Browne's book of his travels, Dr. Johnson was unable to see it "as likely to give much pleasure to common readers; for . . . a great part of his book seems to contain very unimportant accounts of his passage from one place where he saw little, to another where he saw no more."
- 102:14. *Thuanus*: Jacques-Auguste de Thou (1553-1617), historian, author of a history "*sui temporis*" published 1604-20. There is a *Thuana* (1711) in the list of Anas in the Sale Catalogue of Mrs. Piozzi's library (see *Thraliana*, 467, n. 3).
- 103:27-29. *Night! sable goddess*: Edward Young (1683-1765), *The Complaint, or, Night-Thoughts*, I, 18-20.
- 105:6. *a private scholar, Pinelli*: writing of the private libraries in Venice, Lalande says, "La plus belle collection d'auteurs grecs & latins se trouve chez M. Bastien Zen, noble Vénitien, & chez M. Pinelli [Maffei Pinelli, 1736-89], imprimeur du sénat, & auteur d'une notice utile des différentes éditions des auteurs classiques . . ." (*Voyage en Italie*, VII, 68). Pinelli's library was sold at auction in 1790.
- 105:13-14. *the entrance of a foreign nobleman*: this figure turns up again in Milan in 1786, and opposite her description of him on that occasion, in her own copy of the book, she identifies him as the Marquis de Hautefort.
- 105:28. *the Abate Arteaga*: (1747-99) called one of the most illustrious of the Spanish Jesuits who migrated to Italy; author of a history of musical drama (1783), and a sometimes severe critic of the Italian literature of his time.
- 105:34. *Zingarelli*: Nicola Antonio Zingarelli (1752-1837), whose full opera was produced at San Carlo, Naples, in 1781; he soon went to Milan, where most of his operas were produced at La Scala, beginning with "*Alsinda*" in 1785.
- 107:8. *the dove of Anacreon*: the lines quoted are from Dr. Johnson's translation of Anacreon's Ode IX, beginning "Lovely courier of the sky," which Mrs. Piozzi had copied into the *Thraliana* (233-34) on 15 Jan. 1778, and published in the *Anecdotes*.
- 107:38. *St. Paul expressly says*: Romans 14:5.
- 109:5-6. *our . . . poet in his Paulina*: Robert Merry, one of Mrs. Piozzi's collaborators in *The Florence Miscellany*, and an acquaintance both in Florence and later in England. His long poem, *Paulina*, was published in 1787.

- 109:33-34. *being killed in cold blood*: Lalande also comments on Brescia's reputation for bloody deeds; see *Voyage en Italie*, VII, 230-31.
- 112:21-31. *Si placeat varios*, etc.: I am unable to identify these lines. In a more literal translation than Mrs. Piozzi's they read: "If you like to know the diverse countenances of men, there is a wide area open to you within the boundaries of St. Mark's, where the Lion of Venice looks down on the waves of the Adriatic from on high: here on all sides you will discover people from all parts of the world—Ethiopians, Turks, Slavs, Arabs, Syrians, Cypriot colonists, Cretans, and Macedonians, and innumerable others come there from many places: for often you will see races you have neither seen before nor are able to recognize, and it would be as easy for me to number over all the ships and swift boats—and even the fish—of the deep Adriatic, as to try to describe them all in a few brief verses."
- 113:13. *Cavalier Pindemonte*: Conte Ippolito Pindemonte (1751-1828), an Italian poet of considerable reputation, the most distinguished contributor to *The Florence Miscellany*.
- 113:35. *Et fugit ad salices*: Virgil *Eclogues* III. 65 ("I am sought by Galatea, wanton girl, who flees to the willows but is anxious to be seen before she hides").
- 114:32-33. "Question enrageth him": *Macbeth*, III, iv, 145.
- 114:37-38. *the ancient church adorned by Cimabue, Giotto*, etc.: Mrs. Piozzi seems to be at least mentioning, and in no inappropriate terms (except for adding the name of Cimabue), the Scrovegni Chapel in the church of La Madonna dell' Arena, with its cycles of frescoes by Giotto. (Lalande describes it somewhat more fully, VII, 107-8, but of course it received very little attention from the early travelers.)
- 115:9-12: with slight changes from Milton's "L'Allegro," 95-98.
- 116:12-13: adapted from Young's *Night-Thoughts*, II, 693-94.
- 116:22-23. *our newly adorned opera-house in the Haymarket*: The King's Theater, or Royal Italian Opera House; opened in 1705, burned in 1789, finally destroyed in 1876.
- 116:34-36. Dryden, "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," 8-10.
- 117:13. *Dr. Thomas Burnet*: (1635-1715). "The Sacred Theory of the Earth" was published between 1684 and 1689. The *Dictionary of National Biography* summarizes the view Mrs. Piozzi refers to thus: "Burnet maintained that the earth resembled a gigantic egg; the shell was crushed at the deluge, the internal waters burst out, while the fragments of the shell formed the mountains, and

at the same catastrophe the equator was diverted from its original coincidence with the ecliptic."

- 118:4. *letters to Corilla*: Corilla was the celebrated Florentine improvisatrice. Parsons, in a note to his *Poetical Tour*, says that "Corilla" was the Arcadian name of Signora Maddalena Morelli Fernandez, who had been publicly crowned with laurel at Rome. Robert Gray had heard her in Florence in 1791 or 1792, when she had recited verses on the death of Mengs (d. 1779) and in memory of Maria Theresa (d. 1780).
- 118:36-37. Pope, *Pastorals*, "Spring," 61-62. Robert Gray, as well as other classically minded travelers, was as interested as Mrs. Piozzi in the question of the trees weeping amber (the Heliades, Phaeton's sisters, who at his death were changed into poplars and their tears into amber); cf. his *Letters*, 241-42.
- 119:21-23. Virgil *Georgics* IV. 371-73.
- 119:30. *Monsieur Varillas*: Antoine Varillas, French historian (1624-96), whose numerous works fell during his lifetime into a discredit from which they have never recovered.
- 120:3. *Eligit contraria*, etc.: Ovid *Metamorphoses* II. 380—Phaeton's friend "chooses water as contrary to flame."
- 121:12. For Talassi's visit to Streatham, and his report of it in the *Ferrara Gazette*, see *Thraliana*, 403-4.
- 122:20. Howell on Welsh and Italian prosody: to be found in the passage she had referred to earlier about similarities of physiognomy: *Epistolae Ho-Eliaanae*, Book I, Section I, Letter XL, where the same examples are cited.
- 123:27. *Il and La Ferrarese*: Giovanni Bonatti (1635-81), a pupil of Guercino and court painter to Queen Christina of Sweden in Rome, was known as Il Ferrarese; Adriana Gabrieli (1755-after 1799) was called La Ferrarese (and, after her marriage to Luigi del Bene, who had abducted her from I Mendicanti in 1783, as Ferrarese del Bene); she made her London début in 1785.
- 124:26-27. Dr. Moore explains that the Scotch Highlanders, "nicer in the choice of their blades than any other people, used to get them from a celebrated maker in this town, of the name of Andrea di Ferrara. The best kind of broad-swords are still called by the Highlanders True Andrew Ferraras."
- 125:1-3. *Bonarelli and the pastoral comedy Filli di Sciro*: Guidobaldo Bonarelli (1563-1608). The comedy was published in Ferrara in 1607, and its defense had to do with the public's sense of the wilfulness of the central situation: Clelia, a nymph of

Sciro, abducted by a centaur, is rescued by two youths and falls in love with both of them at once.

125:36. *a pompous inscription*: Dr. Moore, who had stayed at the inn soon after the visit of the emperor and his two brothers, is also satiric about its effect on the innkeeper, and reproduces the lengthy inscription (*View of Society and Manners*, I 289-91).

126:23-24. *the painting of fat Gunhilda*: Andrea Casali, Italian painter and engraver, was in England from 1741 until 1766; in 1760 he exhibited in the Society of Artists for the first time and won a second prize of fifty guineas with a painting called "The Story of Gunhilda."

127-129. The specific pictures she mentions in Bologna: The two paintings in which Guido Reni "shewed those powers which critics have denied him": the "Job in Triumph," then in the church of the Mendicanti di dentro, went to France in 1796, was lost for a long time, and was only recently rediscovered in Notre Dame, Paris; and the "Slaughter of the Innocents," then in S. Domenico, now in the Pinacoteca (Bologna).

The painting by Francesco Albani of "Christ as a Boy with the Virgin and St. Joseph," then as now in the church of La Madonna di Galliera (other travelers were fully as taken with it as Mrs. Piozzi was).

"The boasted Raphael": the "St. Cecilia," now in The Pinacoteca.

The "reserved picture" of Peter and Paul, by Guido Reni, in the Palazzo Sampieri: acquired by the Brera, Milan, 1811.

Guercino's "The Dismissal of Hagar," in the Palazzo Sampieri, from which it was also acquired by the Brera in 1811. (The current *Catalogo della Pinacoteca di Brera* describes it as "one of the most popular in the Pinacoteca, because of its interplay of passions and its expressive but conventional sentimentality.")

131:13-14. Cf. John Gay, *The Shepherd's Week*, "Saturday," 77-78.

131:15, "The Specola" was the term for the Observatory, which, like the several sections of the museum she describes, was a feature of the Institute founded by Marsigli early in the eighteenth century. The Academy of Sciences, founded somewhat earlier, was also a part of the Institute. Moore cites the Latin inscription over the gate ("The Bolognese Institute of Arts and Sciences for the Use of the Public of the Whole World").

132:8. *as Rousseau says*: a turn of speech which Mrs. Piozzi had adapted from Rousseau's *Emile*, and which she was fond of repeating (see *Thraliana*, 66, 264).

- 133:1. *The great Cassini*: Jean-Dominique Cassini (1625-1712), celebrated astronomer, who was consulted by the Marchese Malvasia when the latter was constructing an observatory in Bologna, and who became the director of the Paris Observatory in 1669.
- 134:32 *Pompeio Battoni*: Batoni (1708-87) was a neo-classical painter, active in Rome, where he habitually painted portraits of the traveling English against classical Roman backgrounds, as well as religious subjects.
- 134:35-36. *Richardson's beautiful bigot*: in *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753-54), as is also the Poretta Palace in which she lived.
- 136:32. *Varenius*: Bernhard Varen, Dutch geographer (ca. 1610-ca. 1680), author of a *Geographia generalis* (1664).
- 137:3-6. The lines quoted are from "Vallombrosa," in William Parsons' *Poetical Tour*, the poem being accompanied by a note on the geology of the Apennines.
- 137:18. *Sir William Hamilton*: (1730-1803) whom the Piozzis were to meet at Naples, where he was British envoy extraordinary. He was well known for his archeological and geological investigations, the author of several works on volcanoes, and an important collector of Greek and Roman antiquities (his first collection was purchased for the British Museum in 1772). And he was Emma Hamilton's husband.
- 137:23. *our inn, an English one*: they stayed in Florence at "Mr. Meghitt's English pension." See Robert Gray's *Letters*, 306.
- 138:25. The Thrales had met Count Manucci first in Rouen in 1775, and the acquaintance had continued when he went to England the next year; on the present trip he had introduced them to Goldoni in Paris. The Cavalier Angelo d'Elci (1754-1824) was a contributor to *The Florence Miscellany*, as well as the author of more important works.
- 139:14-15. Pope, *Windsor Forest*, 407-8.
- 139:31. Pope, "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," line 54.
- 139-140. Mrs. Piozzi had been familiar with the lines quoted from the *Demetrio* of Metastasio for some time, having written a free imitation of them in *Thraliana* in 1779.
- 140:14-16. Robert Merry (1755-98) and Bertie Greatheed (1781-1804) were also contributors to *The Florence Miscellany*, and continuing acquaintances of the Piozzis.
- 140:22. Sir Horace Mann (1701-86) was the British envoy in Florence, having been sent there in 1738—never to return to England—where one of his chief duties was to keep an eye on the Stuart Pretender. For a full account of his life, and for many

- reflections of the activities and interests of the British visitors to Florence, see the extremely interesting book based on his letters to Horace Walpole, *Mann and Manners at the Court of Florence, 1740-1786* (London, 1876), 2 vols., by John Doran; and, in *The Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence*, the volumes (XVII-) containing *Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann*, edited by W. S. Lewis, W. H. Smith, and G. L. Lam (New Haven, 1954-).
- 142:4-5. *Dr. Darwin*: Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), physician and botanist, author of *Loves of the Plants* (1789), the second part of his verse production, *The Botanic Garden*.
- 142:25. *the librarian Bandi*: Angelo Maria Bandini (1726-1800), historian and bibliographer of very considerable reputation, director of the Marucelli Library from its opening in 1752, and of the Laurentian Library from 1756.
- 143:7. *Lascaris*: Jean Lascaris (1445-1535), Greek savant and grammarian.
- 147:21. cf. Pope's *Dunciad*, II, 121-22.
- 147:30. *Astley*: Philip Astley (1742-1814), "equestrian performer and theatrical manager," who had begun to give exhibitions of horsemanship with only his regimental charger, after he had left the army, and who achieved a European reputation as the proprietor of theaters for equestrian performances not only in London but also in Dublin and Paris.
- 149:10-11. Slightly altered from "Love of Fame, or, The Universal Passion," Satire VI, "On Women," 187-88.
- 150:29. *Virgil Eclogues*, II, 13.
- 150:32-33; 151:1-2. Slightly altered from Merry's "Ode to Summer," in *The Florence Miscellany*.
- 151:28. *Mr. Brydone*: Patrick Brydone (1736-1818), author of *A Tour Through Sicily and Malta* (1776), who describes the gigantic chestnut tree, on the lower slopes of Mt. Etna, in Letter VI.
- 151:37-38. Cf. *Shepherd's Calendar*, "February," 205-6.
- 152:27. *Our Grand Duke*: The Grand Duke Leopold I (1747-92), brother of Joseph II, had governed Tuscany since 1765, where his reforms—not always welcome—and his paternalism entered every aspect of life. In 1790 he succeeded his brother Joseph II as Emperor of Austria, as Leopold II, his brother Frederick succeeding him in Tuscany.
- 153:28. *Lord Corke*: John Boyle, Fifth Earl of Cork and Orrery (1707-62), whose *Letters from Italy* (1773) included sensational accounts of a few episodes in the lives of the Medici.
- 153:37. *their gallery*: the works she singles out in the Uffizi—most

of them in the circular gallery called the Tribune—are Titian's Venus of Urbino, the Medici Venus, the "Listening Slave" or, as it was sometimes called, the "Arrotino"—there was much discussion as to the subject of this sculpture; the "Wrestlers," which had been found at the same time as the Niobe; the painting, now described as "after Titian," representing Catherine Cornaro with the attributes of St. Catherine of Alexandria; the St. John, then attributed to Raphael, described by Burckhardt as in part by Raphael's own hand, and by some later writers as School of Raphael—in Zoffany's painting of the Tribune, this picture has pride of place in the exact center of the wall facing the viewer. "Guido's meek madonna," described by Lalande as "Une Vierge en contemplation," is not easy to match with any painting mentioned in recent handbooks to the Uffizi (or the Pitti), nor am I able to identify the "St. John by Guido" which she recalls having seen in Bologna. The Niobe group is still in the Uffizi, and still gives its name to the Sala di Niobe, which the Grand Duke had built to house it when it was brought to Florence from the Villa Medici in Rome in 1775. (For a full and extremely interesting account of the Tribune and Zoffany's rearrangement of it in his painting, see *Zoffany and His Tribuna*, by Oliver Millar, London, 1966).

- 154:34 *Mrs. Siddons*: the great actress (1755–1831) was a close friend of Mrs. Piozzi, but it is not clear just what connection she is making with the Niobe here.
- 157:34. *grandson of King James the Second*: Charles Edward Stuart (1720–88), eldest son of the Chevalier de St. George ("James III"), not acknowledged by the Pope on his father's death in 1766, at which time he left Rome for Florence. His consort was Louisa, Countess of Albany, daughter of Prince Stolberg. They had been married in 1772, but the countess later eloped with Alfieri, whose mistress she had been.
- 160:13. *Abate Bianconi*: usually identified as Giov. Ludovico Bianconi (1717–81), but this cannot be correct if the death date always given for G. L. Bianconi is correct.
- 164:16 and ff. The verses are quoted, with slight variations, from Parsons' "Vallombrosa," in his *Poetical Tour*, which also supplies Mrs. Piozzi with the information about the convent which she cites here.
- 165:10–11. *the tombs of Michael Angelo and . . . Galileo*: that of Michelangelo (by Vasari) dates from 1570, that of Galileo from 1737.

- 165:37. *Dr. South*: Dr. Robert South (1634-1716), mentioned by Dr. Johnson, a court preacher, a man of learning and wit, who is buried in Westminster Abbey.
- 166:3-6. *statues . . . in the open street*: among them the "Rape of a Sabine Woman," and the Hercules and Nessus ("The Centaur"), both by Giambologna, in the Loggia della Signoria.
- 166:6. *Madonna della Seggiola*: then as now in the Pitti Palace.
- 166:36-37. *Nardini . . . played a solo*: Pietro Nardini (1722-93), violinist and composer, was director of music at the Tuscan court.
- 169:13. *nec vult panthera domari*: Mrs. Piozzi quotes this proverb ("nor does the panther wish to be tamed") also in *Thraliana* (p. 68), where she likewise attributes it to Lily's *Latin Grammar* (*Brevissima Institutio: seu, Ratio Grammatices cognoscendae ad omnium puerorum utilitatem praescripta*), originally compiled in 1512 and in continued use up to her own day. Lily often illustrates his points with Latin proverbs or lines of verse, but this one has eluded my search.
- 169:2. Howell describes the government of Lucca—and its relationship with the neighboring state of Tuscany—in Book I, Section I, Letter XLI of the *Epistolae Ho-Eliae*.
- 174:30-31. *Giotto and Cimabue*: this impressionistic attribution is not supported by modern writers (though Lalande, too, mentions both Giotto and Cimabue in describing the Campo Santo).
- 175:3. *the tomb of Algarotti*: "recently set up," says Robert Gray (*Letters*, 341).
- 175:36-39. Quoted is the first stanza of Pope's "Universal Prayer," with variations from the printed version; see also *Thraliana*, 405-6.
- 180:36. Quoted is line 515 of the *De Redito suo* of Rutilius Numatianus ("Gorgon rises in the middle of the sea, the waves flowing around it"), in which the poet describes the journey he made, ca. 417 or 420, from Rome back to Gaul. (The three Gorgons, one of them Medusa, were the daughters of Phorcus, a sea god, son of Neptune.)
- 181:19. *Caelum non animum*, etc.: the well-known line from Horace (*Epistles* II, xi, 27, often quoted by the travelers, Howell among them, and by Lily's *Latin Grammar*. ("They change their sky but not their soul, who run across the seas."))
- 191:28-29. Merry's lines are from "Sir Roland: A Fragment," in *The Florence Miscellany*.
- 192:12-13. *the present sovereign*: Pope Pius VI, ruler of the Papal States, was born Giannangelo Braschi in 1717; he was elected

pope in 1775. He undertook to reclaim the Pontine Marshes between Cisterna and Terracina, but was only partially successful, was also a great roadbuilder, was an antiquary, in which role he completed the Museo Pio-Clementino which Clement XIV had begun, promoted excavations, attracted many artists to Rome, including Canova and David. He had his difficulties with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the Emperor, and with other sovereigns in the Europe of the Enlightenment. In 1798 he was deposed as temporal ruler, the Roman Republic being proclaimed; he went into exile and died in 1799.

192:17-19. Quoted from Merry's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Rome," in *The Florence Miscellany*.

192:22. *R. Wilson*: Richard Wilson (1714-82), landscape painter who took Claude and Gaspar Poussin as his inspiration. He was in Italy in the 1750's, where he painted many views of the Campagna, also a Niobe (1760) that earned 2000 pounds for its publisher when it was engraved in 1761.

192:25. *Strofani's*: the arrival in Rome was of course the high point toward which the Grand Tourist had been building his expectations, and we sense the excitement that was involved in getting hastily settled in one of the several inns in the Piazza di Spagna when Robert Gray says: "alighted at Pio's in the Piazza di Spagna; . . . we procured a guide and hastened through some dirty streets and over the bridge of St. Angelo, to St. Peter's" (*Letters*, 351).

193:1-3. Juvenal *Satires* III. 312-14 ("You may call the ages happy, which formerly under kings and tribunes saw Rome content with a single prison.")

193:29-30. Quoted in altered form from Greathhead's "Ode on Apathy," *The Florence Miscellany*.

194:32. *Suidas*: a Greek lexicographer who lived in the tenth or eleventh century, author of a historical lexicon, biographical and literary, which preserved fragments of ancient authors which would otherwise have been lost.

195:6 *Castor and Pollux*: the colossal statues of the Dioscuri, Roman derivations from Greek models, were discovered in 1560 and erected in their present position in 1584. The mosaic (four pigeons rather than two) and the sculptures which she mentions as being in the Capitoline Museum are still there (the bronze wolf is in the Pinacoteca). The current (1966) *Guida breve* to the Capitoline Museums describes the mosaic (a copy from the time of Hadrian of the earlier work mentioned by Pliny) p. 43; the

Capitoline She-wolf, an Etruscan bronze *not* to be identified with the one recorded by Cicero, p. 84; the "Antinous," which it calls a statue of Hermes, again a version from the time of Hadrian of a fourth-century prototype, p. 66; and the "Dying Gladiator," a Roman copy in marble of a possibly bronze original of the school of Pergamon, p. 68. Still to be seen in the Pinacoteca of the Capitoline Museums are Guercino's *Sybilla persica* and his "St. Sebastian" (Nos. 22 and 23 in the Sala di Sta. Petronilla). Although the collection contains several paintings of the Magdalene, none seems to be by Titian. Guido's "Fortune" is to be seen in the Pinacoteca of the Vatican (No. 653); there is in the Capitoline Pinacoteca another painting by Guido Reni, *L'Anima beata* which is sufficiently like the "Fortune" as to make us wonder whether Mrs. Piozzi was not confused as to where she had seen the "Fortune." The Marforio, in the Cortile of the Palazzo Nuovo (which houses the Capitoline Museum), described by the *Guida breve* as a "*statua colossale di divinità fluviale*," was, like the Pasquino with which Mrs. Piozzi connects it, one of the "talking statutes" of Rome, because of the custom of hanging satiric writings on it.

196:30. *Ammianus Marcellinus*: fourth-century historian, author of a history of Rome from 91 A.D. to 378 A.D. Quoted is a fragment from the description (XVI, x) of the impression made by Trajan's Forum on Constantius when he visited Rome in 356: "But when he came to the Forum of Trajan, a structure unique in the whole world, as we believe, and wonderful even by the agreement of the gods, he stopped thunderstruck, as his mind took in the gigantic creations, which are not easy to describe in words nor ever likely to be repeated by mortals."

198:35-37. *Tullia and her bleeding parent*: The story of Tullia ordering her attendant to drive over the body of her murdered father, Servius Tullius, is told in a number of places (Ovid *Fasti* vi, for example, or Dionysius *Roman Antiquities* iv), but I have not identified the line Mrs. Piozzi quotes here.

201:9. *Mr. Jenkins*: Robert Gray says of the English in Rome, "They associate much together, preferring the company of their countrymen to the being carried in crowds, under Mr. Jenkins's protection, to concerts and conversazioni, at the house of princess Santa Croce, or the cardinal de Bernis." Rome offered very little in the way of public entertainment, and although most travelers of any consequence seem to have had access to the Cardinal de Bernis, few doors were open, and the Piozzis' experi-

ence here was quite different from what it had been in Milan and Venice, or even in Florence.

- 209:28-29. *the Auroras of Guido and Guercino*: key works, of course, in the history of Italian Baroque painting, the first in the Casino of the Palazzo Rospigliosi-Pallavicini (then the Palazzo Borghese), the second in the Villa Ludovisi. As to "what Domenichino has done with the same subject," she may have meant a ceiling-painting in the Palazzo Costaguti, which Nibby says represented "Apollon monté sur son char avec plusieurs Génies et le Temps qui découvre la Vérité."
- 210:26-32. Cf. Thomson, *The Seasons*, "Summer," 47-53. She next quotes "Summer," 81-88.
- 211:12-14. Of the musicians she mentions, Nardini has already been identified. Alessandri (1742-92) was a Venetian composer, whose wife, the singer Guadagni, had made her début in London in 1767. Luigi Marchesi (1755-1829) was a male soprano who had made his début in Rome in 1774.
- 212:12-25. Of the works she singles out in the Palazzo Barberini, Lalande also writes at length about the "Sleeping Faun," about Raphael's portrait of his mistress, and about Guido's "Magdalene." I am unable to identify the painting she attributes to Leonardo, but there was (and is) a "St. John the Baptist," by Guercino, in the Capitoline Pinacoteca. Guido's "Magdalene," like the other paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the National Collection formerly in the Palazzo Barberini, is at present to be seen in the Palazzo Corsini.
- 214:8-30. Lalande gives full description (*Voyage en Italie*, IV, 101-117) of all the works of antique sculpture she mentions as in the Palazzo Farnese, but by the time Nibby describes the Palace these works had been moved to Naples, where they may now be seen in the National Archeological Museum. At present, against the wall behind the Toro Farnese, stands a herm of Hercules, No. 6392, which may possibly be the work she describes as "another Hercules, . . . a foil to Glycon's."
- 215:6. *peronatus arator*: "the ploughman with boots of untanned leather," Persius *Satires* V, 103.
- 215:8-22. *the Dorian palace*: the *Catalogo sommario* of the Galleria Doria Pamphili (1967) lists seven paintings by Il Garofalo, and numerous landscapes by both Gaspar Poussin and Claude Lorrain, as well as a "Virgin in Adoration of the Sleeping Child," by Guido Reni (No. 136). All these works are currently to be seen in the Gallery, as is Ludovico Carracci's "Il Salvatore" (No.

- 164) and Annibale Carracci's "Pietà" (No. 137), a replica of the "Pietà" at Capodimonte. The *Catalogo sommario* lists no work by Bonati, however, nor is there any painting in the Gallery which answers to the description of the "Deluge" she attributes to him.
- 215:23-37. *At the Colonna palace*: of the pictures she mentions as having been seen at the Galleria Colonna, only one is mentioned by Lalande, the "Herodias" (he says it had been engraved by Frey). Thieme-Becker lists a "Madonna dolorosa" by Guercino as being in the Colonna, but the 1937 *Catalogo* (there is no later one) does not list it. Neither of these two paintings is currently to be seen in the Gallery, nor is a "Returning Prodigal" by Guercino. (There is a painting of this subject by Guercino in the Galleria Sabauda, Turin.) The painting of "Cain flying from the sight of his murdered brother," which she attributes to Andrea Sacchi, is attributed by the *Catalogo* to Francesco Mola (No. 142).
- 216:31-32. *the Apollo*: the Apollo Belvedere, marble copy of an original in bronze of the fourth century B.C., still in the Museo Pio-Clementino at the Vatican, as are the other works of sculpture she mentions.
- 218:26. *Vopiscus*: Flavius Vopiscus, historian who flourished at the end of the third and beginning of the fourth century, author of lives of the Roman emperors.
- 218:38. *the two houses belonging to the Borghese family*: these were the Palazzo in the Campius Martius (now the Palazzo Pallavicini-Rospigliosi), which in Mrs. Piozzi's day housed the paintings, and the Villa Borghese, which contained the sculpture. The two collections were brought together in 1891, both parts having seen both losses and additions since the early nineteenth century. Raphael's "Deposition," Titian's "Venus Blindfolding Cupid," Domenichino's "Diana" are still to be seen in the Villa Borghese, but I have not identified the work she attributes to Leonardo. Of the sculpture, the "monster" for whom Bernini provided a soft couch (in her copy of the book she identifies it as the "Hermaphrodite") is now in the Louvre, along with the "Gladiator" that so fired her imagination.
- 220:36. In her copy of the book, opposite the passage describing the Princess Borghese's diamonds, Mrs. Piozzi wrote: "in about 20 years she was reduced to eat Rice with a Horn Spoon, & live upon 2/6d. English a Day: allowed her by the French."
- 226:11-17. Parthenope was an ancient name for Naples, taken from

- the legend that the Siren Parthenope, a daughter of the river god Achelous, was buried there. Writing these verses out in the *Thraliana*, Mrs. Piozzi explained that "wisdom's self" was Ulysses.
- 230: 30-32. Mrs. Piozzi quotes a part of the opening sentence of one of the Epistles (X. xxxv, rather than X. xxviii) of Symmachus, who died around the turn of the fourth and fifth centuries: "*Ab exortu paene Urbis Martiae strenuarum usus adolevit, auctoritate Tatii Regis, qui verbenas foelicis arboris ex luco Strenua anni novi auspices primus accepit.*" (She substantially translates it.)
- 231:4. *Banks and Solander*: Sir Joseph Banks (1743-1820), botanist, president of the Royal Society from 1778 until his death; Dr. Daniel Solander (1736-1782), pupil of Linnaeus, librarian at the British Museum, later Banks' companion in his travels round the world, and his librarian. Both went on Cook's expedition in the "Endeavour," 1768-71.
- 231:13-14. *Et in otia natam*: "Parthenope, born to idleness," Ovid *Metamorphoses* XV. 711-12.
- 233:3-4. *Qualis ubi abruptis*, etc.: "As when a horse has broken from his stall, And roams the open meadow, free at last," Virgil *Aeneid* XI. 492-93.
- 234:4. *Masaniello's . . . revolt*: the successful revolt Masaniello led against the vice-regal powers, begun in early June 1747, was ended when his madness declared itself early in July; he was killed on 16 July.
- 234:23. *their own sovereign*: Ferdinand I (1751-1825)—his father was King of Spain—King of Naples and Sicily: later (from 1815) as Ferdinand IV, King of the Two Sicilies, though this title seems to have been used even earlier. Robert Gray was not so completely charmed as Mrs. Piozzi was by the legend of the king's democratic behavior and naive good nature (*Letters*, 401).
- 236:24. *Jane Shore in the last act*: i.e., of Nicolas Rowe's tragedy based on the life of the mistress of Edward IV, *Jane Shore* (1715), which is said to have been one of Mrs. Siddons' favorite parts.
- 242:35. Pope, *Essay on Man*, II, 271.
- 245:6-7. Pope, *Satires*, First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, 322-23.
- 247:4. *Mr. Cox*: possibly William Coxe (1747-1828), historian and traveler, who had returned from a continental tour in 1786.
- 247:10. *the other Philips*: i.e., John Philips (1676-1709), author of *Cyder* (1708) and *The Splendid Shilling* (1705), a burlesque poem in Miltonic manner.

- 248:2-7. *Fielding's song*: From *An Old Man Taught Wisdom, or, The Virgin Unmask'd* (1734), Air VI (slightly altered).
- 253:22-23. Goldsmith, "Edwina and Angelina: a Ballad," 19-20 (slightly altered).
- 255:34-35. *the lady in Dryden's fables*: in "Theodore and Honoria," from the Fifth Day (Novel VIII) of the *Decameron*.
- 258:21. *the theatre*: i.e., San Carlo, according to Lalande the largest modern theater in Italy.
- 260:3. *Mr. Andrews*: Miles Peter Andrews (d. 1814), dramatist (mentioned often in *Thraliana*).
- 260:17. *Capo di Monte*: King Ferdinand, during these years, was enriching the collection of paintings, begun by his father with the pictures inherited from Elizabeth Farnese, which is today one of the components of the Galleria Nazionale in Naples, and once again, with splendid new installation, in the Palace at Capodimonte. Still to be seen in it are several works by Bartolomeo Schedoni, L. Bassano's "Resurrection of Lazarus," and by Lanfranco both a "St. Jerome and the Angel" and an "Archangel Raphael and Satan." (The comparison she makes with an angel by Guido Reni may refer to "The Archangel Michael with Satan," in the church of S.M. della Concezione in Rome.) Lalande makes some of the same points she makes about Schedoni, describing each of his paintings in detail.
- 261:28-31. Quoted from Prior's "Henry and Emma," in slightly altered form, lines 497-98 and 504-5.
- 263:8. The palace at Caserta, which Lalande called "the most magnificent, the most regular, and the vastest in Italy," begun by Charles III, on designs of the architect Vanvitelli, in 1752. When Charles left Naples in 1760, to become King of Spain, there were over 2000 men employed on it, and according to Lalande there were still over 600 in 1765, but the date usually given for its completion is 1774. (The aqueduct, according to the inscription cited by Lalande, was completed between 1753 and 1760). The Palace was Mediterranean Allied Headquarters during World War II.
- 263:35. *a picture by Mengs*: Anton Raffael Mengs (1728-79), born at Aussig, in Germany, and active in Rome from an early age as a neo-classicist painter, celebrated by Winckelmann. He worked in the royal palaces in Spain, and in the Vatican; he was Batoni's rival as a portrait painter.
- 264:3-6. *Poussin's . . . sacraments*: for the history of Poussin's two

- series of paintings of The Seven Sacraments, and especially of the second series (now the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, on deposit in the National Gallery of Scotland), see the catalogue of the *Exposition Nicolas Poussin* at the Louvre in 1960, in which all seven are reproduced. These paintings had been in the collection of the Duke of Orléans until 1792, where Mrs. Piozzi should have seen them.
- 266:3-4. *Neapolitan coinage*: the coins, according to Lalande, were the ducat, the *carlino*, and the grain, as well as a coin called *oncia d'oro* worth three ducats or thirty *carlini*, which was much in use.
- 266:23. *Propria quae maribus*: the name familiarly given to Lily's *Latin Grammar*, from the opening words of the versified rules for gender, which included the sentence she quotes ("and Anxur which is both masculine and neuter") in the exceptions to the rule that names of cities are feminine.
- 266:30-31. Virgil *Aeneid* VII. 799-800, somewhat oddly punctuated ("Circe's ridge; and those fields over which Jupiter of Anxur reigns").
- 267:8. Martial *Epigrams* Book V. 1, "Ad Caesarem."
- 267:32-35. Pope's *Odyssey*, XIII, 241-44.
- 268:29-30. Milton: cf. *Comus*, 265-66.
- 272:25. *simplex munditiis*: cf. Horace *Odes* I. v. 5.
- 274:25-27. *Xenophon's advice*: cf. *Cyropaedia* I. vi. 22.
- 275:14. *Seeing I also am a man*: *The Acts* 10: 25-26.
- 277:17-18. Raphael's "Transfiguration": the painting, now in the Vatican Museum, which had been commissioned in 1517 and on which Raphael was working at the time of his death in 1520, was in Mrs. Piozzi's day still in the church of S. Pietro in Montorio.
- 279:36. *Menagiana*: Gilles Ménage (1613-92), poet in several languages; the *Ménagiana* was first published in 1692, and again in 1713-16 (in 4 vols.).
- 282:28-29. She had seen the original of Daniele da Volterra's "Deposition" in the church of Trinità dei Monti; it was one of the most celebrated paintings in Rome in her day.
- 284:11-17. In describing the painting of "The Marriage of Alexander and Roxana" in the Farnesina as being by "Europe's greatest painter," she was under the impression that it was by Giulio Romano, an entry in the "Italian Journey" tells us.
- 285:17-36. The Villa Albani (now the Villa Torlonia) had been built about 1760 for the Cardinal Albani, who had assembled there his collection of sculpture.

- 287:30. One version of the often-quoted statement is "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, Barberini fecerunt" ("What the barbarians didn't do, the Barberini did"): it was said of Pope Urban VIII even by his contemporaries.
- 290:34. *the Jesuits church*: i.e., the Gesù, built by Vignola, which contains the tomb of St. Ignatius. Lalande describes the over-life-size figure of the saint in silver as having been "composée par Le Gros, & coulée par Ludóvisi."
- 291:1. *the Jesuits are gone*: the Compagnia di Gesù had been driven from Portugal (1759), France (1762), Spain (1767), from the Two Sicilies and Malta (1768), and was universally suppressed by Clement XIV in 1773.
- 291:30-33. Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii, 134-37.
- 292:28. Martial *Epigrams* X. 47, 12.
- 293:33. See Virgil *Aeneid* XII. 119-20 ("Others clad in the ceremonial apron, their brows bound with laurel, brought water and fire").
- 293:35. *which Servius explains at length*: Servius Marius Honoratus, Roman grammarian who lived toward the end of the 4th century, author of a remarkably copious commentary on Virgil.
- 294:35. In I Corinthians xv: 33, Paul quotes the line, which occurs in Menander's *Thais*, Fragment 218K, but which was probably already a proverb when Menander used it.
- 298:5. *Camillus*: Dr. Moore (*View of Society and Manners*, I, 377) tells the story of the schoolmaster of the town of Fescennium who "betrayed a number of the sons of the principal citizens into the power of the Dictator Camillus, at that time besieging the place," but Camillus, detesting the treachery, had the traitor stripped, tied, and turned over to the schoolboys.
- 298:34. *sulphureous Nar*: *sulfurea Nar*, as in *Aeneid* VII. 517, which she later quotes.
- 299:18. *the cascade*: i.e., the falls of the river Velino, at Monte di Marmore, now Cascata di Marmore.
- 301:10. *Loretto*: the cult which centered in the Casa Santa at Loreto (allegedly the house of the Virgin, miraculously transported from Nazareth in the thirteenth century, first to Fiume, then to the laurel wood from which Loreto took its name) had throughout the eighteenth century been the object of spiteful or cynical comment from those travelers who viewed Italian Catholicism with disfavor or suspicion.
- 305:16. *the apothecary's pots*: Lalande says (VI, 311) that at the apothecary's in Loreto there was a collection of about three

hundred "vases de faïence, dont on dit que les peintures sont faites sur les dessins de Raphaël et de Jules Romain," and Burckhardt (*Cicerone*), acknowledging the importance of these works of majolica in themselves, which often did use designs taken from the paintings of the Roman school, explains that the misunderstanding that Raphael had painted the pots may have grown up because Raffaele Ciarla later worked at Loreto.

306:3. *flet noctem*: Virgil *Georgics* IV. 514.

306:19-21. Pliny: cf. *Natural History* Bk. III. xiii.

306:24-25. Lucan: *Pharsalia* II. 402 ("on the other side, Ancona, opposed to the Dalmatian waves").

309:15. *Ibid.*, IV. 404 ("where the waves of the Adriatic beat against long Salona").

311:2. *Sir Ashton Lever*: naturalist, collector of the Leverian Museum (1729-88). He collected all kinds of things, including live birds, shells, stuffed birds, and weapons. In 1774 he moved his collection to Leicester House, in London, where it filled sixteen rooms; admission was 5s. 6d. per person. The collection was kept together, under varying auspices, until 1806.

311:9. *Tom Davis*: Thomas Davis (1712-85), actor and bookseller, printer of *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces* (1773) advertised as "By the Authour of the Rambler." He wrote a life of Garrick, published in 1780. And he introduced Boswell to Dr. Johnson.

311:39. *the graceful Sampson*, by Guido: originally in the Palazzo Zambecari, and now in the Pinacoteca; Mrs. Piozzi probably saw it in the Palazzo Pubblico, where it had been since 1684.

314:13. *Ulloa's travels*: Antonio de Ulloa (1716-95) naval officer and scientist, member of the Royal Society; author of *Relación historica del viage a la America meridional* (Madrid, 1748) and *Noticias americanas, entretenimientos physico-historicos sobre la America septentrional oriental* (Madrid, 1772).

315:18. *Sannazarius*: Jacopo Sannazzaro (1458-1530), Neapolitan poet, from whose *Epigrammata* she quotes (Lib. I, xxxv) and translates; Howell had quoted the same epigram, and explained that Sannazzaro "had given him by St. Mark a hundred Zecchins for every one of these verses, which amounts to about 300 [pounds]."

316:19. *caged nightingales*: quoted in her footnote is *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. 2. 38.

317:3. Milton, *Comus*, 729.

317:11-16. *Veronese*: she describes the "Family of Darius before

Alexander," then in the Palazzo Pisani a S. Paolo, now in the National Gallery, London.

318:12-15. *Martial Epigrammatum liber X.* 74, 9-12.

318:32-33. *Anson's voyages*: she refers to the account in *Voyage round the World* (1748), compiled from the papers of Lord George Anson (1697-1762), describing the arrival of the "Centurion" at Juan Fernandez, 11 June 1741.

319:28. Cf. *Persius Satires I.* 26-27.

323:23-25. *the giants*: she is comparing the "Fall of the Giants," by Giulio Romano, which she had so much admired in Mantua, with a comparable episode in Pietro da Cortona's ceiling painting in the Sala Grande of the Palazzo Barberini.

323:36. *Parma's four surprising pictures*: these pictures (of which she mentions only two) were all by Correggio: the "Madonna della Scodella," then in S. Sepolcro; the "Madonna del S. Gerolamo," then in the Duke's Academy in the Palazzo Ducale; the "Deposition," and the "Martyrdom of SS. Placidio, Flavia, Eutichio, and Vittorino," both of which were in S. Giovanni Ev. (all four paintings are now in the Galleria Nazionale, Parma).

331:20-31. *the Abate Bossi's jeu d'esprit*: the verb "laetificabant," rejoiced, is common to the three columns, so that the whole thing reads: "The happy birthday of his mother rejoiced the Prince, the wished-for arrival of a brother rejoiced the court, the safe delivery of a wife rejoiced the city."

340:2. *Parini's satires*: the Abate Giuseppe Parini (1729-99) was the author of lyric poetry, as well as of satires.

343:30. *Vallisnieri*: Cav. Antonio Vallisnieri (1661-1730), naturalist.

344:8. *the famous epigram*: In the *Thraliana* (whose editor describes the epigram as "formerly attributed to Ausonius"), Mrs. Piozzi offers still other translations of it.

344:24-25. *Crescimbeni and Mr. de Chevreau*: J.-M. Crescimbeni (1663-1728), man of letters, founded the Academy of the Arcadians in Rome in 1690; Urbain Chevreau (1613-1701), whose *Chevraeana* was published in 1697, was a man of letters and a traveler for a part of his life, retiring to London some years before his death.

344:32. *the fair at Bergamo*: Lalande says (VII, 245) that the most remarkable thing in Bergamo was the building, dating from about 1740, in which the fair was held, during the last eight days of August and the beginning of September.

347:23. *Père Mabillon's book*: Jean Mabillon (1632-1707), Bene-

- dictine author of quite a number of books, including a treatise on diplomatics which established the subject scientifically; here she may refer to his *Museum Italicum* (1687).
- 347:29-38. the inscription: "— placed this skeleton here in order that the living, by study of the dead, may provide for the healing of the sick."
- 348:13. *the inscription preserved by Father Bouhours*: ("Here rests one who was never at rest.") Dominique Bouhours (1628-1702), Jesuit, man of letters, philologist, his best-known work being *Manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit* (1687).
- 350:1-2. *Abate Casti*: Casti (1724-1803) had evidently provided the libretto for Paisiello's opera *Il Re Teodoro in Venezia*, written in Vienna on Paisiello's way back to Italy from eight years in St. Petersburg, in 1784. The King of Sweden was Gustavus III (1771-92).
- 353:2-3. *the Correggios now moved from Modena to [Dresden]*: Lalande says the Duke of Modena had sold the "Notte," or "Nativity," to the King of Poland in 1767 (until about which date the electors of Saxony were also kings of Poland).
- 354:1. *Abbate Bertola*: Aurelio Bertola de' Georgi (1753-1798), poet, historian and teacher of history, critic, traveler, and administrator; the *Cento favole* was published in 1785.
- 360:1-2. *twenty-eight old kings*: what Beckford calls "the bronze statues of Tirolese Counts and Worthies, solemnly ranged in the church of the Franciscans," but the figures (dating from 1510 to 1561) include "worthies" from many parts of Europe.
- 361:14. *the picture-gallery*: comparing Rubens' "Slaughter of the Innocents" in the collection of the Elector of Bavaria (No. 572 in the 1958 *Handbook* to the Alte Pinakothek), she refers to the painting by Guido Reni which she had seen in Bologna, and to a painting by Le Brun of the same subject in the collection of Prince Liechtenstein in Vienna.
- 362:31. Pope, *Moral Essays*, IV, 109.
- 362:32. *Capella Borghese*: i.e., in S. Maria Maggiore, Rome.
- 363:5-6. Pope, *Moral Essays*, IV, 117-18.
- 365:27. For Mrs. Piozzi's belief that there was an Adam of Salzburg among her ancestors, see *Thraliana*, 274 and 678.
- 369:28. *dear Mr. Hutton's image*: James Hutton (1715-95), who founded the Moravian Church in England.
- 370:31. *Pennant's Synopsis*: Thomas Pennant (1726-98), traveler

- and naturalist, and a most prolific writer in both capacities. His *Synopsis of Quadrupeds* was published in 1771; a *History of Quadrupeds* in 1781.
- 370:35. *The Imperial collection*: of the specific pictures she mentions, three are included in the *Beschreibendes Verzeichnis: Gemälde* (1892): Vandyke's "Crucifixion." Gerard Dou's "Physician Holding a Bottle up to the Light," and Teniers' "Abraham's Sacrifice."
- 373:27-28. *giving Harrison 10,000 £.*: in its article on John Harrison (1693-1776), the *Dictionary of National Biography* explains that an act had been passed in 1713 offering rewards of ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand pounds 'to any one who could discover a method of determining the longitude at sea within sixty, forty, and thirty geographical miles respectively.' Harrison's instruments were progressively more successful, beginning in 1735, but it was only in 1773, as a result of the King's intervention, that Parliament made up the sums he had received to £10,000.
- 373:32. *Sherlock*: Martin Sherlock, traveler (d. 1797). His travel letters were published in Geneva in 1779 as *Lettres d'un voyageur anglois*, an English translation appearing in London the next year. There was a second series in 1780-81.
- 374:12. *Optat ephippia*, etc. For the proverb ("The lazy ox yearns for the horse's trappings, and the steed for the plow"), cf. Horace *Epistles* I. xiv. 43.
- 374:31. *Sacchini . . . dead*: Antonio Sacchini (1730-86), the composer, who had been in London throughout the 1770's, had died in Paris on 6 October, a few months after losing the patronage of Marie Antoinette.
- 375:39. *Prince Lichtenstein's pictures*: an illustrated handbook to the collection published in 1943 lists the "Story of Decius" by Rubens (Nos. 47-53, and 78) and the "Assumption of the Virgin" (No. 80). "The Lute-player" (now in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.), which she mentions as being by Caravaggio, is now attributed to Orazio Gentileschi, but Mrs. Piozzi automatically produces the phrase which admirers of the later Baroque reserved for Caravaggio: "the coarse but natural hand of Caravagio."
- 376:18. *Humphrey Prideaux*: orientalist (1648-1742), author of a *Life of Mahomet* (1697), and *Connection* (1716-18), a historical

account of the interval between the Old and the New Testaments: the latter was included in the formidable list of books which Dr. Johnson had recommended to a young clergyman whom he was advising as to his studies.

- 377:14. *the celebrated Metastasio*: Metastasio (1698–1782) was early connected with the singer Marianne Bulgarelli, called La Romanina (d. 1737), and she is said to have started him off on a career of greatness when he was still a young man.
- 380:30–33. From Dr. Johnson's "On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet," slightly altered.
- 381:1. *Mademoiselle Paradies*: (1759–1824), pianist, singer, and composer, blind from early childhood; Mozart is said to have written a concerto for her, and Maria Theresa was her god-mother. At this time she had just returned to Vienna from an extended tour which began with London in 1784, and appeared twice at the concerts of the Tonkünstler-Societät. (Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.)
- 385:34–37. *Soame Jenyns*: the lines quoted are from "An Epistle written in the Country to the Right Hon. the Lord Lovelace then in Town. Sept., 1735."
- 389:4. *the picture gallery* [Dresden]: among the paintings by Correggio which the Elector of Saxony had acquired from the Duke of Modena, were the famous Nativity called "La Notte"; a "Madonna with S. Sebastian"; a "Madonna with S. George." The small painting of the Magdalen, which was stolen from the Gallery in 1788 for its jeweled frame, recovered, and placed in the Grüne Gewölbe in 1874, is no longer attributed to Correggio. The Rembrandt "Jupiter and Ganymede" had been acquired in 1751.
- 390:33. *Mr. Tricklir's . . . invention*: Jean Tricklir (1745–1813), French musician and composer, had been appointed musician to the Dresden court in 1783.
- 392:1. *King Augustus*: Frederick Augustus III (or, as King of Saxony, Frederick Augustus I), had acceded as Prince-Elector in 1763.
- 392:34. *Mr. Seydelman*: Franz Seydelman (1748–1806), Kapellmeister, composer of operas and church music.
- 393:22–23. *the bombardment . . . by Frederic*: Frederick the Great had invaded Saxony in 1756, during the Seven Years War, and the siege of Dresden had taken place in 1760.
- 395:10. She quotes from "Friday, or, The Dirge," in John Gay's *The Shepherd's Week*.

- 397:19. *Hasse's Te Deum*: Johann Adolph Hasse (1699-1783), composer of operas as well as church music.
- 397:24-25. Pope, "Eloisa to Abelard," 271-72.
- 397:32-33. *Ibid.*, 140-41.
- 399:25. *the churches in mourning*: Frederick the Great had died at Sans-Souci on 17 August 1786.
- 402:6-7. *beside that of his father*, etc.: Frederick the Great was buried in the Garnisonkirche, beside his father, Frederick William the First, and Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg (1620-88), "The Great Elector."
- 407:35. *his Electoral dominions*: George II was also Elector of Hanover.
- 409:36. *the gallery of paintings*: Robert Gray mentions most of the paintings which struck Mrs. Piozzi, but was disturbed by the necessity for reacting to such widely different pictures in a brief space of time: he found it difficult to turn from the "Virgin and Child" by Carlo Dolci to a painting by Schalchens of "a woman, smiling on a boy who endeavours to blow out a candle."
- 413:18-19. Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, 427-28.
- 413:25-27. The painting for the altar over Rubens' tomb, a "Holy Family," is in S. Jacques; of the other paintings by Rubens which she mentions, the "Raising of the Cross" and the "Deposition" are in the Cathedral.

Notes on the Text

The text here offered follows the printed book of 1789 as closely as possible. An alternative might have been to follow Mrs. Piozzi's final manuscript version (*Rylands Eng. MS. 620-22*), but the printed text is in entirely acceptable shape, despite some printer's errors, and had evidently received corrections which were not made in the manuscript: a line dropped out of a passage quoted from Thomson is restored in the book, for example.

Corrections made—all of which, except for obvious printer's errors, are recorded below by citing the original version wherever I have made a change—are sometimes supported by what Mrs. Piozzi originally wrote, and in one or two instances by corrections she later made in her copy of the book; most are my own conjecture.

Punctuation is left virtually as she had it, except that running quotation marks at the beginning of successive lines of quoted prose passages have been abandoned, as have the anticipatory words at the bottom of each page. Plural possessives have been left without the apostrophes, as she had them. Her habits of capitalization (except for the word Christian) have been retained, as have her uses of quotation marks (or her failure to use them). I have not attempted to impose consistency on her spelling, provided each use was acceptable in her time. A number of variations will be found in proper names and in place names. At the risk of inconsistency, I have occasionally corrected an Italian place-name ("Spoleta"), because she was entirely capable of getting it correct, but have left German place-names ("Sheenburn") as she had them. The larger number of my corrections involve accenting or spelling of French and Italian words, and some spelling of Latin: here she has a high standard with Italian and is careless (at least with accents) with French. I am aware that contemporary English practice did not readily distinguish between grave and acute accents on French words, but such slips are more disturbing than quaint,

and I have tried to correct them in her book. Many of the jingles or *jeux d'esprit* which she quotes depend for their point on the recognition of close distinctions between words which look alike, and it has seemed most serviceable to the reader to print them as correctly as possible.

7:3. *il à le coeur bon*

8:36. *guinguettes*

11:12. *mere*

13:22. *Aureste*

14:18-19. *déjà arrivès . . . ou*

21:35. *goïstre*

22:31. *aériens*

22:35. upon it's top

23:20-21. *Qu'est ce donc*

24:1. St. André

24:8. *Herétiques*

28:5. *Des qu'elle à cessée*

29:15. phenicopter's

30:14-15. *Desseins*

36:14. *interieur*

44:13. *Passione de Metastasio*

52:4. *perche*

57:7. *dilletantes*

64:12. *merchants*

67:32. *cypressi* (corrected to *cupressi* in her copy of the book)

73:1. *a Paris*

73:5. her's

73:19. her's

73:29. Abbè

74:22. *Porcil de Padua*

75:25. *asino di Padua*

78:1. Fenelon

81:31. ambassador's

85:11. Sala de Giustizia

90:36. metier

90:37. *mèlent*

92:1. *vue*

93:6. *goute*

93:7. Presidente

97:36. ascension

102:28. *decreti*

106:2. *maestà*

106:4. *giove*

106:5. *sà*

110:3. *Ira noi* (The MS. has "Tra noi," correctly. Other changes might be made in the text of this poem (*nudriro*, for example), but it has not so far as I know been printed elsewhere, and I have preferred to leave it about as she had it.)

110:4. *lupi*

112:13-14. *s'hà da piovere o nò.*

128:5. *Madona*

140:1. *E meraviglia, e amore*

140:2. *E riverenza, e speme*

142:17-18. *santissima vergine*

142:18. *s'avessi io*

142:19. *nefarei*

142:33. *Lorenzo de Medici*

147:18. *hooking* (Mrs. Piozzi changes it to "whooting" in her copy of the book)

149:17. *Terrazzi*

152:30. *se dedommager*

156:6. *filie d'opera*

162:36. *non sà che cosa*

162:37. *Il misterio*

173:19. *n'était*

173:19-20. *republique*

180:26. *non hà paura è pur và*

181:5. *eminence*

181:10. *Comedie*

184:18. *se n'é*

187:40. *makes her report* (Mrs. Piozzi corrects to "resort" in her own copy) *

188:38. *20th October 1784*

189:10. *passera*

193:28. *Manlius*

195:19. *è così*

196:33. *ascensione*

199:5. *Maesta*

211:1. *mountains*

213:21. *ebauche*

215:11. *redentore*

- 218:32-33. *qui aime bien a s'ègorger*
 225:33. the centum camera
 230:1. whom they confidently affirm is so
 234:21. *Ré Cattolico*
 235:30. *ammunition de Bouche*
 236:22. *En cet état*
 237:17. Chiesa de Cavalieri
 237:28. *religioso, è di più cavaliere*
 241: footnote. the Sibyls leaves
 244:15. *coûte qui coûte*
 244:38. The King's *menagerie*
 253:25. *tans de fois*
 253:28. Bruyere
 253:33 *Vit'elle encore? Vit'elle encore?*
 255:27. Stufe San Germano
 257:37. Polinchinello
 258:29-30. *il Rè Lear è le sue tre Figlie*
 259:11. *Maladetti*
 261:19. for a *Lazaroni*
 263:36-37. *paitrie des graces*
 266:23. *Propria que maribus*
 267:21. *vous l'avez divinée*
 268:9. any history but her's
 270:3. *la premiere danseuse*
 270:37. *il carnovale è morto*
 271:10. Carnovale
 273:35. Capella Sestini
 276:35. *Bocca della Verita*
 277:27. *Monte Citoria*
 281:30. Monsieur de Carpentier
 284:15-16. *A la fin voila*
 287:30. Barbarini faciunt
 291:10. Every christian
 298:12. Spoleta gates
 301:2. like those of *Darking*
 307:33. *carnovale*
 310:25. *l'Appetit*
 313:28. Ma Padua la passa
 315:22-27. For Mrs. Piozzi's version of Sannazzaro's epigram on Venice (Epigram XXXV, Lib. I), I have substituted the version

found in an edition of the *Opere* published in Padua in 1719, which differs from her version only in minor matters of spelling and punctuation, but is more clearly punctuated.

- 317:25. *nobilta*
- 318:12. *specifer*
- 318:13. *Pomptinus*
- 318:14. *Sestini*
- 319:6. *Presidente*
- 319:23. *Pococuranti*
- 320:10. "Che spacca monti
- 320:11. *Spacca monte*
- 323:24. *Pietro de Cortona's*
- 323:36. *Madona*
- 324:5. *geniusses*
- 324:12. *Les Avantures de Telemaque*
- 324:26. *Ponte della Trinitá*
- 326. footnote. *Palazzo Ludovigi*
- 331:31. *Lectificabant*
- 332:11. *le veritable vernis*
- 332:14. *exterieur*
- 338:21. *glacieres*
- 338:36. *aephemera*
- 339:28. *Cio é*
- 339:28. *cosi*
- 340:20. *Campioni*
- 340:33. *Che Principe farà*
- 344:15. *L'un muore e fuggi—l'altro fuggi e mori.*
- 344:18. *Oh fortunata Dido!*
- 344:21. *Mori l'úno e fuggisti*
- 344:22. *Fuggi l'altro e moristi*
- 347:23. *Pere Mabillon's book*
- 348:22. *Pere Mabillon*
- 348:30. *Milaneze*
- 348:36. *most zealous christian*
- 349:9. *this widow (changed to "the widow" by Mrs. Piozzi in her copy of the book).*
- 349:18. *Pere Mabillon*
- 351:17. *dilletante*
- 355:7. *l'anfibio rè*
- 355:14. *Quella torno*
- 355:15. *Ed ei torne*

- 356:25. *amor perditissimo*
358:17. *au lieu ou*
360:30. *nequid nimis*
364:6. *maniere de s'ajuster*
376:23-24. Bibbia de Poveri
378:5. Moliere
381:23. *Venetienne*
390:5-6. Giacomo Tintoret
390:10. Rembrandt
392:20. Nôtre Dame
393:38. "*ma chere comtesse*"
395:12. *grossiereté*
396:4. *les etrennes*
401:5. Ou sont ils donc
401:8. qu'ont epargnis
402:13. vecu
402:14. pense
407:39. Menage
408:4. Menage
412:10. La Duchesse D'Arenberg
412:25. Duke D'Arenberg
413:30. Daniel de Volterra's
415:4. *a la Place de*

(Continued from front flap)

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In 1781 Thrale died, and three years later his widow married Gabriel Piozzi, an Italian musician. For their honeymoon, they made the three-year tour which she describes in *Observations and Reflections*. Her other works include *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson LL.D.*; *British Synonymy*, a thesaurus; *Retrospection*, a world history; and *Thraliana*, her notebooks.

HERBERT BARROWS, professor of English at The University of Michigan, is a student of travel literature and a contributor to *Literature as a Mode of Travel*, published in 1963.

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